

MIDWINTER NUMBER.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. LV.

FEBRUARY, 1898.

No. 4.



HEROES WHO FIGHT FIRE.

BY JACOB A. RIIS,

Author of «How the Other Half Lives,» etc.

WITH PICTURES BY JAY HAMBRIDGE.

THIRTEEN years have passed since, but it is all to me as if it had happened yesterday—the clanging of the fire-bells, the hoarse shouts of the firemen, the wild rush and terror of the streets; then the great hush that fell upon the crowd; the sea of upturned faces, with the fire-glow upon it; and up there, against the background of black smoke that poured from roof and attic, the boy clinging to the narrow ledge, so far up that it seemed humanly impossible that help could ever come.

But even then it was coming. Up from the street, while the crew of the truck-company were laboring with the heavy extension-ladder that at its longest stretch was many feet too short, crept four men upon long, slender poles with cross-bars iron-hooked at the end. Standing in one window, they reached up and thrust the hook through the next one above, then mounted a story higher. Again the crash of glass, and again the dizzy ascent. Straight up the wall they crept, looking like human flies on the ceiling, and clinging as close, never resting, reaching one recess only to set out for the next; nearer and nearer in the race for life, until but a single span separated the foremost from the boy. And now the iron hook fell at his feet, and the

fireman stood upon the step with the rescued lad in his arms, just as the pent-up flame burst lurid from the attic window, reaching with impotent fury for its prey. The next moment they were safe upon the great ladder waiting to receive them below.

Then such a shout went up! Men fell on each other's necks, and cried and laughed at once. Strangers slapped one another on the back, with glistening faces, shook hands, and behaved generally like men gone suddenly mad. Women wept in the street. The driver of a car stalled in the crowd, who had stood through it all speechless, clutching the reins, whipped his horses into a gallop, and drove away yelling like a Comanche, to relieve his feelings. The boy and his rescuer were carried across the street without any one knowing how. Policemen forgot their dignity, and shouted with the rest. Fire, peril, terror and loss were alike forgotten in the one touch of nature that makes the whole world kin.

Fireman John Binns was made captain of his crew, and the Bennett medal was pinned on his coat on the next parade-day. The burning of the St. George Flats was the first opportunity New York had of witnessing a rescue with the scaling-ladders that form such an essential part of the equipment of the fire-

Copyright, 1898, by THE CENTURY CO. All rights reserved.

fighters to-day. Since then there have been many such. In the company in which John Binns was a private of the second grade, two others to-day bear the medal for brave deeds: the foreman, Daniel J. Meagher, and Private Martin M. Coleman, whose name has been seven times inscribed on the roll of honor for twice that number of rescues, any one of which stamped him as a man among men, a real hero. And Hook and Ladder No. 3 is not specially distinguished among the fire-crews of the metropolis for daring and courage. New-Yorkers are justly proud of their firemen. Take it all in all, there is not, I think, to be found anywhere a body of men as fearless, as brave, and as efficient as the Fire Brigade of New York. I have known it well for twenty years, and I speak from a personal acquaintance with very many of its men, and from a professional knowledge of more daring feats, more hairbreadth escapes, and more brilliant work, than could well be recorded between the covers of this magazine.

Indeed, it is hard, in recording any, to make a choice, and to avoid giving the impression that recklessness is a chief quality in the fireman's make-up. That would not be true. His life is too full of real peril for him to expose it recklessly—that is to say, needlessly. From the time when he leaves his quarters in answer to an alarm until he returns, he takes a risk that may at any moment set him face to face with death in its most cruel form. He needs nothing such as a clear head; and nothing is prized so highly, nothing puts him so surely in the line of promotion; for as he advances in rank and responsibility, the lives of others, as well as his own, come to depend on his judgment. The act of conspicuous daring which the world applauds is oftenest to the fireman a matter of simple duty that had to be done in that way because there was no other. Nor is it always, or even usually, the hardest duty, as he sees it. It came easy to him because he is an athlete trained to do just such things, and because once for all it is easier to risk one's life in the open, in the sight of one's fellows, than to face death alone, caught like a rat in a trap. That is the real peril which he knows too well; but of that the public hears only when he has fought his last fight, and lost.

How literally our every-day security—of which we think, if we think of it at all, as a mere matter of course—is built upon the supreme sacrifice of these devoted men, we

realize at long intervals, when a disaster occurs such as the one in which Chief Bresnan and Foreman Rooney¹ lost their lives three years ago. They were crushed to death under the great water-tank in a Twenty-fourth street factory that was on fire. Its supports had been burned away. An examination that was then made of the water-tanks in the city discovered eight thousand that were either wholly unsupported, except by the roof-beams, or propped on timbers, and therefore a direct menace, not only to the firemen when they were called there, but daily to those living under them. It is not pleasant to add that the department's just demand for a law that should compel landlords either to build tanks on the wall or on iron supports has not been heeded yet: but that is, unhappily, an old story.

Seventeen years ago the collapse of a Broadway building during a fire convinced the community that stone pillars were unsafe as supports. The fire was in the basement, and the firemen had turned the hose on. When the water struck the hot granite columns, they cracked and fell, and the building fell with them. There were upon the roof at the time a dozen men of the crew of Truck Company No. 1, chopping holes for smoke-vents. The majority clung to the parapet, and hung there till rescued. Two went down into the furnace from which the flames shot up twenty feet when the roof broke. One, Fireman Thomas J. Dougherty, was a wearer of the Bennett medal, too. His foreman answers on parade-day, when his name is called, that he "died on the field of duty." These, at all events, did not die in vain. Stone columns are not now used as supports for buildings in New York.

So one might go on quoting the perils of the firemen as so many steps forward for the better protection of the rest of us. It was the burning of the St. George Flats, and more recently of the Manhattan Bank, in which a dozen men were disabled, that stamped the average fire-proof construction as faulty and largely delusive. One might even go further, and say that the fireman's risk increases in the ratio of our progress or convenience. The water-tanks came with the very high buildings, which in themselves offer problems to the fire-fighters that have not yet been solved. The very air-shafts that were hailed as the first advance in tenement-house building added enormously to the fireman's work and

¹ Rooney wore the Bennett medal for saving the life of a woman at the disastrous fire in the old "World" building, on January 31, 1882. The ladder upon which

he stood was too short. Riding upon the topmost rung, he bade the woman jump, and caught and held her as she fell.

risk, as well as to the risk of every one dwelling under their roofs, by acting as so many huge chimneys that carried the fire to the windows opening upon them in every story. More than half of all the fires in New York occur in tenement-houses. When the Tenement-House Commission of 1894 sat in this city, considering means of making them safer and better, it received the most practical help and advice from the firemen, especially from Chief Bresnan, whose death occurred only a few days after he had testified as a witness. The recommendations upon which he insisted are now part of the general tenement-house law.

Chief Bresnan died leading his men against the enemy. In the Fire Department the battalion chief leads; he does not direct operations from a safe position in the rear. Perhaps this is one of the secrets of the indomitable spirit of his men. Whatever hardships they have to endure, his is the first and the biggest share. Next in line comes the captain, or foreman, as he is called. Of the six who were caught in the fatal trap of the water-tank, four hewed their way out with axes through an intervening partition. They were of the ranks. The two who were killed were the chief and Assistant Foreman John L. Rooney, who was that day in charge of his company, Foreman Shaw having

just been promoted to Bresnan's rank. It was less than a year after that Chief Shaw was killed in a fire in Mercer street.

I think I could reckon up as many as five or six battalion chiefs who have died in that way, leading their men. They would not deserve the name if they did not follow such leaders, no matter where the road led.

In the chief's quarters of the Fourteenth Battalion up in Wakefield there sits to-day a man, still young in years, who in his maimed body but unbroken spirit bears such testimony to the quality of New York's fire-fighters as the brave Bresnan and his comrade did in their death. Thomas J. Ahearn led his company as captain to a fire in the Consolidated Gas Works on the East Side. He found one of the buildings ablaze. Far toward the rear, at the end of a narrow lane, around which the fire swirled and arched itself, white and wicked, lay the body of a man—dead, said the panic-stricken crowd. His sufferings had been brief. A worse fate threatened all unless the fire was quickly put out. There were underground reservoirs of naphtha—the ground was honeycombed with them—that might explode at any moment with the fire



THE FIRST USE OF SCALING-LADDERS.

raging overhead. The peril was instant and great. Captain Ahearn looked at the body, and saw it stir. The watch-chain upon the

man's vest rose and fell as if he were breathing.

"He is not dead," he said. "I am going to get that man out." And he crept down the lane of fire, unmindful of the hidden dangers, seeing only the man who was perishing. The flames scorched him; they blocked his way; but he came through alive, and brought out his man, so badly hurt, however, that he died in the hospital that day. The Board of Fire Commissioners gave Ahearn the medal for bravery, and made him chief. Within a year he all but lost his life in a gallant attempt to save the life of a child that was supposed to be penned in a burning Rivington street tenement. Chief Ahearn's quarters were near by, and he was first on the ground. A desperate man confronted him in the hallway. "My child! my child!" he cried, and wrung his hands. "Save him! He is in there." He pointed to the back room. It was black with smoke. In the front room the fire was raging. Crawling on hands and feet, the chief made his way into the room the man had pointed out. He groped under the bed, and in it, but found no child there. Satisfied that it had escaped, he started to return. The smoke had grown so thick that breathing was no longer possible, even at the floor. The chief drew his coat over his head, and made a dash for the hall door. He reached it only to find that the spring-lock had snapped shut. The door-knob burned his hand. The fire burst through from the front room, and seared his face. With a last effort, he kicked the lower panel out of the door, and put his head through. And then he knew no more.

His men found him lying so when they came looking for him. The coat was burned off his back, and of his hat only the wire rim remained. He lay ten months in the hospital, and came out deaf and wrecked physically. At the age of forty-five the board retired him to the quiet of the country district, with this formal resolution, that did the board more credit than it could do him. It is the only one of its kind upon the department books:

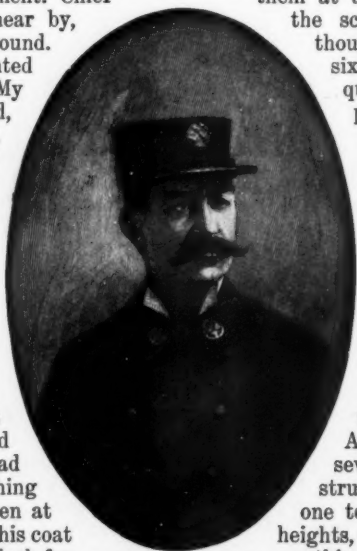
Resolved, That in assigning Battalion Chief Thomas J. Ahearn to command the Fourteenth Battalion, in the newly annexed district, the Board deems it proper to express the sense of obligation felt by the Board and all good citizens for the brilliant and meritorious services of Chief Ahearn in the discharge of duty which will always serve as an example and an inspiration to our uniformed force, and to express the hope that his future years of service at a less arduous post may be as comfortable and pleasant as his former years have been brilliant and honorable.

Firemen are athletes as a matter of course. They have to be, or they could not hold their places for a week, even if they could get into them at all. The mere handling of the scaling-ladders, which, light though they seem, weigh from sixteen to forty pounds, requires unusual strength. No particular skill is needed.

A man need only have steady nerve, and the strength to raise the long pole by its narrow end, and jam the iron hook through a window which he cannot see but knows is there. Once through, the teeth in the hook and the man's weight upon the ladder hold it safe, and there is no real danger unless he loses his head.

Against that possibility the severe drill in the school of instruction is the barrier. Any one to whom climbing at dizzy heights, or doing the hundred and one things of peril to ordinary men which firemen are constantly called upon to do, causes the least discomfort, is rejected as unfit. About five per cent. of all appointees are eliminated by the ladder test, and never get beyond their probation service. A certain smaller percentage takes itself out through loss of "nerve" generally. The first experience of a room full of smothering smoke, with the fire roaring overhead, is generally sufficient to convince the timid that the service is not for him. No cowards are dismissed from the department, for the reason that none get into it.

The notion that there is a life-saving corps apart from the general body of firemen rests upon a mistake. They are one. Every fireman nowadays must pass muster at life-saving drill, must climb to the top of any building on his scaling-ladder, slide down with a res-



FROM PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDERSON.
BATTALION CHIEF
BRESNAN.



THE DEATH OF CHIEF BRESNAN.

cued comrade, or jump without hesitation from the third story into the life-net spread below. By such training the men are fitted for their work, and the occasion comes soon that puts them to the test. It came to Daniel J. Meagher, of whom I spoke as foreman of Hook and Ladder Company No. 3, when, in the midnight hour, a woman hung from the fifth-story window of a burning building, and the longest ladder at hand fell short ten or a dozen feet of reaching her. The boldest man in the crew had vainly attempted to reach her, and in the effort had sprained his foot. There were no scaling-ladders then. Meagher ordered the rest to plant the ladder on the stoop and hold it out from the building so that he might reach the very topmost step. Balanced thus where the slightest tremor might have caused ladder and all to crash to the ground, he bade the woman drop, and receiving her in his arms, carried her down safe.

No one but an athlete with muscles and nerves of steel could have performed such a feat, or that which made Dennis Ryer, of the crew of Engine No. 36, famous three years ago. That was on Seventh Avenue at One Hundred and Thirty-fourth street. A flat was on fire, and the tenants had fled; but one, a woman, bethought herself of her parrot, and went back for it, to find escape by the stairs cut off when she again attempted to reach the street. With the parrot-cage, she appeared at the top-floor window, framed in smoke, calling for help. Again there was no ladder to reach. There were neighbors on the roof with a rope, but the woman was too frightened to use it herself. Dennis Ryer made it fast about his own waist, and bade the others let him down, and hold on for life. He drew the woman out, but she was heavy, and it was all they could do above to hold them. To pull them over the cornice was out of the question. Upon the highest step of the ladder, many feet below, stood Ryer's father, himself a fireman of another company, and saw his boy's peril.

"Hold fast, Dennis!" he shouted. "If you fall I will catch you." Had they let go, all three would have been killed. The young fireman saw the danger, and the one door of escape, with a glance. The window before which he swung, half smothered by the smoke that belched from it, was the last in the

house. Just beyond, in the window of the adjoining house, was safety, if he could but reach it. Putting out a foot, he kicked the wall, and made himself swing toward it, once, twice, bending his body to add to the motion. The third time he all but passed it, and took a mighty grip on the affrighted woman, shouting into her ear to loose her own hold at the same time. As they passed the window on the fourth trip, he thrust her through sash and all with a supreme effort, and himself followed on the next rebound, while the street, that was black with a surging multitude, rang with a mighty cheer. Old Washington Ryer, on his ladder, threw his cap in the air, and cheered louder than all the rest. But the parrot was dead—frightened to death, very likely, or smothered.

I once asked Fireman Martin M. Coleman, after one of those exhibitions of coolness and courage that thrust him constantly upon the notice of the newspaper man, what he thought of when he stood upon the ladder, with this thing before him to do that might mean life or death the next moment. He looked at me in some perplexity.

"Think?" he said slowly.

"Why, I don't think. There ain't any time to. If I'd stopped to think, them five people would 'a' been burnt. No; I don't think of danger. If it is anything, it is that—up there—I am boss. The rest are not in it. Only I wish," he added, rubbing his arm

ruefully at the recollection, "that she had n't fainted. It's hard when they faint. They're just so much dead weight. We get no help at all from them heavy women."

And that was all I could get out of him. I never had much better luck with Chief Benjamin A. Gicquel, who is the oldest wearer of the Bennett medal, just as Coleman is the youngest, or the one who received it last. He was willing enough to talk about the science of putting out fires; of Department Chief Bonner, the "man of few words," who he thinks has mastered the art beyond any man living; of the back-draft, and almost anything else pertaining to the business; but when I insisted upon his telling me the story of the rescue of the Schaefer family of five from a burning tenement down in Cherry street, in which he earned his rank and reward, he laughed a good-humored little laugh, and said that it was "the old man"—meaning



BATTALION CHIEF
AHEARN.



FOREMAN AHEARN RESCUING THE INJURED PUMPER DEVOE OVER TANKS OF NAPHTHA.

Schaefer—who should have had the medal. «It was a grand thing in him to let the little ones come out first.» I have sometimes wished that firemen were not so modest. It would be much easier, if not so satisfactory, to record their gallant deeds. But I am not sure that it is, after all, modesty so much as a wholly different point of view. It is business with them, the work of their lives. The one feeling that is allowed to rise beyond this is the feeling of exultation in the face of peril conquered by courage, which Coleman expressed. On the ladder he was boss! It was the fancy of a masterful man, and none but a masterful man would have got upon the ladder at all.

Doubtless there is something in the spectacular side of it that attracts. It would be strange if there were not. There is every-

thing in a fireman's existence to encourage it. Day and night he leads a kind of hair-trigger life, that feeds naturally upon excitement, even if only as a relief from the irksome idling in quarters. Try as they may to give him enough to do there, the time hangs heavily upon his hands, keyed up as he is, and need be, to adventurous deeds at shortest notice. He falls to grumbling and quarreling, and the necessity becomes imperative of holding him to the strictest discipline, under which he chafes impatiently. «They nag like a lot of old women,» said Department Chief Bonner to me once; «and the best at a fire are often the worst in the house.» In the midst of it all the gong strikes a familiar signal. The horses' hoofs thunder on the planks; with a leap the men go down the shining

pole to the main floor, all else forgotten; and with crash and clatter and bang, the heavy engine swings into the street, and races away on a wild gallop, leaving a trail of fire behind.

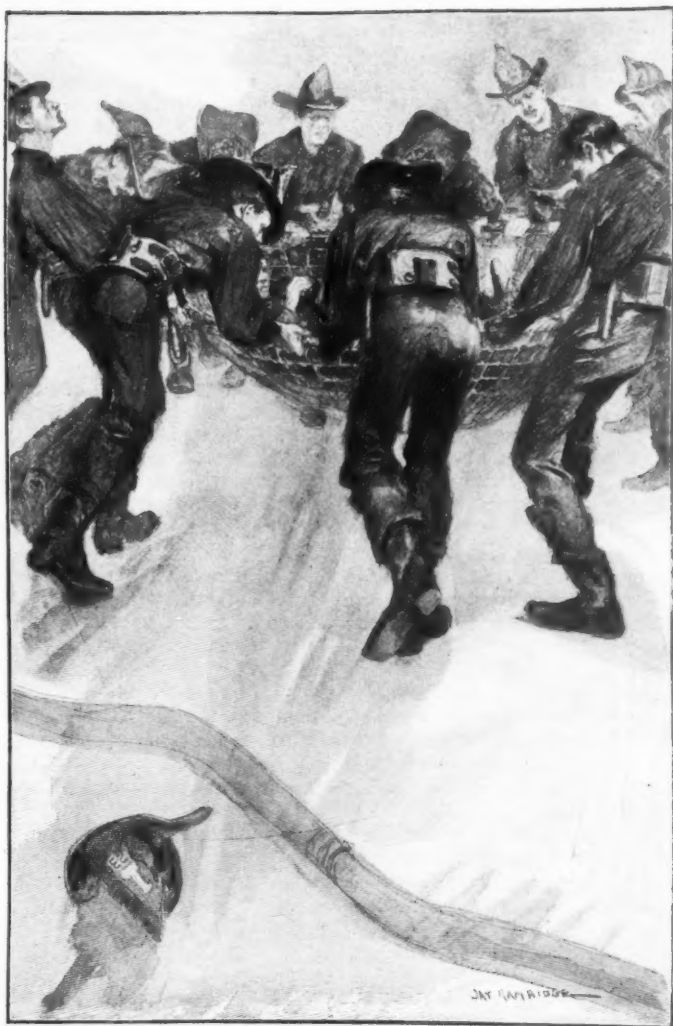
Presently the crowd sees rubber-coated, helmeted men with pipe and hose go through a window from which such dense smoke pours forth that it seems incredible that a human being could breathe it for a second and live. The hose is dragged squirming over the sill, where shortly a red-eyed face with disheveled hair appears, to shout something hoarsely to those below, which they understand. Then, unless some emergency arise, the spectacular part is over. Could the citizen whose heart beat as he watched them enter, see them now, he would see grimy shapes, very unlike the fine-looking men who but just now had roused his admiration, crawling on hands and knees, with their noses close to the floor if the smoke be very dense, ever pointing the "pipe" in the direction where the enemy is expected to appear. The fire is the enemy; but he can fight that, once he reaches it, with something of a chance. The smoke kills without giving him a show to fight back. Long practice toughens him against it, until he learns the trick of "eating the smoke." He can breathe where a candle goes out for want of oxygen. By holding his mouth close to the nozzle, he gets what little the stream of water brings with it and sets free; and within a few inches of the floor there is nearly always a current of air. In the last emergency, there is the hose that he can follow out. The smoke always is his worst enemy. It lays ambushes for him which he can suspect, but not ward off. He tries to by opening vents in the roof as soon as the pipe-men are in place and ready; but in spite of all precautions, he is often surprised by the dreaded back-draft.

I remember standing in front of a burning Broadway store, one night, when the back-draft blew out the whole front without warning. It is simply an explosion of gases generated by the heat, which must have vent, and go upon the line of least resistance, up, or down, or in a circle—it does not much matter, so that they go. It swept shutters, windows, and all, across Broadway, in this instance, like so much chaff, littering the street with heavy rolls of cloth. The crash was like a fearful clap of thunder. Men were knocked down on the opposite sidewalk, and two teams of engine horses, used to almost any kind of happening at a fire, ran away in a wild panic. It was a blast of that kind that threw down and severely

injured Battalion Chief M'Gill, one of the oldest and most experienced of firemen, at a fire on Broadway in March, 1890; and it has cost more brave men's lives than the fiercest fire that ever raged. The "puff," as the firemen call it, comes suddenly, and from the corner where it is least expected. It is dread of that, and of getting overcome by the smoke generally, which makes firemen go always in couples or more together. They never lose sight of each other for an instant, if they can help it. If they do, they go at once in search of the lost. The delay of a moment may prove fatal to him.

Lieutenant Samuel Banta of the Franklin street company, discovering the pipe that had just been held by Fireman Quinn at a Park Place fire thrashing aimlessly about, looked about him, and saw Quinn floating on his face in the cellar, which was running full of water. He had been overcome, had tumbled in, and was then drowning, with the fire raging above and alongside. Banta jumped in after him, and endeavored to get his head above water. While thus occupied, he glanced up, and saw the preliminary puff of the back-draft bearing down upon him. The lieutenant dived at once, and tried to pull his unhappy pipe-man with him; but he struggled and worked himself loose. From under the water Banta held up a hand, and it was burned. He held up the other, and knew that the puff had passed when it came back unsinged. Then he brought Quinn out with him; but it was too late. Caught between flood and fire, he had no chance. When I asked the lieutenant about it, he replied simply: "The man in charge of the hose fell into the cellar. I got him out; that was all." "But how?" I persisted. "Why, I went down through the cellar," said the lieutenant, smiling, as if it was the most ordinary thing in the world.

It was this same Banta who, when Fireman David H. Soden had been buried under the falling walls of a Pell street house, crept through a gap in the basement wall, in among the fallen timbers, and, in imminent peril of his own life, worked there with a hand-saw two long hours to free his comrade, while the firemen held the severed timbers up with ropes to give him a chance. Repeatedly, while he was at work, his clothes caught fire, and it was necessary to keep playing the hose upon him. But he brought out his man safe and sound, and, for the twentieth time perhaps, had his name recorded on the roll of merit. His comrades tell of how, at one of the twenty, the fall of a building in Hall



THE BONNER LIFE-NET.

Place had left a workman lying on a shaky piece of wall, helpless, with a broken leg. It could not bear the weight of a ladder, and it seemed certain death to attempt to reach him, when Banta, running up a slanting beam that still hung to its fastening with one end, leaped from perch to perch upon the wall, where hardly a goat could have found footing, reached his man, and brought him down slung over his shoulder, and swearing at him like a trooper lest the peril of the descent cause him to lose his nerve and with it the lives of both.

Firemen dread cellar fires more than any other kind, and with reason. It is difficult to make a vent for the smoke, and the danger of drowning is added to that of being smothered when they get fairly to work. If a man is lost to sight or touch of his fellows there for ever so brief a while, there are five chances to one that he will not again be seen alive. Then there ensues such a fight as the city witnessed only last May at the burning of a Chambers street paper-warehouse. It was fought out deep underground, with fire and flood, freezing

cold and poisonous gases, leagued against Chief Bonner's forces. Next door was a cold-storage house, whence the cold. Something that was burning—I do not know that it was ever found out just what—gave forth the smothering fumes before which the firemen went down in squads. File after file staggered out into the street, blackened and gasping, to drop there. The near engine-house was made into a hospital, where the senseless men were laid on straw hastily spread. Ambulance surgeons worked over them. As fast as they were brought to, they went back to bear a hand in the work of rescue. In delirium they fought to return. Down in the depths one of their number was lying helpless.

There is nothing finer in the records of glorious war than the story of the struggle these brave fellows kept up for hours against tremendous odds for the rescue of their comrade. Time after time they went down into the pit of deadly smoke, only to fail. Lieutenant Banta tried twice and failed. Fireman King was pulled up senseless, and having been brought round, went down oncemore. Fireman Sheridan returned empty-handed, more dead than alive. John O'Connell, of Truck No. 1, at length succeeded in reaching his comrade and tying a rope about him, while from above they drenched both with water to keep them from roasting. They drew up a dying man; but John G. Reinhardt dead is more potent than a whole crew of firemen alive. The story of the fight for his life will long be told in the engine-houses of New York, and will nerve the Kings and the Sheridans and the O'Connells of another day to like deeds.

How firemen manage to hear in their sleep the right signal, while they sleep right through any number that concern the next company, not them, is one of the mysteries that will probably always remain unsolved. "I don't know," said Department Chief Bonner, when I asked him once. "I guess it is the same way with everybody. You hear what you have to hear. There is a gong right over my bed at home, and I hear every stroke of it, but I don't hear the baby. My wife hears the baby if it as much as stirs in its crib, but not the gong." Very likely he is right. The fact that the fireman can hear and count correctly the strokes of the gong in his sleep has meant life to many hundreds, and no end of property saved; for it is in the early moments of a fire that it can be dealt with summarily. I recall one instance in which the failure to interpret a signal properly, or the accident of taking a wrong

road to the fire, cost a life, and, singularly enough, that of the wife of one of the firemen who answered the alarm. It was all so pitiful, so tragic, that it has left an indelible impression on my mind. It was the fire at which Patrick F. Lucas earned the medal for that year by snatching five persons out of the very jaws of death in a Dominick street tenement. The alarm-signal rang in the hook-and-ladder company's quarters in North Moore street, but was either misunderstood or they made a wrong start. Instead of turning east to West Broadway, the truck turned west, and went galloping toward Greenwich street. It was only a few seconds, the time that was lost, but it was enough. Fireman Murphy's heart went up in his throat when, from his seat on the truck as it flew toward the fire, he saw that it was his own home that was burning. Up on the fifth floor he found his wife penned in. She died in his arms as he carried her to the fire-escape. The fire, for once, had won in the race for a life.

While I am writing this, the morning paper that is left at my door tells the story of a fireman who, laid up with a broken ankle in an up-town hospital, jumped out of bed, forgetting his injury, when the alarm-gong rang his signal, and tried to go to the fire. The fire-alarms are rung in the hospitals for the information of the ambulance corps. The crippled fireman heard the signal at the dead of night, and, only half awake, jumped out of bed, groped about for the sliding-pole, and, getting hold of the bedpost, tried to slide down that. The plaster cast about his ankle was broken, the old injury reopened, and he was seriously hurt.

New York firemen have a proud saying that they "fight fire from the inside." It means unhesitating courage, prompt sacrifice, and victory gained, all in one. The saving of life that gets into the newspapers and wins applause is done, of necessity, largely from the outside, but is none the less perilous for that. Sometimes, though rarely, it has in its intense gravity almost a comic tinge, as at one of the infrequent fires in the Mulberry Bend some years ago. The Italians believe, with reason, that there is bad luck in fire, therefore do not insure, and have few fires. Of this one the Romolo family shrine was the cause. The lamp upon it exploded, and the tenement was ablaze when the firemen came. The policeman on the beat had tried to save Mrs. Romolo; but she clung to the bedpost, and refused to go without the rest of the family. So he seized the baby,



SERGEANT VAUGHAN RESCUING A MAN FROM A FIFTH-STORY WINDOW AT THE HOTEL ROYAL FIRE.

and rolled down the burning stairs with it, his beard and coat afire. The only way out was shut off when the engines arrived. The Romolos shrieked at the top-floor window, threatening to throw themselves out. There was not a moment to be lost. Lying flat on the roof, with their heads over the cornice, the firemen fished the two children out of the window with their hooks. The ladders were run up in time for the father and mother.

The readiness of resource no less than the intrepid courage and athletic skill of the rescuers evoke enthusiastic admiration. Two instances stand out in my recollection

among many. Of one Fireman Howe, who had on more than one occasion signally distinguished himself, was the hero. It happened on the morning of January 2, 1896, when the Geneva Club on Lexington Avenue was burned out. Fireman Howe drove Hook and Ladder No. 7 to the fire that morning, to find two boarders at the third-story window, hemmed in by flames which already showed behind them. Followed by Fireman Pearl, he ran up in the adjoining building, and presently appeared at a window on the third floor, separated from the one occupied by the two men by a blank wall-space of perhaps

four or five feet. It offered no other footing than a rusty hook, but it was enough. Astride of the window-sill, with one foot upon the hook, the other anchored inside by his comrade, his body stretched at full length along the wall, Howe was able to reach the two, and to swing them, one after the other, through his own window to safety. As the second went through, the crew in the street below set up a cheer that raised the sleeping echoes of the street. Howe looked down, nodded, and took a firmer grip; and that instant came his great peril.

A third face had appeared at the window just as the fire swept through. Howe shut his eyes to shield them, and braced himself on the hook for a last effort. It broke; and the man, frightened out of his wits, threw himself headlong from the window upon Howe's neck.

The fireman's form bent and swayed. His comrade within felt the strain, and dug his heels into the boards. He was almost dragged out of the window, but held on with a supreme effort. Just as he thought the end had come, he felt the strain ease up. The ladder had reached Howe in the very nick of time, and given him support. But in his desperate effort to save himself and the other, he slammed his burden back over his shoulder with such force that he went crashing through, carrying sash and all, and fell, cut and bruised, but safe, upon Fireman Pearl, who groveled upon the floor, prostrate and panting.

The other case New York remembers yet with a shudder. It was known long in the department for the bravest act ever done by a fireman—an act that earned for Foreman William Quirk the medal for 1888. He was next in command of Engine No. 22 when, on a March morning, the Elberon Flats in East Eighty-fifth street were burned. The Westlake family, mother, daughter, and two sons, were in the fifth story, helpless and hopeless. Quirk ran up on the scaling-ladder to the fourth floor, hung it on the sill above, and got the boys and their sister down. But the flames burst from the floor below, cutting off their retreat. Quirk's captain had seen the danger, and shouted to him to turn back while it was yet time. But Quirk had no intention of turning back. He measured the distance and the risk with a look, saw the crowd tugging frantically at the life-net under the window, and bade them jump, one by one. They jumped, and were saved. Last of all, he jumped himself, after a vain effort to save the mother. She was already dead. He caught her gown, but the body slipped

from his grasp and fell crashing to the street fifty feet below. He himself was hurt in his jump. The volunteers who held the net looked up, and were frightened; they let go their grip, and the plucky fireman broke a leg and hurt his back in the fall.

"Like a cry of fire in the night" appeals to the dullest imagination with a sense of sudden fear. There have been nights in this city when the cry swelled into such a clamor of terror and despair as to make the stoutest heart quake—when it seemed to those who had to do with putting out fires as if the end of all things was at hand. Such a night was that of the burning of "Cohnfeld's Folly," in Bleecker street, March 17, 1891. The burning of the big store involved the destruction, wholly or in part, of ten surrounding buildings, and called out nearly one third of the city's Fire Department. While the fire raged as yet unchecked,—while walls were falling with shock and crash of thunder, the streets full of galloping engines and ambulances carrying injured firemen, with clangor of urgent gongs; while insurance patrolmen were being smothered in buildings a block away by the smoke that hung like a pall over the city,—another disastrous fire broke out in the dry-goods district, and three alarm-calls came from West Seventeenth street. Nine other fires were signaled, and before morning all the crews that were left were summoned to Allen street, where four persons were burned to death in a tenement. Those are the wild nights that try firemen's souls, and never yet found them wanting. During the great blizzard, when the streets were impassable and the system crippled, the fires in the city averaged nine a day,—forty-five for the five days from March 12 to 16,—and not one of them got beyond control. The fire commissioners put on record their pride in the achievement, as well they might. It was something to be proud of, indeed.

Such a night promised to be the one when the Manhattan Bank and the State Bank across the street on the other Broadway corner, with three or four other buildings, were burned, and when the ominous "two nines" were rung, calling nine tenths of the whole force below Central Park to the threatened quarter. But, happily, the promise was not fully kept. The supposed fire-proof bank was crumbling in the withering blast like so much paper; the cry went up that whole companies of firemen were perishing within it; and the alarm had reached Police Headquarters in the next block, where they were counting the election returns.

Thirteen firemen, including the deputy department chief, a battalion chief, and two captains, limped or were carried from the burning bank, more or less injured. The stone steps of the fire-proof stairs had fallen with them or upon them. Their imperiled comrades, whose escape was cut off, slid down hose and scaling-ladders. The last, the crew of Engine Company No. 3, had reached the street, and all were thought to be out, when the assistant foreman, Daniel Fitzmaurice, appeared at a fifth-story window. The fire beating against it drove him away, but he found footing at another, next adjoining the building on the north. To reach him from below, with the whole building ablaze, was impossible. Other escape there was none, save a cornice ledge extending half-way to his window; but it was too narrow to afford foothold.

Then an extraordinary scene was enacted in the sight of thousands. In the other building were a number of fire-insurance patrolmen, covering goods to protect them against water damage. One of these—Patrolman John Rush—stepped out on the ledge, and edged his way toward a spur of stone that projected from the bank building. Behind followed Patrolman Barnett, steadying him and pressing him close against the wall. Behind him was another, with still another holding on within the room, where the living chain was anchored by all the rest. Rush, at the end of the ledge, leaned over and gave Fitzmaurice his hand. The fireman grasped it, and edged out upon the spur. Barnett, holding his rescuer fast, gave him what he needed—something to cling to. Once he was on the ledge, the chain wound itself up as it had unwound itself. Slowly, inch by inch, it crept back, each man pushing the next flat against the wall with might and main, while the multitudes in the street held their breath, and the very engines stopped panting, until all were safe.

John Rush is a fireman to-day, a member of "Thirty-three's" crew in Great Jones street. He was an insurance patrolman then. The organization is unofficial. Its main purpose is to save property; but in the face of the emergency firemen and patrolmen become one body, obeying one head.

That the spirit which has made New York's Fire Department great equally animates its commercial brother has been shown more than once, but never better than at the memorable fire in the Hotel Royal, which cost so many lives. No account of heroic life-saving at fires, even as fragmentary as

this, could pass by the marvelous feat, or feats, of Sergeant (now Captain) John R. Vaughan on that February morning six years ago. The alarm rang in patrol station No. 3 at 3:20 o'clock on Sunday morning. Sergeant Vaughan, hastening to the fire with his men, found the whole five-story hotel ablaze from roof to cellar. The fire had shot up the elevator shaft, round which the stairs ran, and from the first had made escape impossible. Men and women were jumping and hanging from windows. One, falling from a great height, came within an inch of killing the sergeant as he tried to enter the building. Darting up into the next house, and leaning out of the window with his whole body, while one of the crew hung on to one leg,—as Fireman Pearl did to Howe's in the splendid rescue at the Geneva Club,—he took a half-hitch with the other in some electric-light wires that ran up the wall, trusting to his rubber boots to protect him from the current, and made of his body a living bridge for the safe passage from the last window of the burning hotel of three men and a woman whom death stared in the face, steadying them as they went with his free hand. As the last passed over, ladders were being thrown up against the wall, and what could be done there was done.

Sergeant Vaughan went up on the roof. The smoke was so dense there that he could see little, but through it he heard a cry for help, and made out the shape of a man standing upon a window-sill in the fifth story, overlooking the courtyard of the hotel. The yard was between them. Bidding his men follow,—they were five, all told,—he ran down and around in the next street to the roof of the house that formed an angle with the hotel wing. There stood the man below him, only a jump away, but a jump which no mortal might take and live. His face and hands were black with smoke. Vaughan, looking down, thought him a negro. He was perfectly calm.

"It is no use," he said, glancing up. "Don't try. You can't do it."

The sergeant looked wistfully about him. Not a stick or a piece of rope was in sight. Every shred was used below. There was absolutely nothing. "But I could n't let him," he said to me, months after, when he had come out of the hospital a whole man again, and was back at work,—"I just could n't, standing there so quiet and brave." To the man he said sharply:

"I want you to do exactly as I tell you, now. Don't grab me, but let me get the first



SERGEANT VAUGHAN MAKING A BRIDGE OF HIS BODY AT THE HOTEL ROYAL FIRE.

grab." He had noticed that the man wore a heavy overcoat, and had already laid his plan.

"Don't try," urged the man. "You cannot save me. I will stay here till it gets too hot; then I will jump."

"No, you won't," from the sergeant, as he lay at full length on the roof, looking over.

"It is a pretty hard yard down there. I will get you, or go dead myself."

The four sat on the sergeant's legs as he swung free down to the waist; so he was almost able to reach the man on the window with outstretched hands.

"Now jump—quick!" he commanded; and the man jumped. He caught him by both wrists as directed, and the sergeant got a grip on the collar of his coat.

"Hoist!" he shouted to the four on the roof; and they tugged with their might. The

sergeant's body did not move. Bending over till the back creaked, it hung over the edge, a weight of two hundred and three pounds suspended from and holding it down. The cold sweat started upon his men's foreheads as they tried and tried again, without gaining an inch. Blood dripped from Sergeant Vaughan's nostrils and ears. Sixty feet below was the paved courtyard; over against him the window, behind which he saw the back-draft coming, gathering headway with lurid, swirling smoke. Now it burst through, burning the hair and the coats of the two. For an instant he thought all hope was gone.

But in a flash it came back to him. To relieve the terrible dead weight that wrenched and tore at his muscles, he was swinging the man to and fro like a pendulum, head touching head. He could *swing him up!* A smothered shout warned his men. They crept nearer the edge without letting go their grip on him, and watched with staring eyes the human pendulum swing wider and wider, farther and farther, until now, with a mighty effort, it swung within their reach. They caught the skirt of the coat, held on, pulled in, and in a moment lifted him over the edge.

They lay upon the roof, all six, breathless, sightless, their faces turned to the winter sky. The tumult of the street came up as a faint echo; the spray of a score of engines pumping below fell upon them, froze, and covered them with ice. The very roar of the fire seemed far off. The sergeant was the first to recover. He carried down the man he had saved, and saw him sent off to the hospital. Then first he noticed that he was not a negro; the smut had been rubbed off his face. Monday had dawned before he came to, and days passed before he knew his rescuer. Sergeant Vaughan was laid up himself then. He had returned to his work, and finished it; but what he had gone through was too much for human strength. It was spring before he returned to his quarters, to find himself promoted, petted, and made much of.

From the sublime to the ridiculous is but a little step. Among the many who journeyed to the insurance patrol station to see the hero of the great fire, there came, one day, a woman. She was young and pretty, the sweetheart of the man on the window-sill. He was a lawyer, since a State senator of Pennsylvania. She wished the sergeant to repeat exactly the words he spoke to him in that awful moment when he bade him jump—to life or death. She had heard them, and

she wanted the sergeant to repeat them to her, that she might know for sure he was the man who did it. He stammered and hitched—tried subterfuges. She waited, inexorable. Finally, in desperation, blushing fiery red, he blurted out «a lot of cuss-words.» «You know,» he said apologetically, in telling of it, «when I am in a place like that I can't help it.»

When she heard the words which her fiancé had already told her, straightway she fell upon the fireman's neck. The sergeant stood dumfounded. «Women are queer,» he said.

Thus a fireman's life. That the very horses that are their friends in quarters, their comrades at the fire, sharing with them what comes of good and evil, catch the spirit of it, is not strange. It would be strange if they did not. With human intelligence, and more than human affection, the splendid animals follow the fortunes of their masters, doing their share in whatever is demanded of them. In the final showing that in thirty years, while with the growing population the number of fires has steadily increased, the average loss per fire has as steadily decreased, they have their full share, also, of the credit. In 1866 there were 796 fires in New York, with an average loss of \$8075.38 per fire. In 1876, with 1382 fires, the loss was but \$2786.70 at each. In 1896, 3890 fires averaged only \$878.81. It means that every year more fires are headed off than run down—smothered at the start, as a fire should be. When to the verdict of «faithful unto death» that record is added, nothing remains to be said. The firemen know how much of that is the doing of their four-legged comrades. It is the one blot on the fair picture that the city which owes these horses so much has not seen fit, in gratitude, to provide comfort for their worn old age. When a fireman grows old, he is retired on half-pay for the rest of his days. When a horse that has run with the heavy engines to fires by night and by day for perhaps ten or fifteen years is worn out, it is—sold, to a huckster, perhaps, or a contractor, to slave for him until it is fit only for the bone-yard! The city receives a paltry two or three thousand dollars a year for this rank treachery, and pockets the blood-money without a protest. There is room next, in New York, for a movement that shall secure to the fireman's faithful friend the grateful reward of a quiet farm, a full crib, and a green pasture to the end of its days, when it is no longer young enough and strong enough to «run with the machine.»

GOOD AMERICANS.

BY MRS. BURTON HARRISON,

Author of "A Bachelor Maid," "Sweet Bells out of Tune," etc.

VII.



IDSUMMER in the Berkshire hill-country! Shadows of mountain and forest lie for a moment upon greenest earth, and at the shifting of a cloud-screen vanish.

At a lull in the west wind intense heat is exhaled upon the atmosphere; the air of the pine woods smites the face like a blast from a furnace; then a burst of invigorating wind comes to revive fainting humanity. In answer to it, the elm-trees toss and whisper to the pines; the birches, white ladies of the woods, gossip with the tasseled chestnuts. The red bell-lilies in the oat-fields tinkle above a sea of rippled, glossy verdure. In the tall meadow-grasses, daisies, rudbeckias, vetch, and purple clover bend and intermingle. To greet the perfect day, nature sends forth all the incense in her caskets.

FOLLOWING a forest road under an awning formed of chestnuts, hemlocks, flowering linden, hickories, beech-boughs crusted with tiny nuts, and garlands of wild grape, jogged a basket-phaëton, leisurely driven by a girl, behind whom was perched a youthful groom in undress livery of cords. The continuity of dense shade during a mile or two was grateful alike to the fat pony, to the lazy little groom, and to the graceful charioteer; now listening to the liquid notes of the wood-robins, now plunging her eye into the bracken and maidenhair that grew in masses upon the roadside, or else stopping when the pony wished to dip his nose into a trough of ice-cold water fed by a moss-grown conduit from the hills above, the girl dawdled away a pleasant hour. When she came out of the lovely wood into a country road bordered with low stone walls overgrown by greenery, the view opened nobly before her. Hills upon hills, mountains beyond, a valley with a winding river, here and there a farm-house overtopped in size by its red barn, on the steep hillsides pastures with short herbage, scattered rocks, wild brier-roses, and sweet-fern, the odor of which was trodden out by the feet of grazing sheep and cattle. More daisies in whitesheets,

rumpled by the breeze; more oat-fields, yellowish red with the lovely mottled bells that steal away their substance. A bit of New England, this—placid, verdant, soothing to eye and spirit. As good as old England, thought the looker-on, save for the lack of habitations blended by age with their surroundings. And far away, in a hollow to the left, below a slope of shining Indian corn, she saw the sparkle of a sapphire lake.

"Would that be Pocasset?" the lady asked of her attendant, extending her whip in the direction of this open eye of the landscape.

"Beg pard'n, miss, but I'm sure I could n't say," answered the prim little buttony personage.

The absurdity of her appeal to this imported specimen struck the questioner, and she laughed aloud. A countryman in a checked shirt, and carrying a scythe, was met at this moment. As he stopped naïvely to enjoy the spectacle of her equipage, she repeated the inquiry.

"No, marm; it ain't," he said promptly. "To git to Pocasset, you've got to turn into the next piece of woods to yer right. There's a mighty sight of ponds hereabouts, an' all on 'em purty."

"Thank you," said she, feeling in a tiny purse of silver network at her girdle for a small coin to bestow upon him. To her confusion, he colored to the ears, and with a grunt of refusal of the dole, passed slouching on his way.

"I forget where I am," she said to herself, blushing also. "I hope I did not irremediably wound the feelings of that free-born republican. But I am sure he would not hesitate to drive a sharp bargain with me in the way of trade."

The pony, reminded by a flick of the whip, resumed his easy gait. The groom, deciding that there was as little exertion in this method of earning his wages as another, sprang to his perch. A mile farther, and the turn of the road appeared, leading into a wood of great pines, oaks, and towering hemlocks.

In the heart of these shadowy depths lay a pool of azure tint and considerable length and breadth. The road ended beside a bank

sloping down to a sheet of water in a noble grove, cleared of undergrowth, and verdant with moss and bracken. So remote the spot, it was a genuine surprise to the lady of the chariot to espy near the edge of this pond a gypsy fire, over which a kettle was boiling. Under the trees rugs were spread around a hamper suggestive of good fare. A few books had been left by their readers upon the rugs and roots of trees. At a little distance, a smart buckboard stood detached from horses tied at a rack; and directly from under the steep bank glided a punt filled with wild flowers, fishing-tackle, and people in holiday attire.

"What a surprise!" called a woman's voice. "We had no idea you had come up."

"Nor I that you were here."

So saying, Sybil Gwynne threw the reins to her groom, and springing from the phaëton, ran down the bank to greet her friends. She had known, of course, of the Granthams' residence in this neighborhood, but had not counted upon seeing them at this spot, or so soon.

"We came up yesterday," she added. "Etta has a headache from the heat; the men are all absorbed with the horses; and so I begged for this trap to explore the countryside."

"Then pray send the groom home with it, and stop with us for luncheon," said Mrs. Grantham, who, in her crisp shirt and skirt and shade-hat, looked young and summer-like.

The other voyagers were Mowbray Grantham, wearing the shocking old coat and trousers he called his "fishing-suit," with a straw hat purchased in the nearest village shop; one of his sons, in similar attire; Katty, a picture of jaunty prettiness; and Agatha Carnifex.

"I suppose if you did n't let Etta know your whereabouts she would be alarmed," went on Katrina. "Do stay. We can just as well leave you there on our return."

The others chiming in, Sybil let herself be persuaded, and the little groom was accordingly dismissed.

"We were just coming ashore to prepare for luncheon," said Mrs. Grantham. "This is our own grove, and to spend the day here is one of our favorite hot-day performances. Lake Pocasset, although in the pine woods, is mysteriously cool. How nice it will be to sit under the trees and let you tell us rustics of your grand doings in the world beyond the sea!"

"We arrived in town day before yester-

day," answered Sybil, "and followed Jack's fancy to come here from the steamer. I am to join my aunt at Newport at the end of the week. How pretty this is! What an odd greenish light! It is a nook of sweet repose after the glare of the open road. And how particularly nice," she added, turning to Agatha, "that I have found *you* with Mrs. Grantham!"

"It is nice to be here," answered Miss Carnifex. "Our life at Hillcote is delightful. Katty and her brothers and I form a band of lawless vagabonds, determined to get everything that outdoor life can give us, at any expense of looks."

"Now for work," said Mrs. Grantham, briskly. "We will lay the cloth first, and unpack the cold meat and salads. I shall trust no one with the coffee, and my husband will care for that wine-cellar of his in the hollow of a tree. I think, Jim," she said to her boy, "you may as well not attempt to broil our fish till you see whether the canoeists bring in something better."

"Mr. Davenant was lying on his back in the bottom, looking up into the sky," said Jim, with decision; "and Bob can't catch anything to save him. I vote to cook what fish we have, and not to depend upon those loafers."

"Mr. Davenant!" said the last comer.

"Yes; he is with us for a much-needed vacation," answered Katrina. "There, Jim, is a beautiful bed of hickory embers on the stones. Jim is an old woodsman, Miss Gwynne, as you will say when you taste his broiled bass. My boys had a camp here for a month one summer, and cooked for themselves all that we did not fetch them from home when we drove over to see whether they were dying of starvation."

Mowbray Grantham, who took his ease beside Sybil while the others worked, had leisure to observe the sudden vivid illumination of her beautiful fair face.

His wife's invitation to her to join them had not been seconded by him with much zeal. He had always looked upon Sybil Gwynne as a Parisian version of Undine. Now he detected in her expression something that lent to it human charm. In her simple morning frock of blue-and-white-striped cotton, with a sailor-hat of white straw, and a knot of sweet-peas in her white belt, she looked like a charming school-girl, glad yet shy. "After all," he reflected, "who shall say that a pretty woman is not a good thing to look at, anywhere?"

A canoe, propelled in leisurely fashion by Bob Grantham, and containing a recumbent figure in flannels with his hat over his eyes, now came in sight around the bank. A shout from Jim to his brother, summoning him to help in cookery, aroused the lounge, who, pulling himself up, looked about him in contrition.

"Are we here?" he said. "Bob, you rascal, you betrayed me! I had no idea we were at the landing-place."

"Too hot for apologies—too hot for anything," quoth the recreant, steering the craft skilfully inshore.

Another moment, and Davenant stood in blank astonishment in Sybil's presence. The drowsy look, passing from his eyes, was succeeded by one of brilliant welcome. Whence she had come he asked not, but took her hand in his, and looked into her face as if he could never have enough of it; then, remembering the presence of outsiders,—although these were busy with hospitable cares,—stood back, and curbed his fervor.

Constraining himself to speak instead of shouting for joy, he asked her the usual questions about her arrival in the country, and told her, in return, that having himself come up the day before yesterday to be Mrs. Grantham's guest, for two days only, it was his wish to remain at Hillcote for a week.

"We shall be quite near you, then," said Sybil, artlessly. "Perhaps we'll be meeting every day."

Davenant, not trusting himself to discuss this contingency, now yielded to a call to luncheon that, spread on a cloth upon the ground, afforded dainties perfected for such occasions by long experience. The broiled bass, so recently transferred from the "glassy, cool, translucent wave," were praised and enjoyed in a way to reward the two cooks for the heat of their endeavor. The claret, the black coffee served afterward, all details, carefully sustained the general pitch of excellence.

When they had finished, Mr. Grantham retired to lounge upon a Highland plaid stretched over a bed of bracken, and there smoke his cigar, while Katty read aloud to him from a book of Rudyard Kipling's prose. Mrs. Grantham, retaining the faithful Jim as her aide-de-camp, dismissed the others—"anywhere," she said.

At this, Agatha Carnifex challenged Bob to return with her to a spot in the woods where from the boat she had seen a curious and superb bank of tawny fungi freckled with crimson spots.

"May I go, too?" said Sybil.

"You will only soil that pretty gown," said Mrs. Grantham, practically; "it is all boggy where they are going. Take my advice: keep cool and clean. Get into the canoe, and let Mr. Davenant show you the bed of water-lilies at the end of the lake. All the rest of us have enjoyed it this morning, and you really should not miss the spectacle."

"Yes; do go," urged Agatha. "It is the finest flower-show you will have seen since Regent's Park."

Sybil still hesitated.

"Will you come?" asked Davenant, in a voice that reached her ear alone.

She yielded. Had anything forewarned Sybil that she would be placed in this situation, there might have been some holding back; but the unexpected had conquered her; it seemed all so natural.

When, on stepping into the canoe, she laid her bare little white hand in his sunburnt one, Sybil felt what was coming toward her on swift wings of destiny. They paddled off, she sitting in the bow and facing him in speechless pleasure, until, at the extreme end of the lake, the canoe ran into a floating field of starry, snow-white blooms, golden at heart, exhaling richest fragrance, their chalices cradled upon broad, moist plaques of green.

Under the nearest bank grew rushes, tall and vigorous. The air, steeped in perfume and filled with the errant particles of summer growth, was also melodious with the song of wood-birds, and resonant with the hum of bright-winged circling insects. The symphony of midsummer was at its climax.

"Oh, let us stay here!" she cried involuntarily, and a flash of triumph leaped into his eyes.

While they lingered he shifted his place a little, at the other end of the canoe, to watch her more composedly. They laughed together like children at the rocking of their frail craft, and, once at rest again, began the babbling interchange of respective experience since they had parted, just as if no cloud of distrust had ever come between them. He explained to her how, his visit to Hillcote having been twice before interrupted by business calls, he had come very near missing this chance also—and then where would that have left him? How he had believed her to be stopping in the Engadine until the autumn; how nothing was further from his dreams than this surprise of her presence beneath an ancient pine-tree on the bank of Lake Pocasset; how, for him, life since he

saw her last had gone on in the usual humdrum fashion; he had worked, worked, worked,—as he expected always to have to do,—without other relaxations than those possible in a hot town when every one excepting toilers has gone to the country.

Sybil's eyes shone upon him with soft compassion. She tried to realize this existence of his, so different to anything in her acquaintance with that of other men. She thought of the debonair idlers she had seen in London and Paris, and New York's great mill of workers without perspective seemed pitiless.

«But you have some diversions, surely?» she asked in a sad voice.

«Enough and to spare,» he answered, with a smile; «but not, probably, of the kind you would recognize as such.»

«It sounded so dreary!» she exclaimed apologetically.

«Not dreary if one faces it with hope in his heart, and courage. And, you must remember, it is my life. Even before I met you I had my bright moments and rewards. Since then—»

Her eyes drooped before his. With one hand trailing in the water, she drew to her a long green stem crowned with the peerless blossom of New England lakes. Davenant went on:

«I don't like to tell you what a black time I passed through after I heard you were going to marry that man Cameron.»

«But I am not!» she exclaimed, with enchanting disregard of consequences. «I have no idea of doing so.»

«You have come back to me heart-whole?»

«To—America,» she faltered, with an effort to recall her rash encouragement.

«To me—to me!» he cried passionately. «I'm a tyro, I suppose, and my brain is in a tumult, and I am desperately anxious for you to love me as I love you—as I've loved you ever since we met. But I don't want to ask you for yourself if you're not ready to hear me. I'd rather you'd silence me now, and give me a chance hereafter. If you'll give me that chance I'll do *anything* to win you.»

Sybil's mouth curved in a happy smile.

«Had you rather put it off?» she said, more mistress of herself than he was master of his palpitating speech.

MRS. GRANTHAM, who had packed her baskets and ordered her horses put to the buckboard, stood upon the bank, gathering her chickens beneath her wings.

«It feels and smells like a thunder-storm,»

she said. «I really think, Mowbray, you had better let one of the boys go in the punt and call those two to come back.»

«The storm is probably a long way off, my dear,» said her husband; «and no doubt Miss Gwynne and Davenant will be coming presently.»

«If we are caught, mother, we can stop in that empty house behind the poplars on the main road,» said Master Jim; «and there's a shed for the trap and horses.»

With a distant rumble of thunder, a little shiver in the branches of the wood began.

«You see, Mowbray! I insist that you go and call them, Jim,» said Mrs. Grantham.

«They are there,» said Miss Carnifex, calmly, as the missing ones came in sight.

The canoe, kept at the lake for his diversion by Mr. Grantham, was quickly deserted by its latest occupants and put under shelter. The party with hurrying footsteps climbed into the buckboard, and the horses trotted off. When they reached the ridge of the hill above the lake, the lightning had begun to play dazzlingly, lacing the branches of the roadside trees.

«Faster, papa!» cried Katty, who, with one of her brothers, sat beside her father on the front seat. «I love this tearing along into an advancing storm. You'll surely get to the deserted house before the rain catches us.»

All nature was in commotion. The tall grass and flowers of the wayside bent, and were bowed to earth. The surface of the fields of oats and corn showed deep dimples from the wind. A few drops fell. Thunder pealed again with a deep, glorious rumble, and again the lightning flashed, this time with a blue glare.

Sybil, sitting between Agatha and Davenant, shrank and trembled irrepressibly.

«You are not afraid?» said Davenant, inclining toward her tenderly.

Agatha, who had sat erect gazing toward the storm, seemed to have heard nothing; but the next livid flash from the heavily charged cloud, that, as they drove under the shed of the deserted house, struck one of the row of poplars before it, showed Davenant the expression of her face.

When, a deluge of rain over, the sun shone out into the warm, humid air, they resumed their drive.

«This is a true New England frolic of Dame Nature,» said Mr. Grantham. «I wonder which was the most frightened of our party?»

«Not I,» said Katty. «Mama was a little,

for I saw her clutch Jim's coat-sleeve, and Miss Gwynne looked rather white."

"So did Miss Carnifex," said Jim Grantham. "I think she's the whitest still."

"James!" said his mother, reprovingly; "never make personal remarks."

DURING the rest of his holiday Davenant walked upon air. Thanks to the isolation of the two houses in a quiet neighborhood, daily opportunity was afforded him to see his beloved, and sun himself in the radiance of her smiles. The necessity enjoined upon him by her of keeping their affair to themselves until she could announce it formally to her Aunt Lewiston lent the charm of mystery and device to their meetings. In the glorification of his spirits, he took the trouble to be extremely polite to Etta Stanley, who, to please her husband, had come into this barren district, and was longing to leave it for Newport. Mrs. Etta, revoking her earlier decision, now announced that Davenant had a great deal in him. She was prepared to launch with him upon one of her shadowy flirtations, wherein the man had little to do besides following her in public and appearing to be devoted. But to this Davenant did not respond; and, luckily for him, a friend of her husband's, a connoisseur in horse-flesh, whose wife lived in permanence abroad, came up to stop for a week at Stanley Hall. This gentleman, well understanding how to dawdle unemotionally after his hostess, and save her from having to go about with Jack, relieved the situation for Davenant.

Mrs. Grantham, as we have seen, the most good-natured of souls, was disconcerted by the new arrangement. She admired Sybil, but loved Agatha; and on the day following the luncheon at Lake Pocasset, Agatha had terminated her visit, and gone to keep her father company at their own summer home in New Jersey, near Morristown. After her departure it was evident to the casual observer that Davenant could never really have cared otherwise than as a friend for the admirable Miss Carnifex. He was too cheerful, too emphatic in indorsing praises of her, too calm in her absence, too—everything but what Katrina had intended him to be. And at the end of the second day after the encounter with Sybil the keen-sighted Katty told her mother that she thought, and Jim thought, "anybody with half an eye" could see that Mr. Davenant was "dead gone" upon Miss Gwynne. Katrina, struggling with vexed unbelief, had to succumb when Jim told her he had seen the couple out in the

huckleberry pasture, sitting upon a boulder, and looking at the sunset, hand in hand.

"That's not all, mother," added the boy, with deeper excitement, his cherub cheeks ruddy, his eyes distended, as he whispered something in her ear.

"James Grantham!" began his mother, then stopped short. So much for her idyl of Hillcote, wherein Davenant and her favorite Agatha were to have played the leading parts!

THUS Davenant entered upon the kingdom of his hopes. In the fullness of his satisfaction there was no alloy. This great prize of life that had come to him seemed, like the lesser ones preceding it, his due. He was proud, exultant, in feeling that his manhood was about to be made complete.

VIII.

TOLSTOI has said that a newly married man is like one who, having been charmed with the graceful and joyous motion of a boat upon the sea, afterward embarks in it. He then feels the difference between contemplation and action. It is not enough for him to sit still and avoid rocking the boat; he must keep on the lookout, be accurate in following the course, mindful of wind and weather, and is himself obliged to propel the heavy oars.

Nothing of this had as yet suggested itself to Peter Davenant as, on their honeymoon journey, he sailed with Sybil out of the Bosphorus for a cruise in the *Ægean*.

The violent opposition of Mrs. Lewiston to their engagement, which, accepting no compromise, required Sybil to break with him or forfeit the shelter of her home, had precipitated matters. After a stormy week at her aunt's house in Newport, the girl had yielded to his solicitation to be married quietly in church there, and go abroad until her aunt's excitement should in some degree subside. In this decision she was seconded by her cousin St. Clair, who, attending her at the altar, not only gave her away in marriage, but presented the bride with a couple of strings of pearls more befitting a princess of the blood than the underpowered wife of a hard-working lawyer. Others of Sybil's friends who would have liked to be present were debarred by the hasty nature of the proceedings. Agatha Carnifex, the Granthams, and Ainslie sent gifts and good wishes. The affair, a nine days' wonder of the newspapers, was in time superseded by another "social incident" offering opportunity for more flamboyant head-lines.

QUICKLY wooed, quickly wed, Sybil was like the creature of a dream. Not an acquaintance of her aunt's and Mrs. Stanley's way of thinking had regarded her action as other than the result of impassioned folly. People who knew better commended her for courage and independence in asserting, at two-and-twenty, her right to the husband of her heart. Croakers said this was the "fine, enlightened stride" of new womanhood. And, lastly, those familiar with Mrs. Lewiston's temper when aroused by opposition averred that Sybil, poor creature, had really nowhere else to turn.

The next most serious difficulty in their path had been Davenant's adjustment of his affairs to take her away for a couple of months from the annoyances of home. When, this finally accomplished, the world was all before them where to choose, a memory of their first talk decided both upon a voyage in the Levant.

From Paris they had taken the Orient Express to Constantinople, and finding it still too hot to do more than skim through the sights of that brilliant, dirty town, had there boarded a Russian steamer bound for Smyrna and Alexandria, but intending to bring up *en route* at the Piræus.

It was a mellow day of autumn when their big, well-fitted modern vessel broke away from the throng of little rowboats, caiques, and launches besetting her sides as long as she lay at anchor in the channel, and up to the last minute embarking passengers and mails. The numbers and colors of these crafts recalled to Sybil the course at Henley regatta between the races. Deafened by the shouts of boatmen and stevedores, amused by the water pageant, our pair of travelers hung over the rail like two children, taking note of all they saw. A last impatient whistle had hurried up the gangway steps the family of a Turkish general, whose staff, on taking leave of him to return to their launch, were kissed in a patriarchal fashion while bending at his knee. His chief wife, a formless figure in a dark green silk night-gown, with a veil of striped yellow gauze, white cotton stockings, and slippers without heels, presently established herself on deck, where, after straightening the tassel of her husband's fez, she proceeded to eat sweetmeats held up in a silver box by a squatting, amber-tinted slave-girl with white draperies and eyes like a faithful dog's.

Two little servant-girls in pink cotton, with veils of white cheese-cloth, ran hither and thither, carrying silver cups of water,

and holding boxes of cigarettes, in readiness for their mistress's call. The mother-in-law, a sallow old woman dressed in black, with bright eyes and a jolly laugh, took her seat behind the cruncher of many sweets; while the son and heir, a small boy in green velvet jacket and knickerbockers, with a fez over his droll little foxy face, wandered incessantly, after the manner of his kind, in custody of a Turkish tutor visibly alarmed by the vagaries of so important a charge. High-class Armenians; families returning from a summer at Therapia to their homes in Egypt—among them a brown mother with a flock of little daughters like brown birds; an English couple; a German professor and his wife; a bride from Odessa with her Greek husband (this officer wearing, despite the sultry atmosphere, his full-dress uniform and tufted hat, and spurs); a dark-eyed belle from Syria, dressed like a French fashion-plate, on the return with her papa and mama from the Turkish Newport; a coquettish young Rumanian lady guarded by her white-haired Parisian husband; more Turks, who kept aloof; some Alexandrian citizens; and a group of handsome Russian officers, made up the ship's tale of first-cabin passengers.

The lower forward deck of the steamer was even fuller of cosmopolitan variety. Our Americans, up above, surveyed the scene with eager interest. Before the ship left the Bosphorus this space had been converted into a focus of Oriental color and animation. Lounging on mattresses covered with many-hued stuffs and rugs, a veiled harem occupied the center. About it were seen Turks at ease; Greek and Armenian peddlers; Arab women and babies; a band of sturdy Montenegrins, with shepherd coats of the natural tint of wool, leggings, and small caps embroidered on the crown, their belts stuck with knives and pistols; Circassians in sheepskin *shubas*; sad-eyed Armenian merchants in long black robes and crimson fezzes; a solitary muzhik in black velveteens, with a scarlet shirt and sash; and two Russian pilgrims to Jerusalem, with scrips and staffs and cross-gartered legs, lying asleep upon the boards, their red beards turned upward to the sky.

The luggage of these travelers was as picturesque as its owners—bales, saddle-bags, carpet-sacks, and cushions of variegated hues and rich texture; grass-woven baskets heaped with grapes and peaches; melons hugged under the arm; water-bottles, jugs and trays of pottery and beaten brass; a medley of gleaming metal, embroidered stuffs, and

sheenful silk. So delighted was Sybil with each new type, costume, or grouping that her eye detached from its surroundings, Davenant could with difficulty induce her to come away with him to pace the length of the deck, and look back at the marvelous beauty of the vanishing city.

Melting in the effulgent sunshine of an unclouded heaven, they saw vanish towers, minarets, mosques, palaces of pink-and-white fretwork, terraced gardens, cypress-groves, ancient crenelated walls dipping into the water, and the towering domes of St. Sophia. As they steamed out of the Bosphorus a bird winging its way across the water, which at times it touched, attracted Sybil's attention.

"That petrel of the Bosphorus," said, in good English, the German professor, who stood near them with his wife, "is almost the most restless fellow extant. The Turks give him the poetical name of 'the lost soul'; but my wife and I have bestowed a better title: we call him 'the American *en voyage*.'"

"My dear!" said the lady, blushing, and touching her husband's coat-sleeve.

"Oh! Ah! I beg your pardon," said he, penitently. "Of course I supposed you to be English. I should *never* have taken you for Americans, you know," he ended radiantly.

"Worse and worse!" whispered Sybil, as the two couples parted to resume their march. "Don't let that eloquent face of yours show you mind it. If you were as old a traveler as I, you'd be accustomed to that pleasantry."

"I can be vexed with no one in such a scene," he said, laughing. "Henceforward every inch of our way is through the classics. I must begin to furbish up my memories. There are two questions I forbid you to ask me: where Homer was born, and where was ancient Troy."

"Just what I meant to do!" she said. "If you don't tell me all you know, or don't know, I shall be obliged to appeal to our friend the professor, who, I can see, is giving *his* wife a flood of information."

"I'll swear I won't be forced into the dragoman business! But I'll tell you this: there was once a German youngster in a wine-shop who, after listening to the talk of some students about the Iliad, made up his mind that he would like some day to journey the way we are going now. In after years, when he had amassed gold and learning, he came to the Hellespont—"

"That we shall pass at two in the morning!" cried she, in a vexed tone.

"—And taking up his abode at Hissarlik, dug and dug till he had uncovered seven Troys. Out of that collection you may take your choice of the real one."

"Don't be provoking! Be sure I sha'n't ask you any more questions. Let us agree to see it all now, and read about it when we go home."

"It occurs to me, incidentally, that must be Mount Ida," said he, pointing over at the rosy snow of a summit rising beyond the brown hills of the Asian coast. "But never mind what it is, so long as we're here together, far from the world, sailing, sailing to the south. Sybil, I did not think there could be such happiness."

"Nor I. I have only one regret—that this time a year ago we had never even met."

"A bagatelle!" he exclaimed, his voice thrilling joyfully. "Why, we were traveling to meet each other then!"

AND now, the splendor of sunlight waning with the day's decline, a violet mist gathered in the hollows of the Asian highlands. Along the western horizon the blue was lost in gold. A fresher breeze arose, lashing the surface of Marmora into lively billows, over which the deep-laden ship passed on a steady keel. As the sun forsook them, a long, wailing cry arose:

"Allah Akbar! To your knees!"

It was a muezzin, who, stationing himself upon the bridge over the forward deck, reminded the faithful of the hour of prayer. Scattered about the vessel, the Mussulmans, everywhere kneeling upon little carpets, prostrated themselves toward Mecca.

Sybil rebelled against the call to dinner in the saloon.

"This is too beautiful to leave," she said, holding back.

A stout Frenchwoman, with moustachios, and carrying a pet dog under her arm, passing the couple at this moment, smiled at them benignantly.

"O la jeunesse!" she murmured, with a rich sigh. "One of these days, madame, you too will be hungry for your dinner."

"Horrid thing!" said the girl, petulantly, when the French lady had gone on.

"I'm afraid I am hungry now—awfully so," said Peter, guiltily.

"Then for your sake I'll go in. But we are to sit up on deck to enter the Dardanelles. I couldn't bear to miss the Hellespont."

Their evening meal, served at the captain's table, had apparently been gathered by the steward from all parts of the vessel's

route: fish and mutton from Constantinople; partridges from the Piræus; *kalatchi* (the white rolls of Russia) and fowls from Odessa; sweets from Syra; wines, red and white, from Bessarabia; fruits, nuts, and resined white wine from the Levant in general; and, to conclude, Lilliputian cups of Turkish coffee, turbid with grounds, and yielding rich aroma.

«That was a pleasant little company,» said Sybil, afterward. «How they all lent themselves to good-fellowship! Imagine a lot of our countrymen, under like circumstances, loitering at table for the sake of merry chat!»

«Other countries, other conditions,» said her husband.

«You did not like my saying that, Peter. I see I must never find fault with the land of the eagle and the scream.»

«Perhaps I don't want your thoughts to shape themselves that way, because, when we go back—»

«Don't—don't speak of going back!» cried she. «I want nothing to shadow this lovely, blessed voyage.»

«There should be no shadows about our thoughts of home, my darling,» he answered bravely, but at heart a trifle hurt.

They strolled forward again to look down into the third-class deck. Under the electric-light in the rigging, the groups, who had for the most part already disposed themselves to slumber, presented a new medley of picturesque attitudes. One of the women of the harem, a slender girl, had thrown her bare brown arms, covered with silver bracelets, above her veiled head. The old crone who guarded them was mixing coffee for a big bearded Turk sitting on a cushion, drawing at his *narghilé* in its gold-embossed glass vessel. Amid a cluster of bag-trousered Mussulmans, whose hands, held behind them, forever toyed with strings of wooden or amber beads, stood a dashing figure, smoking a cigarette, dressed in the costume of a cavass (the Turkish soldier serving as guard at the embassies). His jacket, thickly wrought with gold, his full trousers of crimson silk tucked into long, wrinkled boots, the embroidered holsters of his pistols, and the moustachios curling about a hardy, handsome face, lent him an air both gay and martial.

«He was but recently a famous Montenegrin robber,» explained one of the ship's officers standing near the Americans. «They are quite in demand as servants at the embassies.»

With their chairs in a quiet corner, Davenant and Sybil sat upon deck until, about

midnight, the pharos of Gallipolis came in sight. As they approached it, Sybil, running forward, stood under the shelter of the captain's bridge to peer out into the darkness. Above her towered the mast, which, with its yard, both black in the shadow of an electric beacon, formed the image of a giant cross. In the rigging, outlined against the blue vault of the sky, millions of stars seemed tangled. Save for the silent specter of a Russian sailor gliding here and there, Sybil had the night to herself and her beloved. With Peter's arms around her, her head leaning against his breast, life overflowed for her with love and peace and hope.

ON deck again for a long, bright day in the *Ægean*! Leaving the Dardanelles (where, at the Hellespont, a health officer in a small boat had stopped the ship for a brief parley), they skirted Lemnos,—between the twin summits of which was cradled Vulcan's forge,—then Tenedos, and after that ran for hours between the mainland and Mytilene, ancient Lesbos, burning Sappho's isle. Lesbian wine might have been circling in their veins, Lesbian sparrows twittering in their ears, so gay the mood of our voyagers. Following the line of serrated coast beneath summits of riven gray, the flanks of its lower hills clothed with olive-orchards and vineyards, they came at noon upon the chief town of the island, the walls of the ruined fortress of which, built high and dry by Venetian masters of medieval days, were now washed by the encroaching waves.

Thenceforward the scene was like the shifting of a kaleidoscope. Rock-piles, arising from the turquoise sea, assumed forever changing forms and tints. Bastions of Russian porphyry, jagged cliffs of amethyst, crenelated walls of lapis lazuli, a row of golden organ-pipes, a cone of crystal, a tawny lion couchant, far-away castles of pale, cerulean blue! Along the shores of Asia Minor, the hills, with vegetation parched by the summer suns, were russet brown, bronze, and purple; the villages, with their occasional olive-mills, were built in eyries to which roads like pencil-strokes went up. Over all this, resplendent sunshine, a luminous radiance of atmosphere that has kept in it the magic of ancient days, and from the water a light breeze, like the touch of a cool hand!

«It is better than any book ever drilled into my boyish brain in a dead language,» said Davenant. «I feel steeped in Southern color. And to have it with you beside me—»

Sybil did not weary of such a chorus to every one of her lover's songs of praise of his surroundings. She saw that he had indeed touched the meridian of satisfaction with created things. It checked upon her lips many a woman's question and speculation about their future plans and mode of life. It was agreed between them to put off all these considerations until the return voyage to America, which they expected to make from Naples when they could no longer stay abroad.

Sybil had never looked more lovely. Her fair, delicate face, with the forget-me-not blue eyes and wild-rose bloom, had captivated most of her fellow-travelers, who had always a word, a smile, or a courteous act for the young bride. To-day, when the vessel rounded into the sparkling Gulf of Smyrna, people kept emerging from their cabins in resplendent toilets that put Mrs. Davenant's plain blue serge and straw sailor-hat in the shade. The fat French lady with the spaniel rustled by her in a fine confection of dressmaker's art, topped by a hat with nodding lilacs and white osprey plumes. A little dark gentleman from Egypt, whom the night before Sybil had mistaken for a waiter, appeared in high-heeled lacquered boots, pearl-colored trousers and hat, a frock-coat, blue scarf, yellow kid gloves, and a stick.

"They look askance at us," whispered Sybil. "We are not dressed for the occasion of landing in a fashionable port. And I, who thought Smyrna was all figs, and brigands, and the finest camels in Asia! Look, Peter! Here comes my rival, the other bride, in rose muslin, with *such* a gorgeous hat! I must run and change before we come to anchor. Peter dear, would you wear your white duck or the striped blue-and-white cotton I had on that day at Pocasset?"

"The white duck," said Peter, judicially. "Keep the blue-and-white till we get home and I can have a glass case made for it."

"How long ago it seems,—that day at Pocasset,—and how far away Pocasset is!" she said dreamily, her eyes fixed on a line of white glistening salt-heaps edging an island coast. "I am afraid we were in a dreadful hurry."

"We shall have the rest of our lives to repent our rash action in," said he, rallying her.

"Repent! When I have you! Only sometimes I think how very much we are alone in the world. Oh, Peter, you must be so good to me—and I to you!"

Her April moods always charmed him, but

to-day she had struck a deeper note. He almost felt that for the first time she realized the nature of their bond. While he knew she could not exhaust the depth and breadth of his enveloping love, he wondered if she were equally certain of herself. So far, she had been his queen enthroned in a fond heart. By and by, when she should come to step down from the bridal pedestal and work with him side by side—

"Do you know," she interrupted his meditation, "I think it is so much nicer traveling without a maid and courier. Some girls could n't get on at all; but I—I have always done my own hair and known how to keep my things in order. I could not endure to have my clothes disorderly or not fresh and crisp."

"That I am sure of," he said, looking at her with approving eyes. At the same time another one of those shafts of apprehension struck him. Did Sybil understand what it meant not to have all her surroundings meet her dainty taste?

"I am afraid," he ventured, "it will be long before I can supply you with a maid and courier, or with journeys that would require them. Our travels must be around the hearth-rug for some time. But you have had so much, your mind will always be filled with lovely pictures."

"Don't speak of anything but this!" she exclaimed lightly; and again the pagan spirit of her creed—to enjoy the hour, and let the future go—took hold of him regretfully.

SYBIL selected from among the gay little fleet that came out to wait upon the ship the boat having the prettiest rug in it.

When they reached the projecting quay, where a young Turk waited to visé passports, the two were distracted by the din of solicitations from a crowd of guides. Whether to go to Ephesus or the moon, Sybil could not decide, and ended by declaring she preferred to stroll about the town.

"But if I've got to take one of these bores, I'd rather go back to the ship," she said petulantly.

A nice young man in a blue serge suit—evidently a suave citizen willing to be of service to tormented foreigners—here interposed politely.

"Madam has only to pass these rude fellows by," he said in English, "and to walk on, paying no attention."

Across the blinding sunshine of the quay they hurried, diving into a cool back street paved with large flag-stones newly watered, its shade-trees resting their branches on the

house-roofs. A glimpse into a courtyard revealed pepper-trees mingling their feathery foliage with the rosy blooms of oleander. And then from a narrow lane emerged a train of stately camels, swaying their long gray necks in the wake of a small belled donkey.

"Let us follow the camels," exclaimed Sybil, gleefully, "no matter where they lead us!"

But she had reckoned without her host. There, at her elbow, stood the nice young citizen, lifting his hat.

"Mister wishes to conduct madam to view the bazaar firstly?" he said. "I am serving many distinguished English in the capacity of guide—"

"We have no need of you," said Davenant, briefly, turning upon his heel.

They thought to shake him by entering the Hotel Huck for a lemonade and a glance at the "Levant Herald." When they emerged, he was awaiting them, affable and mercileless. He infested the honeycomb passages of the bazaar, appeared in front of the mosque, refused to be lost in the medley of Oriental peoples overflowing, with cries about nothing, the noisy little Turkish town. Upon their taking refuge in a book-shop to purchase the Iliad and the Odyssey in modern Greek, the Pest framed himself in the doorway, still insufferably smiling.

"I come out to ship to-morrow morning—eh?—to conduct mister and madam to view a fig-factory?" he said inquiringly.

"Fig-factory be hanged!" shouted Davenant, at the end of his patience. "If you speak to me again I'll knock you down!"

At evening the hotels, cafés chantants, and theaters were brilliantly alight. The long quay was a parterre of colored lamps. Fainter gleams, like fireflies, twinkled in the old houses scattered about the misty heights beneath the ruined acropolis crowning Mount Pagus. Music and laughter came floating from shore to ship. The Italian gun-boat at anchor in the harbor threw out sheafs of colored fire that broke in showers of stars, repeated in the water. The pale sickle of the moon, hiding her diminished head behind the peaks of the Two Brothers, vanished from the scene.

The lovers, who had the deck almost to themselves, sat there, as usual, till late into the night.

AWAY again on the morrow, sailing ever over a sea now green, now blue, now streaked with

rose, past islands of amethystine hue—the purple of Scotch heather drenched in sunshine. All day they skirted the mainland, here a line of tawny foot-hills, in strange shapes, like lions and tigers couched together, under summits, gray, wrinkled, ancient, resembling mastodons in stone, the feet of these high-piled monsters lost in one continuous garland of olive and orange, grape and fig, almond and laurel.

At six in the evening the ship came again to anchor, facing Chios, the scene of Homer's school of poetry. The town of the blind bard has been swept out of sight by time and earthquake. At the foot of volcanic peaks, like cones of gunpowder, clusters confidingly the new town, built in tinted plaster, gay, cheerful, and overflowing with the riotous animation of the Levant. Only an old-time fortress near the sea tells the tale of by-gones the classic traveler demands.

There was to be no landing at pretty, lively Chios.

When the great Russian came to a halt in their bay, a line of small boats shot out to meet her with the intrepid dash of a boarding-party of Indian canoes.

"We shall soon be in Bedlam," said Davenant. "These Chians are the worst of the turbulent Levantines for racket. It must always have been a noisy place. If I don't forget, Homer was nearly frightened away from here by the barking of Glaucus's dog."

In a few moments the water about the vessel was swarming with small craft. The passenger-boats, spread with brilliant rugs, were crowded with people and luggage of many colors; the freight-boats piled with hampers of grapes, figs, and nuts, sacks of raw mastic, and long-necked wicker bottles of mastic wine. The boatmen, manœvering them over rough waves, eager each to get in ahead of the other at the end of the gangway, stood brandishing oars and boat-hooks, shouting, yelling, plunging, fiercely quarrelling up and down the ranks. They were handsome fellows, as active as cats, dark-skinned, bare-legged, bare-armed, with gleaming teeth and eyes, merry in spite of furious raging at their mates. The trim Russian sailor stationed at the foot of the ship's ladder had to struggle for his life to keep them from hurling their passengers past him upon the steps. One persistent devil was brought to terms only by a blow that landed him on his back in the middle of his boat. All through the evening the hurly-burly raged, till at a late hour the ship got under way.

"Too bad we must leave this steamer," said

Sybil, sighing. «It has all been perfect, wonderful! Such weather! Such a sea! When we are rich, Peter, we shall come here and dawdle for weeks in a yacht. But never do I expect to find again a ship so comfortable as this. What would Lord Byron have said to marble bath-tubs, with the water of the Ægean turned in through silver-plated faucets? We shall find out the difference when we get into one of the Italian boats to go through the Gulf of Corinth.»

«People who have put off travel as I've done get the benefit of *fin-de-siècle* comforts,» said her husband. «I can't believe that tomorrow morning I'm to see Hymettus and Pentelicus and the Parthenon from this deck. Sybil, shall I tell you that my only fear in reaching Athens is that we'll meet somebody we've seen before?»

«And letters! Nobody knows how I dread that visit to the banker's and the post. Oh, these happy people on board who have no Newport gossiping about them, no New York newspapers paraphrasing them—»

«My wife shall drop out of the newspapers,» said he, fondly; «and in the world of our love Newport will make no difference.»

«Peter dear, I've been wondering. Are we to get a house at once? Because I know of one on Park Avenue—the Monty Wutherings had it last year for six months. I'm sure the owner will let it from Christmas till May,

and we should n't want to be much in town till Christmas.»

«My dear little girl,» he said patiently, «we must (be in town) as soon as we get back; and, what's more, we must stay there. And I'm dreadfully afraid a house the Monty Wutherings would take is far above our purse.»

Sybil's blue eyes opened a little wonderingly. «Oh, but I assure you, darling, it's such a tiny house it could n't be dear if it tried.»

«Do you chance to know the rent?»

«No one ever spoke of that to me. Oh, Peter, is n't it ridiculous to be bothering about rent here, and on such an evening as this? Look at the moon over the mountains in that clear saffron sky, and the far lights of Chios! Our last night on the Ægean! Say some verses for me, please.»

«Let us live, my Lesbia,—

Let us our love enjoy.

Out upon old men's frowns,

Count them not worth a toy.

The sun may rise again

When once the night is past,

When our brief light is gone—»

«I will hear no more,» she protested. «It begins to sound melancholy—»

«Catullus ends it cheerfully enough,» said he, laughing.

«I am tired of poetry; let us walk,» she said, slipping her hand within his arm.

(To be continued.)



THE CELLO.

WHEN late I heard the trembling cello play,
In every face I saw sad memories
That from dark secret chambers where they lay
Rose, and looked forth from melancholy eyes.
So every mournful thought found there a tone
To match despondence; sorrow knew its mate;
Ill fortune sighed, and mute despair made moan;
And one deep chord gave answer, «Late,—too late.»
Then ceased the quivering strain, and swift returned
Unto its depths the secret of each heart;
Each face took on its mask, where lately burned
A spirit charmed to sight by music's art;
But unto one who caught that inner flame
No face of all can ever seem the same.

THE ADVENTURES OF FRANÇOIS,

FOUNDLING, THIEF, JUGGLER, AND FENCING-
MASTER DURING THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

BY S. WEIR MITCHELL, M. D.,

Author of «Hugh Wynne,» «Characteristics,» etc.

WITH PICTURES BY A. CASTAIGNE.

v.—*Of the immorality which may come of an empty stomach, and of how François became acquainted with a human crab.*



HIS nomad life was sadly uncertain; but Toto was a sharp forager, and what with a sou begged here and there, and the hospitality of summer, for a while they were not ill contented. But at last François passed two days of such lean living as set his wits to work. There was clearly no help for it, and with a rueful face he entered the shop whence Toto had followed his uncertain fortunes.

The owner was a pleasant little woman who took honesty for granted. Yes, it was her dog; and how long he had been gone! Here was a great piece of twenty sous; and where did he find the poodle? François declared that he lived near by, and knew the dog. He had found him in the Rue St. Lazare. And was it so far away as that? He must be tired, and for his honesty should be well fed. Thus, rich as never before, and with a full stomach, he left Toto tied up, and went out into the world again, lonely and sad.

Needless is it to recount his wanderings, or to relate how the lonely lad acquired the sharp ways of a gamin of the streets. For a while he begged or stole what food he required. Some four months later, a combination of motives led him into theft which was not mere foraging.

On a cold November day he was again in the crowded gardens and arcades of the Palais Royal. He was shabby enough by this time, and was sharply reminded by the cool nights of the need for shelter. By chance his eye lighted on the man who shammed blindness, and had stolen his precious sous. The beggar was kneeling, cap in hand, with closed eyes, his head turned upward, entreating pity for his blindness. There were some sous in his cap. As François passed he made believe to add another sou, and as he did so deftly scooped up the greater part of the coins.

The blind man cried out; but the boy

skipped aside, laughing, well aware that for the beggar to pursue him would be hardly advisable, as he might lose more than he could gain.

A few sous were of small account. They insured a meal, but not a lodging. As he was thus reflecting, he saw near by and presently beside him the gentleman who had so highly appreciated the return of his handkerchief. The coat pockets were large in those days, and the crowd was great. A little white corner of lace besought Master François, crying, «I am food and lodging for thee!» Whereupon it was done, and a lace handkerchief changed owners.

It cannot be said that these downward steps cost François any moral discomfort. He grinned as he thought of the beggar's perplexity, and laughed outright as he felt how complete had been his own joy in the satisfaction of possession could he have made the owner of the kerchief understand that he had suffered not merely a theft, but the punishment of injustice.

François was now too well versed in the ways of the street-boy, too dirty and too ragged, to fear the cité. Thither he went, and found a thieves' shop, where he sold the handkerchief, and got ten francs for what was worth thirty.

The question of a place where he could be sure of a bed was his first consideration on coming into his fortune. In the long, warm summers of France one who was not particular could find numerous roosting-places, but in winter a more constant home was to be desired.

In the cité François had occasionally lodged here and there when he could afford to pay, and had been turned out when he had no more sous. Now, being affluent, and therefore hard to please, he wandered until he came upon the lodging-house of an old woman in the Rue Poulletier. He knew of her as a dealer in thieves' goods, and as ever ready to shelter the lucky—and, it was suspected, as willing to betray those who were persistently unfortunate.

What drew him to this woman's house it were hard to tell. She was repulsive in appearance, but, strangely enough, was clean as to her person, dress, and abode. Asylum life had taught François to be cleanly. He declares in his memoirs that he was by habit neat, and that it was the absence of dirt which first tempted him into a relation which was so largely to affect his after life.

When he became one of this woman's lodgers he took a step which was for him of moment. Now for the first time he was to be in the company of old and practised thieves; but he was not yet of an age to be troubled as to the future or to reflect upon the past. The horizon of youth is small.

He found plenty of masters to educate him in the evil business into which he had been driven by relentless fate. Never was pupil more ready. His hostess appreciated the cleverness of her new lodger, but it was long before he himself realized how strange was the aspect and how sinister the nature of this mother of evil.

Certain historical epochs create types of face. This was a period which manufactured many singular visages. None was more strange than that which Mme. Quatre Pattes carried on a body quite as remarkable. François speaks of her over and over in his memoirs, and dwells upon the peculiarities of her appearance. I recall well what he said to me, one evening, of this creature:

"You see, monsieur, I went to one den of thieves and another until I chanced upon the Crab. It is not to be described; for here in a little room was a witch, crumpled and deformed, sharply bent as to the back from the waist, and—ah, *diablement* thin! She was cleanly and even neat, and her room was a marvel, because over there in the *cité* men were born and lived and died, and never saw a clean thing. And she was of a strangeness—consider, monsieur; imagine you a bald head, and a lean face below, very red, and the skin drawn so tight over the bones as to shine. Her eyes were little and of a dull gray; but they held you. Her lips were lean, and she kept them moving in a queer way as if chewing. I did laugh when first I saw her, but not often afterward."

When he confided to this clean and horrible creature what he wanted, she made him welcome. She rattled the two sticks which her bent form made needful for support. She would house him cheaply; but he must be industrious, and to sell a lace handkerchief for ten francs—*tonnerre!* He needed caution. She would be a *bonne maman* to him

—she, Quatre Pattes, four claws; the Crab, they called her, too, for short, and because of her red leanness and spite; but what was her real name he did not learn for many a day. At first her appearance excited in his mind no emotion except amazement and mirth. A terrible old crab it was when she showed her toothless gums and howled obscenities, while her sticks were used with strange agility. The quarter feared her. M. François had a fortune in his face, she said; and did he know the *savate*, the art to kick? There was a master next door. And again, what a face! With that face he might lie all day, and who would disbelieve him? Better to fetch her what he stole. She would see that no one cheated him but herself, and that would be ever so little. One must live. When she laughed, which was not often, François felt that a curse were more gay. There were devil-women in those days, as the mad world of Paris soon came to know; and the Crab, with her purple nose and crooked red claws, was of the worst.

VI.—Of how François regained a lost friend, and of his adventure with the poet Horace and another gentleman.

THUS François was launched on what he was pleased to call the business of life, and soon became expert in the transfer of property. Strange to say, he had little pleasure in the debauchery of successful crime, and was too good-natured to like violence. When he had enough for his moderate wants he wandered in the country, here and there, in an aimless, drifting way. Simple things gave him pleasure. He could lie in the woods or on the highway half a day, only moving to keep in the sun. He liked to watch any living creature—to see the cows feed, to observe the birds. He had a charm for all animals. When the wagons went by, dogs deserted them, and came to him for a touch and a word. Best of all it was to sit beside some peasant's beehive, finding there no enmity, and smiling at the laborious lives he had no mind to imitate. Sometimes he yearned for the lost poodle, and had a pang of loneliness. That this man should have had gentle tastes, a liking for nature, a regard for some of the decencies of life, will not surprise those who know well the many varieties of the young criminal class; neither will these be amazed to learn that now and then he heard mass, and crossed himself devoutly when there was occasion. Children he fascinated; a glance of his long, odd face would

make them leave nurse and toy, and sidle up to him. In the cité these singularities made him avoided, while his growing strength caused him to be feared. He sought no friends among the thieves. «Very prudent, that,» said Mme. Quatre Pattes; «the more friends, the more enemies.»

He was quick and active, and a shrewd observer; for the hard life of the streets had sharpened his naturally ready wits, and he looked far older than his years. Of a Sunday in May he was walking down the Rue St. Honoré, feeling a bit lonely, as was not often the case, when he saw Toto. He whistled, and the poodle ran to him, and would no more of the shop or fat food he liked.

«Toto! *Mon Dieu!*» he laughed, hugging the dog, his eyes full with the tears of joy. «Hast stolen me again? Wilt never return me? 'T is no honest dog. *Viens donc.* Come, then, old friend.» Joyous in the company of his comrade, who was now well grown, he strolled out into the fields, where Toto caught a rabbit—a terrible crime in those days.

During the next two years the pair fairly prospered. François, as he used to relate, having risen in his profession, found a certain pleasure in good clothes, and being of a dramatic turn, could put on an air of bourgeois sobriety, or, with a sword at his side and a bit of lace here and there, swagger as a lesser gentleman. If things were very bad, he sold Toto and all his fine tricks for a round sum, and in a day or two was sure to find the dog overjoyed and back again at the garret door. The pair were full of devices. There was Toto, a plated snuff-box in his mouth, capering before some old gentle or some slow-pacing merchant; appears François, resistlessly smiling.

«Has monsieur lost a snuff-box?»

«My dog? Yes, monsieur; but he is honest, and clever too.»

Monsieur, hastily searching, produces his own snuff-box—the indispensable snuff-box of the day.

«No; thanks.» And it is noted that the box he shows is of gold, and into what pocket it falls. In the next crowd Toto knows how to make a disturbance with some fat lap-dog, and in the confusion thus created the snuff-box changes owners.

«If the man be sorry, I at least am made happy,» says François; «and he hath been the better for a lesson in caution. I got what I needed, and he what he required. Things are very even in this world.» François had learned philosophy among the curés and

priests of the choir-house. As he avoided great risks, and, as I have said, was averse to violence, he kept clear of detection, and could deceive the police of the king if by rare chance he was in peril of arrest. When the missing property was some minor article, such as a handkerchief, it was instantly hid in Toto's mouth. The dog skipped away, the outraged master was searched; the bewildered owner apologized, and the officers were shocked at such a needless charge. François talked about his offended honor, and as he looked at twenty to be a strong man of full age, the affair was apt to go no further.

Half the cleverness and thought thus devoted to an ignoble pursuit would have given him success in more honest ways. But for a long while no angel chance tempted him, and it must be admitted that he enjoyed the game he pursued, and was easily contented, not eagerly caring to find a less precarious and less risky mode of life.

Temperament is merely a permanent mood. François was like the month of June in his dear Paris. There might be storms and changes, but his mental weather had the pleasant insurance of what was in the order of despotic nature. To be the owner of the continual sunshine of cheerfulness has its drawbacks. It deprives a man of some of the wholesome lures of life. It dulls the spurs which goad us to resolve. It may make calamity too easy of endurance. To be too consistently cheerful may be in itself a misfortune. It had for this vagrant all its values and some of its defects. His simple, gay existence, and his flow of effervescent merriment, kept him happy and thoughtless. Most persons of this rare type like company; but François was an exception. He was better pleased to be alone with his dog, and usually desired no other society. As the poodle could not talk, his master was given to making answer for him, and finding no one to his tastes among the Crab's villainous lodgers, kept to himself, and was satisfied. Nor did he ever appear to have imagined what the larger world he knew not held of human society which would have comforted that void in his heart which he acknowledged at times, but had no way to fill. When fortune played him some sorry trick, he laughed, and unconsciously quoted La Rochefoucauld. «Toto, ah, my Toto, one can never be as cunning as everybody.» This was apropos of an incident which greatly amused him.

He was in his favorite resort, the Palais Royal, one June morning, and was at this time somewhat short of cash. The Crab had

preached him a sharp sermon on his lack of industry, and he had liked neither the sermon nor the preacher. At this moment a young fellow in fine clothes came by. François, producing, as usual, a gaudy snuff-box worth some ten francs, politely asked of monsieur had he lost this box. Monsieur took it in his hand. Yes, yes; he had just missed it, and was much obliged. He let it fall into his pocket, and walked away. François looked after him. «Toto, nous sommes volés—we are sold!» Then the fun of it, as usual, overcame him, and he wandered away to the garden of the Luxembourg, and at last threw himself on a bench, and laughed as a child laughs, being for moments quiet, and then given over to uncontrolled mirth. Having feasted with honest comfort on all the humorous aspects of the situation, his hand chanced to fall on a little book left by some one on the seat. He had long ceased to read, for no books fell in his way, nor could he often have afforded to buy them even had he had a keen appetite for their contents.

The little vellum-bound volume opened to his touch, as if used to be generous of what it held. It was Latin, and verse. He knew, or had known, more than most choir-boys needed of this tongue, and the talk of the choir-house was, by stringent rule, in Latin. But this book was not of a religious kind; it half puzzled his mind as he read. Unaccustomed to profane Latin verse, and yet wholly pleased, he began to murmur aloud the rhythmic measures:

Poscimus, si quid vacui sub umbrâ
Lusimus tecum, quod et hunc in annum
Vivat, et plures: age, dic Latinum,
Barbite, carmen.

«It hath a fine sound, *mon ami*; and who was this Quintus?» He went on reading aloud the delicious rhythms for the joy of hearing their billowy flow. Now and then he smiled as he caught the full meaning of a line.

The keen-faced poodle sat on the bench beside him, with a caressing head laid against his shoulder; the sun was sweet and warm, the roses were many. The time suited the book, and the book the man. He read on, page after page of the beautiful Aldine type, now and then pausing, vexed to be so puzzled by these half-guessed beautiful riddles.

«Toto, my dog, I would thou didst know Latin. This man he loved the country, and good wine, and girls; and he had friends—friends, which you and I have not.»

Then he was lost for an hour. At last he ceased to read, and sat with a finger in the book, idly drifting on the immortal stream of golden song.

«That must have been a merry companion, Toto. I did hear of him once in the choir-house. He must be dead a mighty while ago. If a man is as gay as that, it must be horrid to die.»

My poor thief was one of the myriad who through the long centuries had come into kindly touch of the friend of Mæcenas. For the first time in his uncertain life he felt the charm of genius.

Indulgent opportunity was for François always near to some fatal enmity of chance. So does fate deal with the unlucky. He saw coming swiftly toward him a tall, strongly built man of middle age. He was richly dressed, and as he drew near he smiled.

«Ah, monsieur,» he said; «I came back in haste to reclaim my little Horace. I missed it only when I got home. I am most fortunate.»

François rose. The courteous tones and a certain dignity of bearing, which went well with the cold, haughty face, aroused the thief. He returned the small volume, but did not speak.

«Monsieur of course knows Horace,» said the gentleman, looking him over, a little curious and more than a little interested. Too sure of his own position to shun any intercourse which promised amusement, he went on: «No; not know Horace? Let us sit awhile. The sun is pleasant.»

François, rather shy, and suspicious of a manner of man he had never before encountered, sat down, saying, «I was a choir-boy once. I know some Latin, not much; but this sounded pleasant to the ear.»

«Yes; it is immortal music. A choir-boy, you said; and pardon me, but, *mon Dieu*, I heard you laugh as I was searching for my book. You have a fine gift that way, and there is little to laugh at nowadays in France.»

«Monsieur will excuse me; I am so made that I laugh at everything and at nothing. I believe I do laugh in my sleep. And just now I laughed because—because—»

«Well, why did you laugh?»

François glanced at the questioner. Something authoritative in his ways made it seem needful to answer, and what this or any man thought of him he cared little—perhaps because in his world opinions went for nothing. And still he hesitated a moment.

«Well?» There was a note of strong sur-

prise in the voice, as if the owner felt it to be unusual that a query he put should not evoke instant reply.

«I laughed because I was cheated.»

«Charming, that! May I ask how? But perhaps—»

ever, long legs, and a shrewd way of seeming more simple than he was.»

«Monsieur flatters me.»

«Ah, and a smart rogue, too. I may conclude your profession to be that of relieving the rich of their too excessive luxuries.»



FRANÇOIS AND TOTO IN THE LUXEMBOURG.

«No,» said François; «if it amuse monsieur, why should I care?» He calmly related his adventure.

The gentleman threw himself back on the seat in an ecstasy of amusement. He was out of humor with the time and with his own world, and bored by the incessant politics of the day; here was a pleasant diversion.

«By St. Denis! my friend, you are like the great Chicot that was fool to King Henry of merry memory.»

«And how, monsieur?»

«How? He had a long face that laughed

Vol. LV.—65.

François was enchanted with this ingenious and unprejudiced companion, who had, like himself, a sense of the laughable aspects of life.

«Monsieur has hit it,» he said gaily; «I am a thief.»

No one had taught him to be ashamed of anything but failure in his illegal enterprises.

«Tiens! That is droll;—not that you are a thief: I have known many in my own world. They steal a variety of things, each after his state in theft—the money of the poor, the character of a man, a woman's honor.»

"I scarcely comprehend," said François, who was puzzled.

"They lack your honesty of confession. Could you be altogether honest if a man trusted you?"

"I do not know. No man ever trusted me, and one must live, monsieur."

The gentleman hesitated, and relapsed into the indifference of a too easy life. He had been on the point of offering this outcast a chance.

"*Enfin*, no doubt you are right. I wish you every success. The deuce! Have you my snuff-box and my handkerchief?"

"Both," said François.

"Then don't run away. I could never catch you. Long legs must be of use in your profession. The snuff-box I will ransom. Let us say fifty francs. It is worth more, but it bears my name, and there are risks."

"Certainly," said François. "And the handkerchief. Monsieur is *enrhumé*—has a cold; I could not deprive monsieur."

The gentleman thanked him, paid over the money for the box, and, greatly pleased, rose, saying: "You are a dangerous acquaintance; but I trust we may meet again. *Au revoir!*"

François remained on the bench, Toto at his feet in the sun. This meeting affected him strangely. It had been the first touch of a world remote from his own. He did not recognize the fact that he had gifts which enable men to rise in life. At times he had had vague ambitions, but he was at the foot of a ladder, and the rungs above were broken or not to be seen. These moods were brief, and as to their cause not always clear to him. He was by nature social, and able to like or to love; but the people of the *cité* were dreadful, and if now and then some broken refugee from a higher class delighted him for a time, the eventful hand of justice or what not was apt to separate them.

As he looked after the gentleman he felt his charm and the courtesy of his ways as something to be desired. His own form of attractiveness, the influence of joyous laughter and frank approach, he had often and usefully tested; and perhaps this sense of his power to please made him intelligently apprehensive of what he had just experienced. Had he seized eagerly the half-offered help the gentleman suggested rather than offered, he had been wiser; but it was literally true that, being when possible honest as to speech, he had obeyed the moment's impulse. A better man than the gentleman would have gone further. He had lazily reflected, and con-

cluded that to help this poor devil might be troublesome, and thus the jewel opportunity lay lost at their feet. They were to meet again, and then it was to be the thief's turn.

Now he sat in thought, kicking the ground with his boot. Out of the past came remembrances of the asylum, and how he had been told to be good, and not to kill or to steal, or to do certain other naughty things less clear to him then than now. But this was a far-away time. At the choir-house were the same moral lessons, but they who taught were they who sinned. Since then no one had said a word of reproach to the waif; nor had this great gentleman, and yet he had left him in the rare mood of thought-filled depression.

"Wake up, Toto," he cried; "thou art become too fat. *En avant aux champs!*" And, followed by the poodle, he went away up the Seine, and was gone so long that Quatre Pattes began to think he had taken to honest courses and would return no more.

He came back in a fortnight, the better for certain prosperous ventures. And thus the days ran on. If fortune were against him, and even diet hard to get, Toto went with the Crab to some distant market after dusk, and, while she bargained, knew to steal a cutlet, and to run away with his prize, and make for home or the next dark lane. But these devices failed at times, and thus François's life consisted of a series of ups and downs. When lucky he bought good clothes, for which he had a liking; when unlucky he pawned them, and went back to garments no one would take in pledge.

It was in the year 1788 that this adventure occurred. He was, as far as was to be guessed, fully twenty-one years of age. His life of adventure, of occasional hardships, and of incessant watchfulness had already given him the appearance of being a far older person than he was.

Always an odd-looking lad, as he grew to maturity his great length of limb, his long face, and ears of unnatural bigness, gave him such singularity of aspect as made disguises impossible.

The poodle was also an added danger, and for this reason, when in pursuit of prey, François was forced to leave the dog with Mother Crab. Thus time ran on with such perils as attend the life he led, but with better fortune than could have been expected. As to these later years up to 1790, François, in his memoirs, says little. Once—indeed, twice—he left the Crab's house, only to be driven back by stress of cir-

cumstance. After 1790 his account is more complete, and here it is that we take up again the fuller story of his life.

The turmoil of vast governmental and social changes was disturbing all ranks of life. If the Revolution was nursed in the salons, as some say, it was born in the furrows of the tax-tormented peasant, and in the seething caldron of the cité and the quarters of the starving poor.

François, who cared little what ruler was on top, or who paid taxes, was aware of the uneasy stir in his own neighborhood. Men were more savage. Murder and all violent crimes were more common. That hungry beast, the mob, began to show its fangs, soon to be red with blood. The clubs of all opinions were busy. The church was toppling to ruin, its centuries of greedy gain at an end. Political lines were sharply drawn. The white cockade and the tricolor were the badges of hostile ranks, still more distinctly marked by costume. The cafés were divided: some were Royalist, some Jacobin or neutral. Too many who were of the noble class were flying, or, if more courageous or less forethoughtful, were gathering into bitterly opponent camps. So much of that lower Paris as felt, yearned, hated, and was hungry, glad of any change, was pleased amid tumult to find its chance to plunder and to kill.

The fall of the Bastille in the preceding year had not seemed important to François. He had interested himself in the purses of the vast crowd which looked on and was too much taken up with the event to guard the contents of its pockets. The violence which came after was not to François's taste; but these street crowds were admirable for business until money became scarce, and the snuff-box and the lace handkerchief disappeared with armorial bearings, and with the decree of the people that great dames must no more go in fine carriages.

VII.—*Wherein is told how François saved a man's neck and learned to juggle.*

In the early spring of this year François found himself, one day, in a crowd near to the Porte St. Denis. He stood high on his long legs, looking on, while men on ladders broke up the royal escutcheon on the stone archway. It amused him a little to see how furious they were, and how crazy were the foolish *poissardes*: these fishwomen, who had so many privileges under the monarchy, at every blow of the hammer yelled with delight; and behold, here was the Crab, Quatre

Pattes, far away from her quarter, hoarse with screaming, a horrible edition of woman as she stood under the arch, careless of the falling fragments. On the edge of the more prudent crowd, an old man was guilty of some rash protest in the way of speech. François heard the cry, «*À bas l'aristocrate! à la lanterne!*» and saw the Crab leap on the man like some fierce insect, horribly agile, a thin gray tress down her back. Swift and terrible it was. In a moment he swung writhing from the chain of the street-lantern, fighting with vain hands to loosen the rope. A red-haired woman leaped up and caught his leg. There was laughter. The man above her hung limp. François did not laugh. He tried to get out of the crowd, away from this quivering horror. To do so was not easy. The crowd was noisy and turbulent, swaying to and fro, intent on mischief. As he moved he saw a small, stout man take, with some lack of skill, a purse from the side-pouch of a huge fishwoman. François, being close to the thief, saw him seized by the woman he had robbed. In the press, which was great, François slipped a hand into the thief's pocket, and took out the purse. Meanwhile there were again wild cries of «*To the lantern!*» «*Up with him!*» the woman lamenting her loss, and denouncing the man who had stolen. His life was like to be brief. Surrounded by these she-devils, he stood, white, shaking, and swearing he was innocent. The man's anguish of fear moved François. «*Dame!*» he cried, «*search the man before you hang him! I say, search him!*» While one of them began to act on his hint, François let the purse fall into the pocket of the original owner—an easy feat for a practised hand. «*The man has it not. Look again in thy pouch, *maman*,*» he cried. «*The man has it not; that is plain.*» When the dame of the market found her purse, she turned on François, amid the laughter of her friends. «*Thou art a confederate. Thou didst put it back thyself.*» Indeed, things were like to go ill. The crowd was of a mind to hang some one. A dozen hands fell on him, while the man he had aided slipped away quietly. François shook off the women, and with foot and fist cleared a space, for he was of great strength of body. He would have earned but a short reprieve had he not seen the Crab. He called to her: «*À moi! Quatre Pattes!*» The ring of red-faced furies fell back for a moment before the rage and power of a man defending his life. Half dismayed, but furious, they shouted: «*Hang him! Kill him!*» and called to the men to

help them. Again François was hustled and struck as the crowd closed in on him. He struggled, and called to Toto, whom nothing so disturbed as to see a rude touch laid on his master. In an instant the dog was busy with the stout calves about him, biting, letting go, and biting again. The diversion was valuable, but brief; and soon Toto, who was not over-valiant, fled to his master, the crowd yelling: "Kill him! Hang him and the beast!" Once more François exerted his exceptional strength, crying, "Not while I live!" and catching up the dog under his arm. Then he heard the shrill voice of the Crab. "À moi!" he shouted, and struck right and left as Quatre Pattes, with her sticks, squirmed in under the great arms of the fishwoman.

"À moi!" she cried. "François!" With her sticks and tongue of the vilest, she cleared a space as the venomous creatures fell back from one more hideous than themselves.

Meanwhile the accusing dame shook her purse at the Crab, crying, "He put it back; I felt him do it." But the rest laughed, and the Crab faced her with so fierce a look that she shrank away.

"Off with you!" said the Crab to François; "thou wert near to the lantern."

"'T is a Jacobin of the best," she cried to the mob; "a friend of mine. You will get into trouble—you cursed fools!"

The crowd cheered her, and François, seizing the chance, cried, laughing, "Adieu, mesdames," and in a moment was out of the crowd and away. He turned as many corners as possible, and soon, feeling it safe to move more slowly, set down the dog and readjusted his dress.

A minute later he saw beside him the man he had saved. "Do not speak to me here," he said; "follow me at a distance." The man, still white and shaking, obeyed him. At the next turn, as François paused in doubt which way to go, he met Quatre Pattes.

"The devil nearly got thee, my little boy," she said; "but a smart thief is worth some trouble to save. Pay me for thy long neck, and quick, too." She was full of *eau de vie*, and, as usual then, savage and reckless.

"More!" she cried—"more!" as he gave her a franc. "More, more! Ungrateful beast, thou art good to feed me, and for little else. More, more! I say, or I will call them after thee, and this time I shall have a good pull at the rope. More, more!" and she struck him with her stick. "Sacré, waif of hell! More! more!" she screamed. "And that

fellow who helped thee! I have seen him; I know him."

François turned without a word, and ran as fast as his long legs would carry him. Two blocks away he was overtaken by the other thief. They pushed on in silence.

At last François, getting back his somewhat scattered wits, said, "We can talk now."

"Ah, I understand," said the other; "thou didst steal her purse from me, and put it back in her pouch."

"Yes; I took it just as they caught thee; then I let it fall into her pouch."

"I thank thee, monsieur. Dieu, I am all in a sweat. We are of a trade, I perceive. Why didst thou help me?"

"To keep it was a risk. My turn might have come next. I pitied thee, too."

"I shall never forget it—never."

François laughed. The fat man looked up at him. "Dame! but thou hast a queer face, and ears like wings. 'T is a fortune. Let us have a little wine and talk. I have a good idea."

"Presently," said François; "I like not the neighborhood."

Soon they found a *guinguette*, or low liquor-shop, in the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs, and, feeling at last secure, had a long talk over a bottle of wine.

François learned that his new acquaintance was named Pierre Despard, and that he had, for the most part of his means of living, given up the business of relieving the rich of their purses. He explained that he did well as a conjurer, and had a booth near the Pont Neuf. He made clear to François that with his quick fingers, and a face which none could see and not laugh, he would be a desirable partner.

"Thou must learn to move those huge ears." Would he be his assistant? When times were bad they might profit by tempting chances in their old line of life.

François was just now as near to penitence as his nature permitted him to be, and his recent peril disposed him to listen. The more he reflected as Despard talked, the more he liked it. He ended by saying, "Yes"; and before the Crab had reached home he had taken away his slender store of garments, and, with Toto at his heels, found his way to the room of his new friend, in a little street which ran into the Rue Basse du Rempart, not far from the Madeleine. Thus began a mode of life which he found fresh and full of satisfaction.

The pair so strangely brought together took a room in the fifth story, and, with

Toto, set up domestic life on a modest scale. It was much to François's contentment. He had what I may call a side taste for the respectable, and this new business seemed to him a decided rise in life. It was varied enough to amuse him; nor was it so conventionally commercial as to lack such adventure and incident as this wild young reprobate of the cité had learned to like. The new business soon gave the partners more than enough to live upon. After their lodging and diet were provided for, Pierre Despard took two thirds of what was left, and put it away in a stocking, at first with some doubt as to his comrade, but soon with the trust which François was apt to inspire. From early morn until noon, Pierre taught François to do tricks with cards, to juggle with balls, and to tell fortunes by the lines of the hand. Toto was educated to carry a basket and collect sous, to stand on his head with a pipe in his mouth, and to pick out a card at a signal. The rest of the day was spent in the booth, where they rarely failed to be well paid. At evening there was a quiet café and dominos, and a modest *petit verre* of brandy. Meanwhile the peasants burned châteaux, and Protestant and Catholic hanged one another in the pleasant South.

Now and then the Paris mob enjoyed a like luxury, and amid unceasing disorder the past was swept on to the dust-heaps of history.

The little audience of children and nurses in front of the booth was as yet nowise concerned as to these vast changes; nor was Toto disturbed when it was thought prudent to robe him with a three-colored ribbon. The politics of the masters of the show varied as

their audiences changed from the children of the rich at noon to the Jacobin workmen at the coming of dusk. François personally preferred splendor and the finery of the great. He was by nature a royalist. Pierre was silent or depressed, and said little as to his opinions. But both had the prudence of men always too near to poverty to take risks of loss for the sake of political sentiments in which they had no immediate interest.

Despard was a somber little man, and nimble, as some fat men are. He was as red-cheeked as a Norman apple, and, at this time, of unchanging gravity of face and conduct. Not even François's gaiety could tempt him to relate his history; and although at times a great talker, he became so terrified when frankly questioned as to his past, that François ceased to urge him. That any one should desire to conceal anything was to François amazing. He was himself a valuable possession to his morose partner.

"I do not laugh," said Pierre; "nay, not even as a matter of business. Thou shalt laugh for two. Some

day we will go to see the little girl who is at Sèvres, in a school of nuns. 'T is there the money goes."

This was a sudden revelation to François. Here was a human being, like himself a thief, who was sacrificing something for another. The isolation of his own life came before him with a sense of shock. He said he should be glad to see the child, and when should they go?



"PIERRE TAUGHT FRANÇOIS TO . . .
JUGGLE WITH BALLS."

(To be continued.)



AGRICULTURE, ADMINISTRATION, AND MINES BUILDINGS.

THE GREAT EXPOSITION AT OMAHA.

BY CHARLES HOWARD WALKER.

WITH PICTURES BY THE AUTHOR.

THE energy and enterprise of the Middle West have for long been proverbial. A country of unlimited horizons, of keen air and clear skies, its distances, instead of appalling its inhabitants, have encouraged a larger endeavor than is to be found among less expansive landscapes. It would almost seem that length of vision was coincident with extent of enterprise, and that the men of the corn- and wheat-land girded themselves to possess the earth with a courage born of the fact that their horizons included so ample a portion of it. But the infinite possibilities of the West have in many cases become limited actualities; and the people of the older States, while granting the facts borne in upon them of great undertakings successfully completed, and while sending their young blood to enrich still more that of the West, have arrogated to themselves the possession of certain factors which it was hardly to be expected would exist in a pioneer country. The appreciation of art and the power to produce it is, therefore, an unexpected element in many of the trans-Mississippi States; and it is this unexpected which has happened in the conception of the exposition of these States which is to be held in Omaha during the summer of 1898.

For many years to come, all expositions in America will be compared with the World's

Fair of 1893 at Chicago; and in order to maintain an individuality that should not be jeopardized by such comparison, a departure from the type of the Chicago Fair seemed advisable to the committee in charge of the Omaha Exposition. The first suggestion would be naturally to avoid similarity by a total change in the style of the architecture, and to adopt Oriental or bizarre designs for the various buildings; but it was recognized, as at Chicago, that the classic style would assure a greater scale and dignity of treatment, and would therefore be preferable. The problem became one of adapting similar conditions to those at Chicago in such a manner that the general effect would have individual character. This has been gained by the adoption of two general factors in the design which will, it is hoped, tend to produce a very unusual ensemble.

All the principal buildings are to be connected with one another by colonnades and cloistered courts, so that, after entering the gates, nearly a continuous mile of the exposition can be traversed under shelter. These colonnades, with the play of light and shade upon their groups of columns, with the constantly shifting vistas through which appear glimpses of lagoon, terraces, gardens, and backgrounds of foliage, will draw together

the isolated masses of the great exposition buildings into a whole as with the links of a richly decorated chain. The multiple repeated columns which cluster in the cloisters of Mt. St. Michel or of Monreale, and recede into dim recesses of distance in the mosque of Cordova, will gleam in the brilliant sunlight of the West in ever-varying composition of perpendicular shafts crowned with richly ornamented capitals.

And still further to enhance this unusual feature in the general design, color is to be introduced with liberality upon the exterior of the buildings. The general tone of the architectural background will be that of ivory; and upon this, in frieze and entablature, in the soffits and tympana of arches, in pediment and ceiling, the surfaces will be richly decorated.

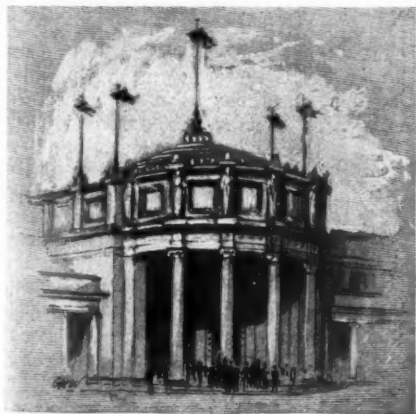
The peculiar plan of the exposition grounds, which at first glance seemed an obstacle to breadth of treatment, has proved to be most favorable for unusual effects. The tract that is first entered by the visitor runs east and west, is nearly forty acres in extent, half a mile long, and seven hundred and eighty feet wide. The main entrance is at the center of the southern long boundary-line. Here is being erected an arch, which is to be of stone, and is to form a permanent entrance to one of the city's numerous parks. This Arch of the States, at the end of a long avenue leading from the center of the city, is crowned by a rich entablature, the frieze of which is formed of the coats of arms of the twenty-three trans-Mississippi States in colored faience. Under the eaves of the palaces of Florence and of Siena, in red and blue and gold, in the deep shadows of arch



ENTRANCE TO AGRICULTURAL BUILDING.

and cornice, flame the arms of the noble families of medieval Italy. In like manner, upon this arch the arms of this noble family of Western States will form a gleaming belt of emblems, in which the stars of empire, rivers, mountains, and plains, the wheat and corn, the plow and locomotive, will symbolize and perpetuate the enterprise of the pioneers. Upon the side of the arch the arms of the oldest States complete the frieze.

Passing through the arch, and entering the exposition grounds, the main tract stretches to left and to right. For nearly its entire length of half a mile it is intersected by a lagoon one hundred and fifty feet wide, spanned by three bridges, and reflecting the principal buildings which are upon each bank. The ground rises nearly twenty feet in height toward the east, but is level toward the west. At the westerly end, across the tract, the Government Building is placed. It has an impressive dome and a richly colonnaded entrance. The lagoon broadens in the form of a trefoil, four hundred feet from side to side, and terminates in front of this building, while upon each side semicircular colonnades lead to its wings. In the trefoil basin are to occur aquatic carnivals, fireworks, and processions of boats; and upon its shores, and in the midst of its surrounding colonnades, many thousands of people can be seated as in an amphitheater. The composition of the easterly end of the lagoon is of a different character. Here it was necessary to cross a broad street to gain access to the second tract of the grounds, which is



ENTRANCE TO MANUFACTURES BUILDING.

upon the bluff overlooking the Missouri; and a series of terraces, one above another, rise to a double staircase, crowned by a pavilion, and leading to the bridge.

Ascending the staircase, and looking westward, the length of the lagoon is seen in its entirety. Upon each side are the long lines of buildings connected by colonnades: on the south, in order, Manufactures, Liberal Arts, and Fine Arts; upon the north, Machinery and Electricity, Mines and Agriculture; while in the distance, half a mile away, the

minated by long ranges of the hills of Iowa and Nebraska. It is characteristic of the West in its expansiveness, and in the long afternoon light is very beautiful. South of the plaza is a portion of the grounds which is in the form of a park, in the midst of which is the Horticultural Building as a central feature, surrounded by gardens and parterres. Here will be the State buildings, the Apiary, and various minor buildings of the Exposition. North of the plaza the concessions begin, and these are a world in



COURT OF SCULPTURE OF THE FINE ARTS BUILDING.

vista is terminated by the glittering dome of the Government Building. At the middle of the southern side, the Arch of the States appears; while opposite it, at the north, the Administration Building forms a high central portion, and, with Mines and Agriculture upon each side, appears to be the main feature of a façade one thousand feet long.

Turning toward the east, and crossing the bridge, upon each side are large restaurants, with towers that form important features at the end of the grounds. Beyond these, a broad plaza with a stand for an orchestra upon the edge of the bluff is intended as a concourse for the people. The view toward the east and north from the plaza includes the entire Missouri valley for miles, and is ter-

mined by long ranges of the hills of Iowa and Nebraska. It is promised that never since time began has there been such a polyglot community as will be gathered together, and the feats of eccentric and interesting engineering are to be marvelous. The seesaws, gigantic umbrellas, and air-ships need no announcement; they are usually only too manifest; but beyond these, in the broadest portion of the grounds, there will be exhibits which are thoroughly characteristic of the trans-Mississippi country, and which will exemplify its success—exhibits of agriculture, of irrigation, of the dairy and stock-yards, and of mining. Much space has been devoted to these, and they will undoubtedly be of great interest.

And the Indian has not been forgotten.

Not only is there to be a gigantic tepee containing an ethnological museum, but an encampment of the fast-disappearing aborigines of the plains will give, for perhaps the last time, a picture of Indian customs and life. It is hardly a lifetime since the last councils of the chiefs were held upon the bluffs opposite Omaha, and already the Indian is somewhat of a curiosity in the land.

The detail of an exposition is inconceivable, except to those who undertake to carry it out. In this case the entire space of one hundred and sixty acres had to be graded, and many rods of roads and paths built; a lagoon to contain over seven million gallons excavated, made water-tight, and filled; at least ten large buildings built, some of which are over five hundred feet in length, with innumerable small structures; and an army of architects, painters, sculptors, engineers, draftsmen, and laborers controlled and kept busy; and fourteen months as the outside limit of time in which to complete the work! The architects-in-chief, Messrs. Walker & Kimball, and the superintendent of works, Mr. Geraldine, have had no time for inaction. The general scheme of the disposition of the buildings once established, the different buildings were allotted to well-known Western architects. Mr. Cass Gilbert of St. Paul designed the building devoted to Agriculture; Mr. J. J. Humphreys of Denver, that of Mines; Messrs. Eames & Young of St. Louis, the Art Building; while Machinery and Manufactures were given respectively to Messrs. Dwight H. Perkins and S. S. Beman of Chicago. The Liberal Arts Building is by Fisher & Lawrie, and the Horticultural Building by Charles Beindorff, both of Omaha. These gentlemen were given the general plan and grades of the grounds, with the disposition, size of all the buildings, the height of the main cornice-lines desired, and a module, or unit of measurement for their designs, of sixteen feet—this latter to insure uniform

scale. They had one week to prepare sketches, and then met at the office of the architects-in-chief in Omaha, compared their designs, revised them together to insure harmony of general effect, and departed to their respective cities to complete their work.

Within ten days the completed designs began to arrive, and the harmony of scale and unity of general impression produced by them are most unusual. Now began the making of the construction drawings by the architects-in-chief, and the subsequent construction of the buildings. Apart from the beauty of the several designs,—and some of them are very beautiful,—the most unusual of the buildings is that devoted to fine arts. This consists of two buildings, with a cloistered court between. Each building is in the form of a Greek cross, with the space between the arms filled by a mass lower than the remainder of the building. At the ends of the arms are porticos, and the whole is crowned by a low dome. One of these buildings is to be used for oil-paintings, the other for water-colors, blacks and whites, prints, etc.

The Government Building, which is being designed in the government office at Washington, is the highest on the grounds, and promises to be an exceptionally fine work of architecture. Messrs. Walker & Kimball, in addition to their work of making the general design of the architectural composition and all the construction drawings, are the architects of the permanent entrance arch, the Administration Building, the restaurants, and of all bridges, viaducts, colonnades, cloisters, etc.

However ephemeral is the material entity of such an exposition, the actual result of its existence is far-reaching, and lasts long. That it is educational in tendency is acknowledged; but apart from this, as a visual delight, as a few weeks' or months' visitation of more beautiful forms and colors than are usually existent in our city lives, it is an epoch-making memory.

THE HUMAN TOUCH.

BY RICHARD BURTON.

HIGH thoughts and noble in all lands
 Help me; my soul is fed by such.
 But ah, the touch of lips and hands—
 The human touch!
 Warm, vital, close, life's symbols dear,—
 These need I most, and now, and here.

HOW TWO JANUARIES MADE A JUNE.

BY MARY A. O. CLARK.



MISS LYDDY ANN JENKINS was in her clothes-yard. It was Monday, and she had been hanging out her washing. The cold March wind had frozen the clothes, and she regarded ruefully a rent in her best table-cloth, bitten out by a clothes-pin. «It beats all!» she ejaculated, as she adjusted her spectacles, and poised her sturdy, stocky figure back, holding the cloth well up to view the tear. «If there's anything going, it catches the best you've got. Seems a curious providence, now, that Louizy has gone, and my eyesight has failed. I dunno what I'll do to git the thing darned.»

A terrific and continuous knocking at the front door broke in on her reflections. «Sakes alive!» she exclaimed. «It must be a boy or a lunatic»; and she hurried around the corner of her house, unrolling her sleeves and settling her glasses as she went.

She met her visitor on the side-path to the kitchen door. A little mild-faced, middle-aged man with a wooden leg came stumping toward her.

Miss Lyddy Ann—«Aunt Lyddy Ann» to the select and inner circle of her intimates—had firmly fixed in her mind that her possessions, and perhaps her life, were in danger; so she placed her arms akimbo, and glared belligerently at the stranger.

He spoke: «Lady of the house, ma'am—Miss Jenkins?» And then, putting his hand to his ear, he awaited her reply.

Clearly he was very deaf, and Aunt Lyddy acknowledged her identity in a high-toned voice.

«Well, ma'am,» continued the little man, «I was directed to come to you. I've got a prime lot of brooms out here.» He jerked his thumb in the direction of the street, toward a little hand-cart loaded with «ladies' favorites.» «They're my own manufacture, and I was told you know a good broom when you see it, and maybe you would like to buy.» Leaning slightly forward, he again put his hand to his ear.

«No, sir; I don't know as I have any call

for a broom,» she responded; «leastways, not at present.»

He turned to go, and Miss Jenkins's heart softened. There was something pathetic in his patient face and weary figure, bent a little to accommodate itself to that unpromising wooden leg.

«Here, stop!» cried Miss Lyddy Ann, catching his arm. «I dunno but I'll look at your brooms. Where hev ye come from, anyway?»

«Tuscarawas County,» replied the stranger, in the low tone the deaf are apt to use.

«No, really!» said Miss Lyddy Ann. «Well, now, Tuscarawas is a fine county. I don't suppose you happen to know Maria Green? Her father's Josiah Green, a cousin of mine, and they live down to Tuscarawas.»

«Yes—yes,» he replied; «I usually raise it myself, and then I can depend on its being good.»

«Ever heerd of Maria Green—the milliner at Tuscarawas?» again attempted Lyddy Ann; but the little man was confused.

«Jolt is my name; H. Jolt—Herodotus Jolt,» he said. «I lost my pardner about the time I lost my leg in the planing-mill. It's a hard dispensation, Miss Jenkins.»

They were looking over the stock of brooms, and Miss Jenkins selected one which she inwardly commended as being an honestly made broom, though she did not say so to the man. Countrywomen are chary of praise. But she went into the house, and brought out a silver quarter of a dollar, and so the purchase was made.

«Do you know where I can put up for dinner?» asked the stranger. «I've come quite a piece, and it doos seem as if I could n't git far afore I have a bite.»

Aunt Lyddy reflected. She had ham and fresh eggs in the buttery, and the poor man did look weary and famished.

«You might come in and take a dish of tea with me,» she shouted in his ear. Then, to herself: «I sha'n't do much, so I hope to goodness you won't expect much.»

Mr. Jolt thanked her, and stumped behind her to the kitchen door. Here he stopped and said: «Excuse me, ma'am. I've come

through such a mess of mud a spell back, I'll just clean it off a-sittin' here."

With that he let himself down on the step, whipped out a whisk-broom and rag from his pocket, and, to Miss Lyddy's amazement, unbuckled the wooden leg, took it off, and cleaned it carefully. He made himself quite tidy, and restraped his leg in place, washed his face at the pump in the kitchen, and combed his hair with a small comb produced from his pocket.

"Humph!" mused Aunt Lyddy, noting his proceedings; "neat and handy, too."

On a red cushion in the rocking-chair lay the cat. Mr. Jolt, occupied, and possibly a

"Victory; she's named for the Queen of England, and she's a mite domineering, but she's all the company I've got."

Here Miss Lyddy put down a saucer of milk on the floor, and the matter was patched up with Victory.

The ham and eggs and the cup of strong green tea were discussed with relish by Miss Jenkins's guest.

"Now, ma'am," he said after dinner, "if you've any little job of tinkering, I'd like to do it for you."

Miss Jenkins had no sooner mentioned the indisposition of her clock than the genial Mr. Jolt fell to mending it; and the afternoon



DRAWN BY F. D. STEELE.

«SHE'S ALL THE COMPANY I'VE GOT.»

little flurried, in avoiding the rugs in his path across the kitchen floor, and afraid lest his wooden leg might trip him up, reached the chair, and slowly but firmly let himself down on the furry heap lying in it. Puss rent the air with a yowl of fright, and wriggling from under, fled to a secluded and dark corner between the wood-box and the stove.

Miss Lyddy divided herself between solicitude for her pet and courtesy to her guest.

"Victory's a little sp'iled," she said. "Seems as if nothing but the best's good enough for her. I hope she did n't scratch you, Mr. Jolt?"

"Eh?" said the little man. "Oh, yes—yes; I thought I heerd somethin' squeal. Well, well, that's a pretty cat. What's her name?"

had so far waned before he finished the job that she felt in duty bound to offer him tea before he left.

They got on amazingly in conversation, considering the limitations of a deaf man; and to Miss Jenkins it was really a treat to hear of "matters and things" in the interesting part of the country from which Mr. Jolt hailed.

"I kind of laid out to go down to Tuscarawas a spell back," said Miss Lyddy; "but I've about given it up now. You kind of set me into the notion again, Mr. Jolt."

When her guest said, "Good evening," she watched him stumping cheerily along the road, pushing his hand-cart before him.

"He's neat and handy, and good company too," she again confessed to her heart.

II.

A FORTNIGHT later, Cyrus and Louizy Wakeman came to spend a day with Lyddy Ann.

They came and went between milkings, and (Nick) the shepherd-dog followed them, making a day of it for Victory.

Cyrus had through his early days, and even into middle life, been a devoted follower of Lyddy Ann. She, with a little feminine vanity, had been known to remark casually that she had had fifty offers of marriage, which statement was explained among the Jones Centre people to mean that Cy had offered himself fifty times. She gently but firmly settled the question each time by saying, "I dunno as I hev any call to marry just yet."

Finally Cyrus turned his attentions to her younger sister, Louizy, and bore her off in triumph to his paternal farm, a mile or so away.

Lyddy Ann showed not the slightest remorse at the loss of her old-time lover, but patronized both him and Louizy, and gave them a wedding-feast whereat the tables groaned under the weight of baked chickens, baked goose, pumpkin-tarts, and numberless other dainties. Louizy, fair, fat, and wheezy, had been scourged by asthma into semi-invalidism; and her languid and forceless airs contrasted sharply with her capable and bustling elder sister.

Lyddy Ann loved her, petted her, and tyrannized over her. On no account did she allow Louizy to forget that she herself was Cyrus's first choice, and Louizy took up the rôle of second fiddle with great meekness.

Lyddy gave her good advice as to her duty to her husband, always managing to prefix or add the remark that if she—Lyddy Ann—had consented to take Cyrus, she would have done thus and so. As, for instance, she would say: "Louizy, I hope for gracious sakes you don't give that man buckwheats every mornin' for breakfast. They're dreadful heatin', and they won't set well on his stomach. What if he doos like 'em? Men never know what's best for 'em. If I had married him, do you s'pose I would spile his digestion with buckwheats?"

Louizy expressed her docile acceptance of Lyddy's advice, and thereafter Cyrus was treated to breakfast cakes but once a week.

Being clever with the needle, Louizy immediately sat down to mend the rent in the best table-cloth made on the washing-day that our story opened. Lyddy Ann stirred batter for dumplings, mashed potatoes, and chopped

cabbage. Meanwhile the tongues of both women ran on like racing clocks. They discussed the minister, the sewing society, and their neighbors. Victory, behind the stove, in a cat's Elysium of warmth, dozed and dreamed of glorious mice-hunts. Cyrus had taken a turn about the farm to see the cows and chickens and to feed his horses. He came into the kitchen now, stamping and brushing, for a light sugar snow was falling.

"I've been down in the swamp lot," he said in his big voice; "and I vum I don't know what you'll do with it. You might drain it like the land of Egypt, and it would n't make a good medder. Hello! the old clock's goin'. How did ye fix that?"

"Why," said Lyddy Ann, flushed with her efforts to take up her chicken pot-pie, "a gentleman by the name of Jolt from Tuscarawas County was here a spell ago. I bought a broom of him—a good one, too; and he stayed to dinner, and tinkered up the old clock."

"Jingo!" said Mr. Cyrus Wakeman. "Was he a little gent with a wooden leg, and deaf?"

Miss Jenkins responded that he was afflicted, but he seemed to bear up wonderfully under his dispensations, "and had an onaccountable gift at talking."

"I know him," said Cyrus. "He stopped at our place the day of Peterses' sale; but Louizy had one of her bad spells, so I did n't urge him to come in."

"He called," said Lyddy Ann, "on his way back, to say he had done first-rate, owin' to my recommend, and to pass the time of day, and to ask about the clock."

"Whew!" said Cyrus; and then with great delicacy he turned the conversation: "These are slap-down good dumplings, Lyddy Ann. Hev ye got the receipt, Louizy?"

They pushed back their chairs. Miss Jenkins put a generous plate of chicken-bones down for Nick, and a smaller one for Victory. Nick growled over them both, put his paw on the cat's portion, and hastily gulped down his own, while Victory huddled herself into the corner, cowed and frightened. When his meal was despatched, Nick, with the courage of a bully, wound up the performance with a furious barking and rushing at her. "Victory the wingless" then escaped to the mountains, figuratively,—literally, to the top of the kitchen cupboard,—while Miss Jenkins, aroused by the commotion, drove the dog out of the room with Mr. Jolt's broom, and gave Victory more chicken than she could eat, by way of compensation.

"Pity ye can't make sugar off them trees of yourn, Lyddy Ann," said Cyrus; "they 're goin' to waste. But your cows are doin' fust-rate. I don't believe there 's a better dozen o' critters in the hull town."

"Well, they 're good critters," said Miss Jenkins; "and if I do say it, as should n't, I ain't afraid to put my butter alongside the best."

"I hate to think of you bein' alone here, Lyddy Ann," said Louizy. "Sometimes it 's borne in upon me that I had n't ought to hev left ye so lonesome."

Cyrus, putting on his overcoat, interposed: "Well, by jinks! why don't Lyddy Ann get married herself, then? 'T ain't nowise too late; she 's younger now than half the gals."

"Cyrus Wakeman," said Lyddy, sternly, "don't talk like a goose. I don't feel no call to put on kittenish airs. 'T ain't becomin' to a woman of my years. I shall be fifty come next June, and I feel to know that I am on the decline, though I never was stronger in my life. As for bein' afraid, I 'd like to see the tramp that would tackle this house with me in it! As for bein' lonely,"—there was a curious hitch in her voice,—“well, me and Victory manages to git along somehow.”

That evening, Lyddy Ann sat before the fire, under the shaded lamp, to read, with Victory, her peace of mind evermore restored, curled up at her feet. She took up rather listlessly the "Weekly Advertiser" and the "Poultry Bulletin." It is to be feared that she made a hasty and perfunctory reading of her usual Bible chapter; but she sat long, with folded hands and downcast eyes, looking into the open Franklin stove, full of glowing embers.

Once she started as if she had heard a sound; and she made a tour of the room, fastening again the windows, drawing the shades closer, and trying the bolt and lock on the front door.

"Kind of quiet, ain't it, Victory?" she said. "Herodotus," she mused aloud; "his mother must have been quite a readin' woman."

Then she lighted a candle, and went to the secretary in the corner, where the district-school circulating library was kept. She looked up Rollin's "Ancient History," done in calf, and very musty,—a legacy to the school from the Rev. Jonathan Edwards Jenkins, her father's brother. She turned the pages with new interest, and read and re-read, and sat up till ten o'clock.

III.

SEED-TIME and harvest had come and gone. The meadows had yielded many a load of sweet-clover hay, which was stored in Miss Lyddy Ann's barn. By hiring the hardest of her work done, and doing the rest with her own hands, milking her own cows and making her own butter, caring for her chickens, and taking both butter and eggs to market, the long summer had passed.

She had even taken a trip with Cyrus and Louizy. Starting after an early milking in the morning, they drove the fat farm-horses as far as they could, and returned before milking-time at night. They were not able to get as far as Tuscarawas County; but they had a good time, and ate their luncheon by the wayside, under a tree.

Once during the summer Mr. Jolt made Miss Lyddy a visit. He came to see if the clock was still going. He seemed to think Jones Centre a pleasant part of the country, and said it seemed "kind of comfortable to get back among friends." He advised Lyddy Ann to put her swamp lot into onions, and she "rather thought" she would next year. He stayed to tea, and they had muffins—very good muffins, too.

Mr. Jolt did not call on Cyrus and Louizy, and Lyddy Ann forgot to mention his visit to them.

October had come, and the flame-colored woods glowed through a soft purple haze. Caleb Higgins had just left at Miss Jenkins's door two or three loads of wood, and she was casting about for a way to get it sawed and split, when who should appear but Mr. Jolt himself as sort of answer to her prayer.

He represented that he had, so to speak, gone out of the broom business, and liking Jones Centre "and the folks considerable," he had made arrangements to remain there permanently. He had, indeed, taken a room over the blacksmith's shop, where he kept bachelor quarters. He had also intimated to the public, by a hanging sign, that as a "maker of brooms, mender of clocks, pumps, wringers, sewing-machines, etc.," Mr. H. Jolt was at their service.

He was ready now to convert Miss Jenkins's wood-pile into cord-wood for her stove, with neatness and despatch, on the modest terms of "fifty cents a day, and found." The bargain was concluded, and the noise of Mr. Jolt's ax and saw soon enlivened Lyddy Ann's solitude. She took care that he should be well "found"; and the bacon and eggs, the batter-cakes and doughnuts,

the chickens and quince sauce and fragrant chicory coffee, were enough to make a man's mouth water just to see and smell. It sometimes fell out that after supper Mr. Jolt lingered a little to rest, and look over the «Weekly Advertiser.»

Even after the wood was finished he occasionally dropped in of an evening in a friendly way. The Jones Centre people were now mindful of what was going on. The women said it was «a pity so likely a woman as Lyddy Ann Jenkins should make an old fool of herself,» and the men reckoned she had «a mind to do a job of missionary work nigh to hum.» All agreed that she was «of age,» and that if ever a woman knew her own business, that woman was Lyddy Ann Jenkins.

Cyrus and Louizy wondered much, but held their tongues.

One evening Herodotus and Lyddy sat before the fire. He had been reading; at least the paper was in his hands. She was at her sewing-society knitting. Victory clawed at her dress, and with a lithe spring vaulted into her lap and began to play with the knitting-needles. The ball rolled off, and the cat sprang after it. Away rolled the ball under the table, Victory tapping it around the table-legs; and before Miss Jenkins could come to the rescue there was a pretty tangle of yarn on the floor.

Then the gallant Mr. Jolt hobbled into the field, and bending as well as his wooden leg would let him to reach the ball, and Miss Lyddy just raising her head at the same instant, their heads came whack together, and in the rebound Lyddy's struck the table. While she saw stars, and her spectacles fell to Victory's share on the floor, Mr. Jolt tenderly assisted her to reach her cushioned rocker, and, stumping to the kitchen, came back with a basin of hot water, with which he bathed her head, and applied camphor to her nose.

When all was over, and they sat side by side,—a little closer, I think, than was necessary,—Herodotus said, «I was a thinkin'—» but he stopped there.

«The tea-kettle is b'ilin' over!» cried she; but she felt too faint to go to the kitchen.

«Jest so,» he responded, settling himself comfortably in his chair. «No use cryin' for spilled milk.»

«The tea-kettle is b'ilin' over!» screamed she. «Mr. Jolt, will you have the goodness to shove it back?»

«Oh, oh, yes, yes!» said Mr. Jolt; and off he hobbled again to the kitchen.

When he returned there was a look of

determination on his mild face. «I've been thinkin',» he resumed, «that you must be dreadful lonesome up here; and what if you was to be took sick, Miss Jenkins? How do you like the name of Jolt? Could you feel to make up your mind to take the name of Jolt yourself, Miss Jenkins? I ain't much now to what I once was, hevin' only one leg, and bein' hard o' hearin'; but I'd make a faithful pardner, and they say I'm handy around the house, and it doos seem as if your declinin' years, so to speak, ought to be supported by somethin' better 'n a cat. Speak out your mind, Miss Jenkins, but don't let it be no.»

Even an old spinster must be wooed. She did not drop into his hand like a ripe plum at the first shake of the tree. There was even a touch of coquetry in her weather-beaten but kind, strong face as she turned toward the little man. «Waal, I dunno,» she said:

«Change the name, and not the letter:
Change for the worse, and not the better.»

«We'll make an exception in this case, Lyddy,» said he. «Is it yes?»

«Waal,» she had to shout, «I suppose it's yes, Mr. Jolt.»

«Call me Rod, Lyddy. You can come and sit in my lap, Victory. It's—it's—all in the family.»

IV.

THE Jones Centre people speculated much upon the marriage, and wondered «what will the wedding supper be.»

It was not long delayed. Lyddy had some preparations to make, about which she said little. She had pondered much on a suitable gift to the man of her choice. She had a snug little sum laid away in an old stocking or a tea-pot,—it does n't matter where,—and how most usefully to employ it was her great study.

«I won't deny,» she said to herself and Victory, «he would be terrible improved with one of them new-fashioned legs they make so you can't tell 'em from the real ones; and I do feel to wish that he had one of them trumpets to make his deafness more onnoticeable.»

Finally she made a confidant of Dr. Wright, and he sent for catalogues of cork legs and ear-trumpets. These she kept secreted, and studied surreptitiously and with great care. That something came of it appeared the week before the wedding, when Creakley's omnibus drove up before

the blacksmith's shop, and the driver handed out a long parcel and one smaller bundle, both for Mr. Jolt. Needless to say what the bundles contained. The cork leg fitted to a nicety. The trumpet was so brilliant a success that conversation with her beloved became a peaceful pastime from the hour he began to use it.

And so, with clear shining and a cloudless sky, the wedding-day was ushered in. All Jones Centre was invited. The bride looked her best, and the groom looked his best; and the wedding supper—well, it was a feast long to be remembered, and the parson had dyspepsia for a week afterward.

The ceremony, a simple formula, was eked out by the good minister with a few words of advice and admonition to the newly wedded ones, and ended with a benediction, after which the minister saluted the couple. Before the guests could follow suit, the bride, in a composed manner, bespoke their attention, and taking the hand of the groom, she for the first, perhaps the last, time in her life lapsed into poetry.

When she had written it no one knows, but that it was original and suitable no one doubted. It was as follows:

Now, dear friends, please know it's right,
As you view us here to-night;
For the time has come, the die is cast,
And my name is changed at last.

And many a time before it might,
But in my sky I could see no light
To cheer our way before us,
Till I met the boy from Tuscarawas.

I've given this man of misfortune my heart,
To share with me the home I have earned.
Say not I've no heart for the afflicted,
Since many offers I have spurned.

He's proffered me his assistance
Through the declivity of life;
And I'll try and mark the footsteps
Of a deserving wife.

When in after years we recall the past,
And wish our time was longer,
We'll weigh our lives within the balance,
And find our union stronger.

For all the years we have spent,
Our boasting now shall be,
For this golden time just ushered in
In eighteen seventy-three.

Now let the wintry winds go whistling by,
The storm and sleet fly ever so high,—
What care I? What care I?
Since hope and joy's before us,
For me and my boy from Tuscarawas.¹

So ended the nuptials of Herodotus and Lyddy Ann. They lived happily, and Rod proved a most willing and helpful partner. The little farm, under his judicious management, yielded them a comfortable living, and to Lyddy he was always considerate.

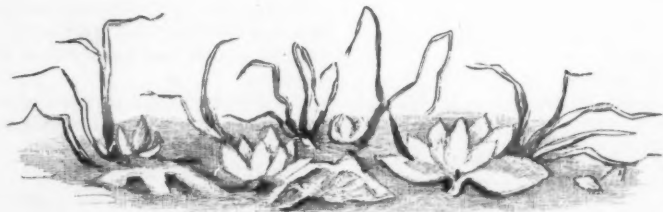
Fifteen years after, I met Caleb Higgins as I made a flying visit to Jones Centre.

«How are Rod and Lyddy Ann?» I asked.
«Comfortable as kittens,» he said. «Oh, Victory's dead; but Lyddy Ann's got a dog, 'Thomas Jefferson,' and there's no tellin' the wonderful things that critter'll do. Sits on a chair up to the table, and eats off a plate. Doos, for a fact. Oh, Rod put out that swamp lot to onions, and they done well. He was tellin' me they some thought of takin' a trip this summer.»

«Indeed?» I said. «To Boston, or perhaps to Niagara?»

«Naw,» he replied. «He was tellin' me they some thought of going down to visit her folks in Tuscarawas County.»

¹ Genuine.




THE STEERAGE OF TO-DAY.

A PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

BY H. PHELPS WHITMARSH,

Author of *«The Mutiny on the Jinny Aiken,»* etc.

WITH PICTURES BY A. CASTAIGNE.

 "RUNKS in the for'ard van, sir," said the porter, touching his cap. "Thank you," I said, feeling for some coppers. "Do I change anywhere?"

"No, sir; 'e goes right through to Birkenhead, sir. Thank 'e, sir. Ool 'e 'ave winder oop, sir?"

"No; I think it's too warm," I answered.

"Ees, sir; it be proper 'ot to-daay, an' no mistake. If this yer weather 'olds, 'e 'll 'ave a fine v'yage, sir."

"I hope so," I replied, smiling at the man's observation, and wondering whether he would be so polite if he knew I was traveling on an emigrant's reduced-fare ticket. I had almost made up my mind to test him, when the guard's whistle blew, and the train slowly moved out of the station, with a vigorous slamming of doors along its length.

As, fortunately, I had the carriage to myself, I threw my feet up on the seat, pulled out my traveling-cap and a book, and settled down comfortably to read. But it was no use. My mind was too busy speculating upon the trip I was about to make. Two weeks before I had written to a steamship line in Liverpool to secure a steerage passage for New York; and I was not more than ordinarily happy at the prospect.

In reply to my application, there came a request for a deposit of one pound, and a blank form reading as follows:

Number.
Name in full.
Age.
Sex.
Married or single.
Calling or occupation.
Able to read and write.
Nationality.
Last residence.
Seaport for landing in United States.
Final destination in United States.
Whether having ticket to such destination.
By whom was passage paid?
Whether in possession of money. If so, whether more than \$30, and how much, if less than \$30.
Whether ever before in the United States, and if so, when and where.

Whether going to join a relative, and if so, what relative—their name and address.

Ever in prison, or almshouse, or supported by charity? If yes, state which.

Whether a polygamist.

Whether under contract, express or implied, to labor in the United States.

Condition of health—mental and physical.

Deformed or crippled—nature and cause.

After passing this preliminary examination to the steamship company's satisfaction, I received a ticket, with an order on the Great Western Railway, together with information when it was necessary for me to be aboard.

I must admit that from this time until I found myself on the six-o'clock express from Oxford to Liverpool I was not free from a certain "all-gone feeling" in the pit of my stomach; for the steerage, at a distance anyhow, has few charms. I was now, however, fairly under way, and the gray old university town was rapidly vanishing.

It was midsummer, and through the long, delicious twilight I laid down my book and bade good-by to the fair country of the midlands. A flat landscape, but so green, so old, so full of beauty, that it is never tame. Everywhere are square old Norman towers, rising like giant sentinels among the trees and thatched cottages of the villages. Everywhere are smock-frocked rustics, some working in their gardens, others strolling with their lasses along the winding byways of the fields, halting at the stiles and making love. And everywhere are slow, brimming rivers and canals, freighted with business and pleasure, and swaths of new-mown hay, and greenest hedgerows, and fields ablaze with scarlet poppies.

At Birmingham a number of artisans entered the carriage, and kept me amused with their broad dialect until, at half-past ten, we reached Birkenhead.

The following morning (Saturday) broke with a cloudless sky and a stiffish breeze from the westward. With regrets for the head wind, yet with lively anticipations of what the day might bring forth, I made my way down to the steamship office. I found the

steerage offices in the basement of a large stone building near the dock; and having descended a flight of steps and passed through a darksome tunnel, I emerged into a dimly lighted room, round two sides of which were seated some forty of my fellow-passengers to be. Though it was nine o'clock, the agent

The cheerless people on the seats paid little attention to his harangue, but sat, for the most part, dumb and patient, wrapped in their own somber thoughts. All were natives of the British Isles, and wore a weary, resigned look upon their faces.

On the appearance of the agent, perhaps



THE LANDING-STAGE, LIVERPOOL.

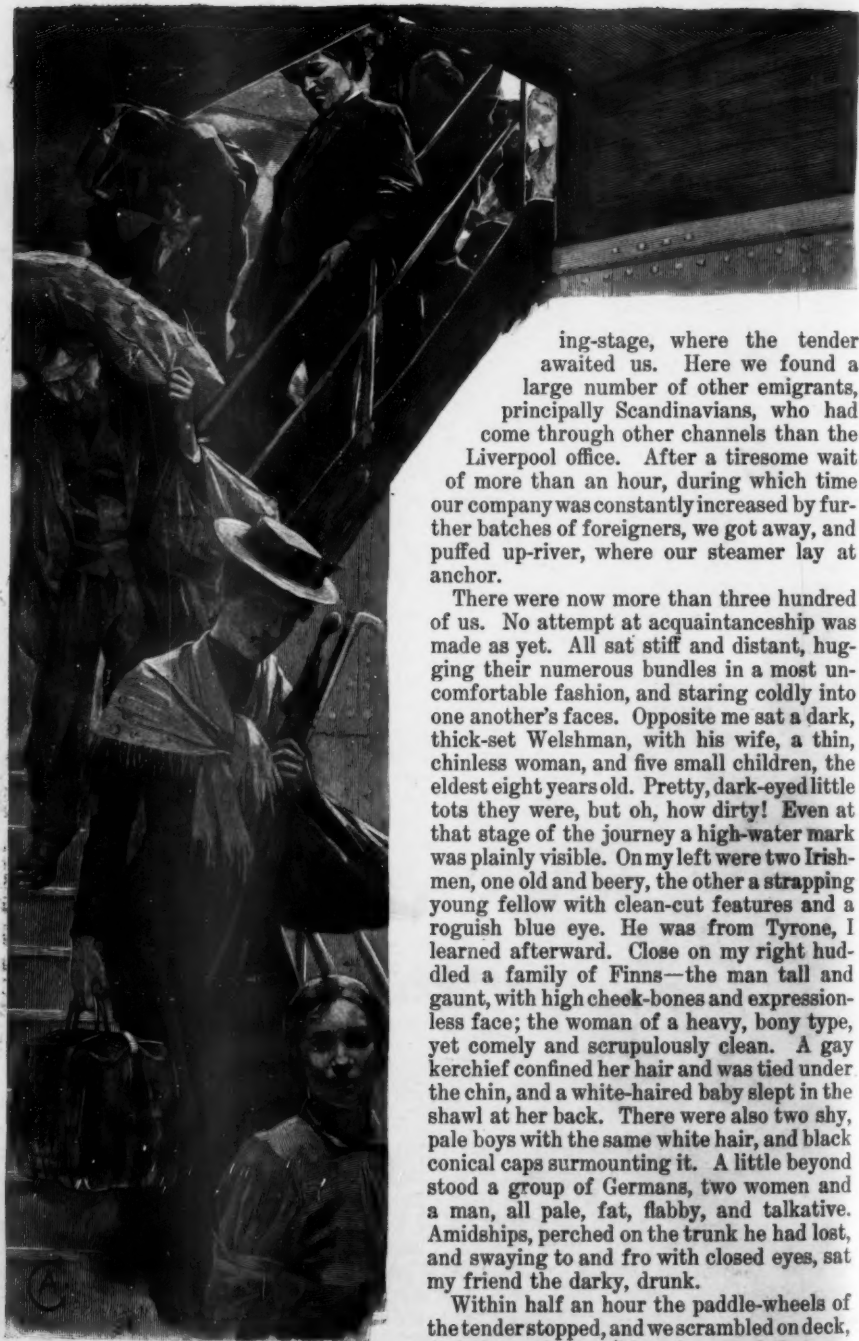
had not yet arrived; and already a few of the women were working themselves into excitement.

In the middle of the room, striding up and down in a most impatient, disgusted way, was a tall, lean negro, dressed in the latest London fashion. He had lost his trunk, and was furious at the railway company, the steamship management, and the country at large.

VOL. LV.—67.

half an hour afterward, came the rush to make final payment. All those going to the Eastern States had their tickets so stamped; for in such cases the steamship rate includes railroad fare to destination.

At this point I lost my identity, and became No. 1616, group C. With this stamped upon my passage-ticket and inspection-card, I was taken in charge by an officer of the company, and led down, with the rest, to the land-



THE STEERAGE STAIRWAY.

ing-stage, where the tender awaited us. Here we found a large number of other emigrants, principally Scandinavians, who had come through other channels than the Liverpool office. After a tiresome wait of more than an hour, during which time our company was constantly increased by further batches of foreigners, we got away, and puffed up-river, where our steamer lay at anchor.

There were now more than three hundred of us. No attempt at acquaintanceship was made as yet. All sat stiff and distant, hugging their numerous bundles in a most uncomfortable fashion, and staring coldly into one another's faces. Opposite me sat a dark, thick-set Welshman, with his wife, a thin, chinless woman, and five small children, the eldest eight years old. Pretty, dark-eyed little tots they were, but oh, how dirty! Even at that stage of the journey a high-water mark was plainly visible. On my left were two Irishmen, one old and beery, the other a strapping young fellow with clean-cut features and a roguish blue eye. He was from Tyrone, I learned afterward. Close on my right huddled a family of Finns—the man tall and gaunt, with high cheek-bones and expressionless face; the woman of a heavy, bony type, yet comely and scrupulously clean. A gay kerchief confined her hair and was tied under the chin, and a white-haired baby slept in the shawl at her back. There were also two shy, pale boys with the same white hair, and black conical caps surmounting it. A little beyond stood a group of Germans, two women and a man, all pale, fat, flabby, and talkative. Amidships, perched on the trunk he had lost, and swaying to and fro with closed eyes, sat my friend the dorky, drunk.

Within half an hour the paddle-wheels of the tender stopped, and we scrambled on deck, to find ourselves nearing the vessel that was to be our home for the following week.

A sheer twenty feet of black bulwark, as long as a village street, and studded with rows of port-holes, rose before us. Above it ran a double tier of white deck-houses, carrying a still higher bridge, and capped by two monster funnels. We caught a glimpse of white boats hanging in the davits, red-mouthed ventilators, the brightest of brass-work, the blue-peter fluttering at the fore, and suddenly we were alongside. Then the bugle sounded, a small army of stewards lined up to receive us, the gang-plank was lowered, and we filed aboard.

«Second cabin, sir?» said the master-at-arms by the gangway.

«No; steerage,» I replied.

His polite tone changed, and he invited me to «Step for'ard lively!» in a manner that left no doubt in my mind as to what part of the ship I belonged. But already the narrow passage between the deck-house and the bulwark was blocked. Those in the lead were unable to get below quickly enough; and in spite of being driven, pushed, and sworn at, we stuck there in a compact mass until two deck-hands were sent charging through the crowd to show the way round to the other side of the deck.

«Is ut cyattle we are, that we're tr'ated this way?» indignantly asked a middle-aged Irishman who was trying to keep his wife and children from being crushed.

«No; if we was cattle we'd be all right,» answered a man beside him. «There's a fine if a beast is landed with a broken leg; but if our legs or necks is broke, it's our own lookout. I'm a cattle-man, and I know.»

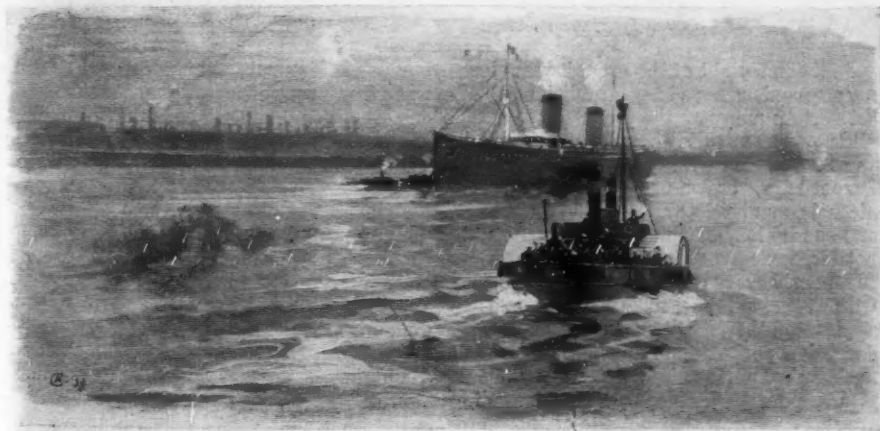
By degrees my bag and I were edged for-

ward and directed down a steep flight of stairs. A steward at the foot allotted me a bunk, into which I threw my things with a sigh of weariness and relief.

Steerage No. 1 is virtually in the eyes of the vessel, and runs clear across from one side to the other, without a partition. It is lighted entirely by port-holes, under which, fixed to the stringers, are narrow tables with benches before them. The remaining space is filled with iron bunks, row after row, tier upon tier, all running fore and aft in double banks. A thin iron rod is all that separates one sleeper from another. In each bunk are placed «a donkey's breakfast» (a straw mattress), a blanket of the horse variety, a battered tin plate and pannikin, a knife, a fork, and a spoon. This completes the emigrant's «kit,» which in former days had to be found by himself.

This steerage, with a capacity of 118, was kept solely for English-speaking males. Directly below it was steerage No. 2, of similar size, intended for foreign males. A little farther aft was steerage No. 3, with accommodations for 172 sleepers. Aft on the port side, two flights take one down to the «married quarters.» The single females are stowed in «pockets» on both sides of the ship. These, in distinction from the men's quarters, are divided into rooms holding from four to sixteen persons, and have a common room for meals.

To the credit of the ship, it must be said that everything was clean. Sweet it was not. Spotless, sanded decks, scrubbed paint-work, and iron bunks could not hide the sour, shippy, reminiscent odor that hung about the steerages, one and all.



NEARING THE VESSEL.



ON THE STEERAGE DECK.

In the half-light of the great 'tween-decks my companions were busy establishing themselves. As many of them evidently carried all they possessed in their hands, the bunks were soon piled with a strange assortment. Carpet-bags, brown-paper parcels, cooked victuals, underclothing, fruit, bird-cages, and sundry loud-smelling, suspicious-looking bottles, were frequently seen. Strange to say, nearly every one seemed to be provided with a specific for seasickness. One man had apples, another a patent medicine, a third carried a pocketful of lime-drops, and yet another had pinned his faith upon raw onions. It may perhaps be interesting to intending voyagers to know that not one of these preventives had the slightest effect. I was an

unwilling witness of their non-efficacy afterward.

Kneeling in an upper bunk near me, a middle-aged Irishman was hanging a pot containing a shamrock plant. I entered into conversation with him, and learned that he was going to join his son in California, to whom he was taking the shamrock as a present.

"I hope it will live," he said, looking wistfully at the pot as it swung from the beam. "'T was the wan thing the bhoys wanted. ('Lave iv'rything,' says he in his letther, 'an' come over. I have enough for the both of us now,' says he; 'an' I can make you comfortable for the rest av your days. But,' says he, 'fetch me a livin' root av shamrock if ye can.')

Returning on deck, I waited until I saw my trunk hoisted in-board from the baggage-boat, and then, with an easy mind, I set about to see what deck-room was bestowed upon us. With the exception of the square about the after hatch, we were under cover, and our perambulations were confined to the narrow space on each side of the deck-house, along which ran a narrow, comfortless seat. Limited enough, in all conscience, then; but more so when, on the following day, half of it was roped off to keep us from going too near the saloon passengers' windows. The whole upper and hurricane decks were reserved for

our more fortunate shipmates, and so well was every means of access guarded that, with one exception, I had no opportunity of seeing anything but our own part of the ship.

Before long a squad of stewards cleared the steerages, and mustered us all for the doctor's inspection. Evidently the doctor was in no hurry; for we stood crowded together, in the heat of that summer day, two mortal hours, waiting his pleasure. Poor mothers! Poor babies! Tired, hot, and hungry (for no dinner had been served), the little ones cried incessantly, while the women complained in a high key, and twelve nationalities of men swore.

Here I made my first acquaintances, and it was curious to mark how, in such a gath-

ering, a few of us that were perhaps more refined than the average were drawn together. United by a common bond of disgust for the whole proceedings, we forgot formality, and talked to one another like rational beings. Before we were released, three men took me into their confidence. Whence they hailed, whither they were bound, and why, were bits of the information they imparted on the slightest provocation, and they needed little encouragement to draw forth volumes of ancient history and future hopes. This first inspection, indeed, seemed as though it were planned to introduce us all, and I came out of it on nodding acquaintance with a score. At length I slipped through the "drive" and stood before the doctor. He lifted the peak of my cap, looked me straight in the eyes, and passed me on; my tickets were then halved, quartered, and stamped at farther points, a detective scanned me sharply, and the ordeal was over.

The next thing of interest to us was the fact that the ship was moving. Attended by two puffing tug-boats, the great vessel was carefully threading her way down-stream to the landing-stage, where the saloon passengers were to be taken aboard. Slowly the leviathan swung to the tide, and tenderly laid her shapely side against the float. The gangway once more connected us with the shore; but we were roped well back from it, for fear some foolish one might at the last moment change his mind.

As soon as the stream of well-dressed men and women were aboard, then came the warning bell; the last link soon was withdrawn, and we edged crabwise from the pier. The next instant the surging sea of faces that had been held in check till now rushed to the stage chains, and, amid a waving of hats, handkerchiefs, and umbrellas, raised a mighty cheer. Although the steerage answered it with heart and soul, yet in its tone I marked a difference from the happy, ringing cheer that carries a ship from an American port. Ours was a cheer in name only—in truth, it was but a mouthful of noise, made to choke back the cry that was forcing itself up in many a throat. For from America people go chiefly on pleasure; but with every ship that sails from England, how many there are who leave their friends forever!

One picture of that day stands out more strongly than all the rest. It is the picture of two women waving a last good-by to some loved one aboard. I shall never forget the agonized expression that came over the younger one's face when the ship began to

move. Hiding her head on her companion's shoulder, she wept as though her heart would break. Then, suddenly calming herself, she lifted her brave little face, smiled through her tears, and waved us out of sight.

But now all partings had an end. A few preliminary revolutions of her screws, a pause to shape her course, and our ocean racer was speeding down the murky river. Down through that crowded thoroughfare of ships she sped at a lively rate. Out past the New Brighton pier, the bar and northwest lightships, out into the cleaner water of the bay, until the twinkling sunset lights of the anchored fleet astern went out, and the flash of the skerries on the bow lighted her road to sea. At eight o'clock Holyhead was on the beam, and we were fairly out into the Irish Channel. The head wind and sea immediately became more evident, and our vessel went courtesying down toward Tuskar Rock Lighthouse in a way that quickly cleared her decks.



«THE BAWLING STEWARD.»

Night shut in with an overcast sky, and a thin Channel fog rolling up from the southward. With the darkness there fell a quiet upon the ship. It seemed as though every one slept, and the great vessel were thrashing her way down the Welsh coast



IN HEAVY WEATHER.

by herself. Already everything aboard was "shipshape and Bristol fashion"; already every part of the mighty mechanism was running with as much precision as though she had been out a month.

At four bells I went below. With the exception of one group carousing, I found all "turned in." Few of them were asleep, however. A good half sat propped up in their bunks, early victims to seasickness. As our steerage was so far forward, the motion of the vessel was violent, and this, with the stifling atmosphere of the place, the stench, and the unearthly noises of the sick, nigh sent me back on deck again. Rallying, however, I picked my way along a slippery aisle, and reached my berth. It was a top one, thank Heaven, and the middle of a row of five. The other four bunks being tenanted, I had no means of entering my own but through the stanchions at the foot; and this I did with many a suspicious look at the prostrate forms on each side. Take away the thin rods, which, after all, were almost as imaginary as the equator, and our row was simply a bed for five, with myself in the middle. A few of the men had taken their coats off and placed them under their heads for pillows; but most lay as they had stood, with boots, coats, and, in many cases, their caps on. After building a barricade of bags and blankets on each side, I lay down in the middle, and got a few hours' sleep. One night of it, however, was sufficient. For the remainder of the passage, I slept on deck.

Next morning at four o'clock we called at Queenstown, where we took aboard the mails and some seventy more steerage passengers. The newcomers were principally fresh-looking Irish girls, who, in spite of the early hour, began to dance reels and to sing to the accompaniment of an accordion. This waked up the other musicians aboard, and before long we had a flute, a tin whistle, and the accordion in full swing. Each instrument had a separate audience, who jigged, sang, or listened, according to the will of the performer.

All Sunday we were in smooth water, running under the lee of the Irish coast. The day being fine and warm, the steerage swarmed on deck in full force. Men, women, and children all crowded about the after hatch, some playing cards, some dancing, and some already making love; but for the most part they lay about the deck, sleeping and basking in the sun. In the afternoon my friend the Irishman appeared with his shamrock. He wanted to give it a "taste" of fresh air, he said. At sight of it many

of the Irish girls shed tears; then, seating themselves about the old man, they sang plaintive Irish melodies until the sun went down. The sad faces of the homesick girls, and the old father sitting among them holding in his lap the precious little bit of green, presented a sight not easily to be forgotten.

About nine in the evening, having passed Fastnet, we encountered the Atlantic swell and its consequences. For the next two days the weather smacked of the stormy Isles of Britain. A keen northwester and a gray, lumpish sea, which broke continually over the starboard rail, drove us shivering to leeward, where the few of us who were blessed with good sea legs and stomachs passed the time spinning yarns and burning unlimited tobacco. Although the weather could not in any sense be called rough, yet at the first pitch the bulk of the steerage went under, and there remained.

My chief friend at this time was a young man who hailed from Boston. After a two-years' voyage in an English merchantman, he had been paid off in Hamburg, and was making his way home by the most economical route. He was an intelligent, observing fellow, and we amused ourselves by studying the characters of the different persons about us, and guessing their occupations. After we had guessed, we would enter into conversation with the subject of our speculation, and find out whether either of us was correct. Now it happened on the morning of the third day, while we were tramping up and down the lee side trying to keep warm, that we discovered a new woman—that is to say, one whom we had not seen before. She was standing with her back to us, looking out over the sea.

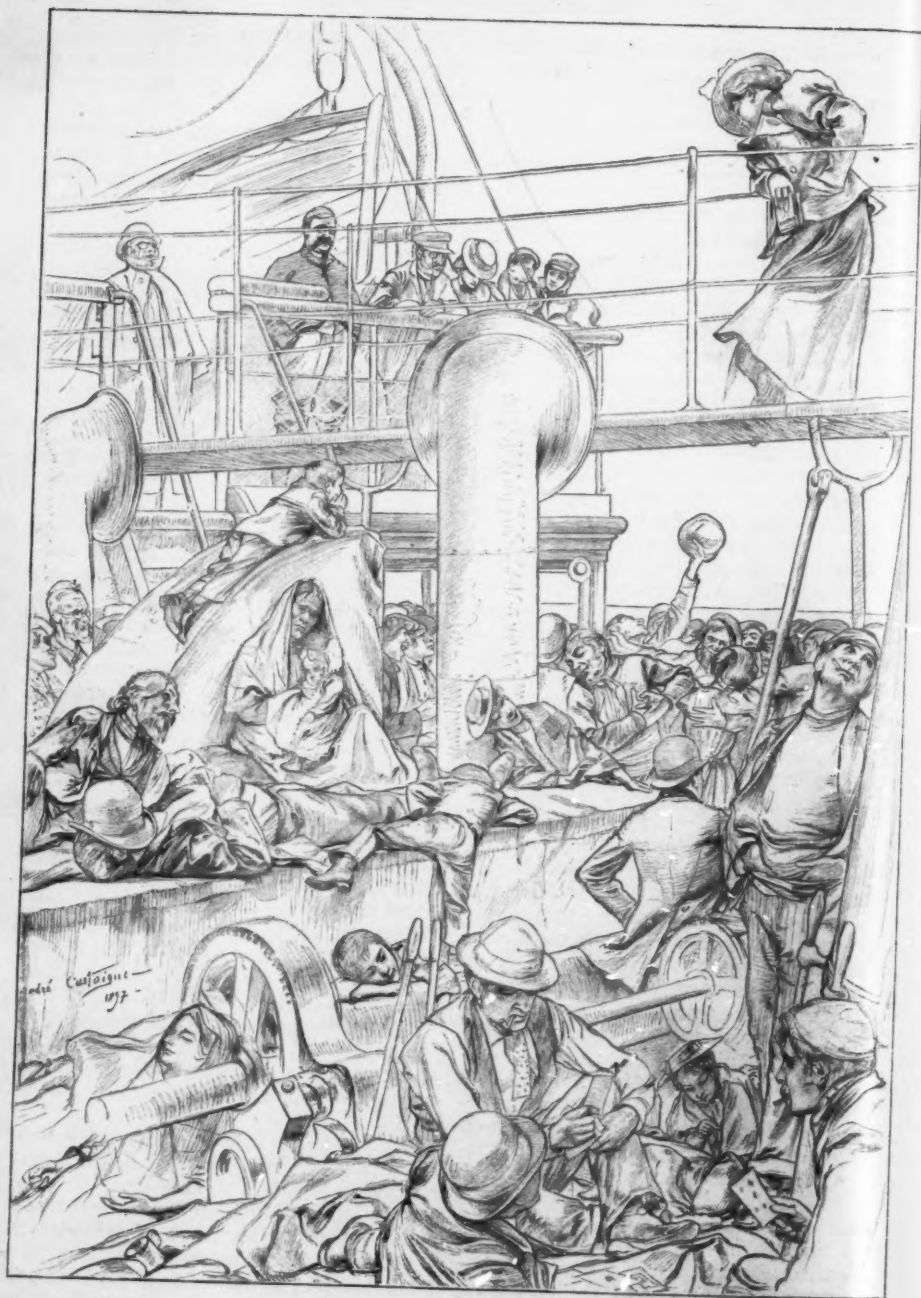
"There!" said my companion; "what do you think she is?"

I noted that the young woman wore a perky little hat, and was dressed better and with more taste than any I had seen in our quarters, and I hazarded that she was a dress-maker.

"Pooh!" he replied. "I bet she's a second-cabin passenger who has lost her way and strayed among the animals."

"Well, how can we prove it?" said I. "I certainly am not going to interview the lady."

"Oh, I'll ask her," he answered. Upon this, I left him and walked aft. When I turned and looked forward again, he was standing beside her, talking. And from that time, except when he deigned to smoke a pipe with me after women's hours, my sailor friend was lost to me.



IN SMOOTH WATER.

I suppose there are no conditions more favorable to the rapid growth of acquaintance and friendship than those on shipboard. On the other hand, however, there is no place like it for wearing a friendship threadbare—for finding people out. Sea friendships, sea promises, and sea plans, I have noticed, are uncertain things at best, and never to be depended upon. Away from conflicting elements and outside influences, unable to see the obstacles, the new roads, which alternately block and open up in the real journey, forgetful that each new day and face and circumstance swings him round in some new direction, the deep-sea traveler pricks off his future course with childlike faith and simplicity. With the first whiff of land, however, his chart goes overboard, and his ways are henceforth governed by the winds and waves of chance. Knowing these things from previous experience, I watched with much interest the outcome of my Boston friend's entanglement.

Although I question whether any man was ever truly thankful for steerage fare, there comes a time in the experiences of most emigrants when they must eat something; and after three days of bottled stout and dry biscuits, I began to listen for the sound of the bell and the bawling steward who announced our meals.

At eight o'clock each morning we were served with oatmeal, coffee, soft bread, and butter. Every other morning Irish stew was added. For dinner we received excellent soup, one kind of meat or fish, with potatoes and bread. Twice we had steamed pudding. For supper we contented ourselves with bread and butter and tea. I must say that the tea was remindful of chopped corn-brooms, and that the coffee was an unadulterated abomination; but the remainder of the food was plain, wholesome fare, clean and of good quality. The great drawback was the way in which, to quote one of my friends, it was "slung at you." The best of soup loses something of its savor when laded out of something that looks alarmingly like a slop-bucket, and no meat is improved by being cut into junks and piled in a "kid." But then, what would you? What kind of transportation, with board and lodging thrown in, can one expect for less than one cent per mile? At nine each evening the night-watchman made his rounds, and sent all the females below. Poor man! I did not envy him his occupation. No sooner did he appear on one side of the deck than his charges would scurry round to the other side; and if by stratagem he cornered

them, they would break and fly in all directions, taunting him the while. It invariably took him an hour to accomplish his task, and sometimes longer.

On Tuesday, our fourth day out, came the much-dreaded vaccination muster. Many and loud were the objections raised to the enactment of this law, and when No. 1 steerage lined up with bared arms for the doctor's inspection, a more sullen lot of men I never saw. Those who had no marks, or whose marks were not sufficiently distinct, were vaccinated again. One man, an Irishman, made a stir by refusing to be operated upon, and insisting that the scar of a knife stab was a vaccination mark. When told that he could not enter America as he was, he submitted to the process.

From this time on the weather was fine, and the steerage, now thoroughly shaken together, and beginning to find its appetite, began to show itself in its true colors.

To me the most noticeable thing about the life was the ease with which the yoke of civilization was thrown off. If conditions be favorable, I opine that a large proportion of the steerage passengers throw back to their Darwinian ancestry about the third day out. Away from home, country, and religious influences, unrestrained by custom and conventionality, bound by no laws of action, and separated from all that force of opinion so strong in the world ashore, they let themselves go, and allow their baser natures to run riot. No sooner has the seasickness left them than they growl and snarl over their food like dogs, scrambling for the choice pieces, and running off to their bunks with them; they grow quarrelsome; their talk is lewd and insulting; brute strength is in the ascendant; and, without shame, both sexes show the animal side of their natures. But most apparent and obnoxious are the filthy habits into which many of them fall. The sea seems utterly to demoralize them. Some of them will remain for days in their berths, where, without changing their clothes, they eat, sleep, and are sick with the utmost impartiality, and without the blessing of soap and water. Hence the steerage as a whole, the "married quarters" (where there were children) in particular, was ill-smelling and otherwise objectionable.

The four hundred and three souls aboard entered as emigrants were made up of the following nationalities:

American . . .	59	Irish . . .	113
English . . .	51	Bohemian . . .	1
Scotch . . .	4	Norwegian . . .	25

Finn	43	Welsh	21
German . . .	7	Swedish . . .	77
Russian . . .	1	French	1

Of these, two thirds were men, the majority over thirty years of age, and many with wives and families. Most of them were men of restless dispositions, or were failures going to start afresh and try their luck in the new country. With few exceptions, they had friends in America from whom they expected help in one way or another. A goodly percentage of the Scandinavians were bound for the West, but by far the greater number of our steerage passengers were booked for the Eastern cities.

The type of emigrant as a whole was, to me, sadly disappointing; and I am forced to admit that the worst class on board our vessel at least were those who hailed from Great Britain. For while among the Scandinavians there was a goodly percentage of sturdy, honest farm-laborers and mechanics, it was very evident that those from the British Isles were adventurers, floaters, scum—a brotherhood, indeed, that needs no augmentation in this or any other country.

Among those aboard we had a boiler-maker from Birmingham, a little, thin, wiry fellow with a broad accent and a passion for the tin whistle. He was invariably to be found seated on the after hatch, playing ballads, or coaxing a step-dance out of the bystand-

ers with a lively jig-tune. The «little whistler», as we called him, was truly the sunshine of the steerage. To see him playing a reel, his face red and puffed, his foot beating time, and his arms and body working convulsively with the music, was an entertainment in itself. Unfortunately, he wet his own whistle too frequently, and as a result of his improvidence all his money was gone before we reached New York. But it did not worry him.

«My brother 'll be on th' dock to meet me,» he said proudly; «an' it 'll be all right. 'E's a boss in Brooklyn, ye know, 'e is. See, 'ere's 'is address. 'E told me, when 'e wrote, as ah could coom an' rest for a year if ah liked, an' ah 'm gooin'. Would n't you—eh?»

Then there was «the red-faced man.» He came from Nottingham, and was the wealthy man of the steerage. Broad-shouldered, clean-shaven, tight-trousered, a typical British Boniface, he, his wife, and little girl were going to Pittsburg to open a saloon. It was the red-faced man's daughter who first called our attention to a becalmed sailing-vessel on the bow.

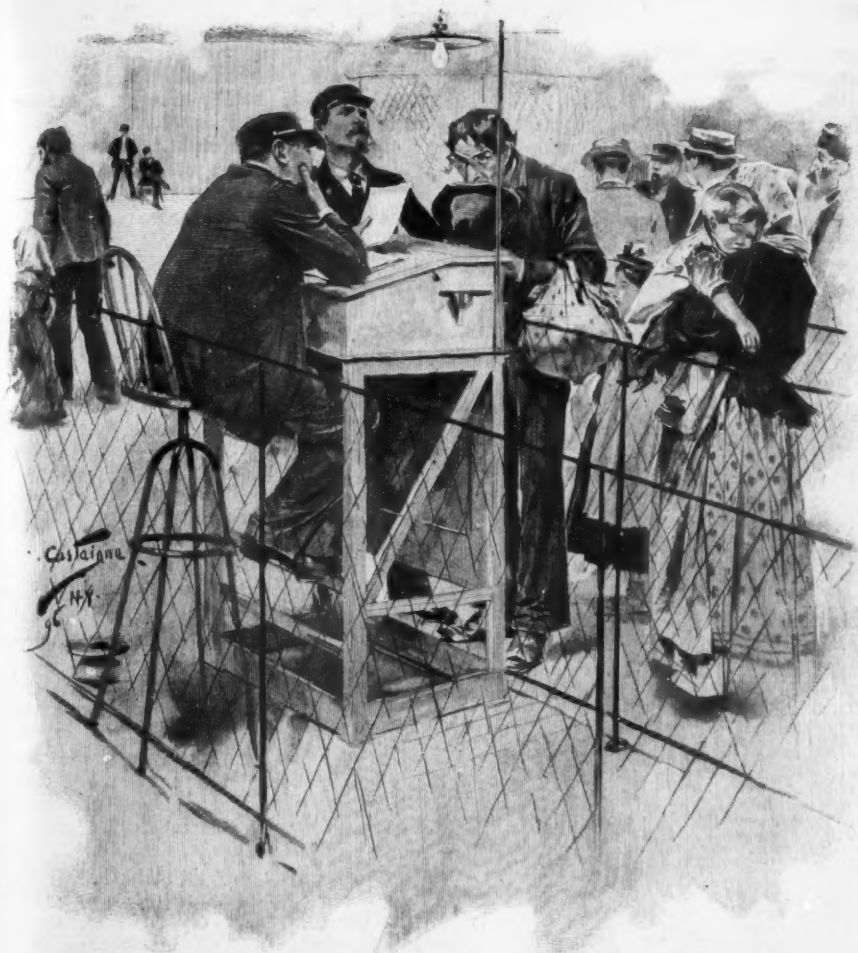
«Oh, look, papa!» she cried. «Theer's summat stickin' oop i' th' sea!»

There was also a dour-looking, long-legged Scotch farmer among us, who nightly set his back against the house, and argued on religion and English politics.

Another character was an Irish old maid about seventy, thin, dreadfully wrinkled, and



«A GLIMPSE INTO PARADISE.»



REGISTRY DEPARTMENT, ELLIS ISLAND.

toothless, yet as careful of herself as a girl of sixteen. After her seasickness was over, she would sit outside the door of the female quarters, and croon us old Irish songs. We all liked her, and many were the offers made by the young men to buy her little delicacies from the stewards; but she refused them all, saying that her nieces, to whom she was going, had warned her to mind herself, and beware of the «males.»

Then, too, there was the «bore,» a sickly, pimple-faced lad from London. His conceit was colossal. He would corner you, and talk to you for hours about himself. He was forever writing what he called «sentimental» poetry, and reading it to you, and drawing «classical» heads, and asking you what you

thought of his «young lydy.» Inside his waistcoat he carried a greasy photograph of the fair one, which came out on all occasions.

The Irish servant-girl, of course, both before and after service, was much in evidence; and there were a few Swedes going out for the same purpose; besides farm-hands, miners, dock-laborers, a few artisans, and a Salvation Army sergeant. As for the saloon and second-cabin passengers, we knew nothing of them. The steerage is a little world in itself, revolving in an orbit far apart from these more important planets. Occasionally our singing would attract a few of the nabobs above, so that they looked over the rails, and threw down money and oranges and nuts. At

such times the after hatch was like a huge bear-pit.

One evening several members of steerage No. 1 and I were grouped about the foremast, talking upon the all-absorbing subject, America. The conversation drifted into an argument on the equality of man, and this, in turn, led to a discussion as to the rights of the saloon passengers.

"If we ain't got no right to go into their quarters," said one of the men, "wot right 'ave they to come into ours? It 'u'd be all right if they be'aved theirselves; but they don't, blast 'em! Anybody 'd think as 'ow we was a lot of bloomin' lepers, to see the way they carries on—a-'oldin' 'andkerchiefs to their noses, an' a-droing their silk petti-



AN ITALIAN TYPE.

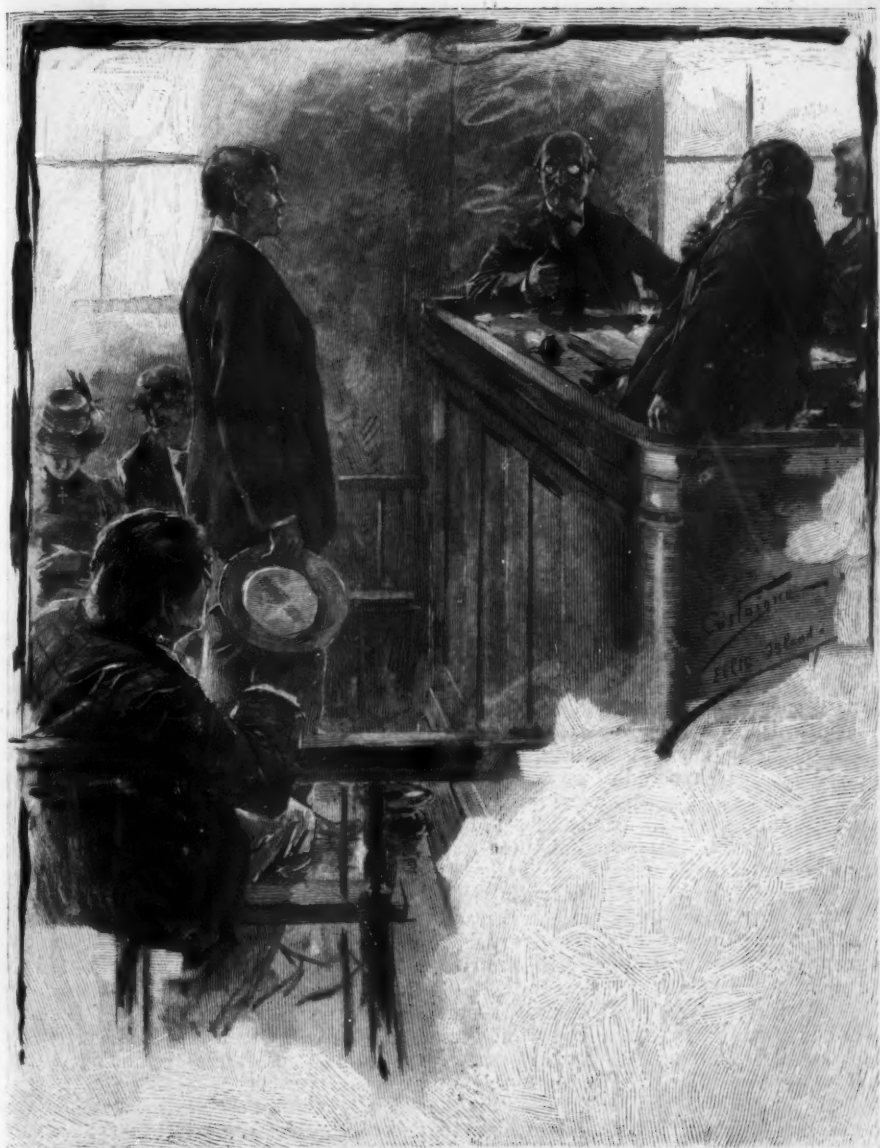
coats close to 'em, an' tiptoein' an' titterin'. (Ho, George,) says the big woman with diamonds in 'er ears, as come down yesterday; (the pore, bloomin' creetchahs; but wot makes 'em smell so?) Just as loud as that, mind you. S' 'elp me, I could 'a tore 'er to pieces!"

As I happened to witness the incident so graphically described by the cockney, I could not help feeling that his anger was righteous.

It soon became apparent that a number of the men were curious to behold the glories of the saloon; and it was at length proposed by one of them that we should pay the saloon deck a visit that night. Six of us having agreed to venture it, we waited until four bells (ten o'clock) had gone, and then, when the watchman was forward, climbed the barred ladder leading up from the after hatch, and reached that part of the upper deck allotted to the second cabin. Here we paused and hid ourselves guiltily abaft the winches amidships. With the exception of a "clustering" couple leaning over the port rail, the deck was deserted. Looking forward past the second-cabin barrier, we could see the broad white deck reserved for the saloon passengers. Rows of comfortable steamer-chairs were ranged against the house, and from a hundred brass-rimmed ports streamed lights suggestive of warmth and luxury. Somewhere forward we could hear a piano playing, and the sound of a woman's voice. It stopped, and there came a loud clapping of hands. Some one said there was a concert in the ladies' saloon. In the lull that followed we heard a cork pop in the smoking-room, and caught a whiff of a good cigar. "Come on," whispered the Londoner, who had appointed himself leader. Another minute, and we had ducked under the dividing-line, and reached the open ports of the smoking-room. For a few moments we stood looking into the handsomest ship's smoking-room in the world. To us of the steerage it was indeed a glimpse into paradise. Our peep, however, was destined to be but a short one. Before we had time thoroughly to take in details, we were discovered by the watchman, and driven ignominiously back to our own pen.

Early Thursday morning, a buzz of excitement ran round the decks when it was known that the long narrow cloud that lay close upon the northern horizon was the smoke of a rival steamship. The prospects of the race made food for talk during the day. Would she get in first, or had we time to pass her? The matter was not settled until the following morning at six o'clock, when our competitor was abeam. Then we slowly passed her. At eight she was on the quarter, and two hours later she was lost in the fog-bank astern.

But now all thoughts are shoreward bent. The sailors say we shall reach New York in



THE BOARD OF SPECIAL INQUIRY, ELLIS ISLAND.

the evening, and the burning question of the steerage is, « Shall we get ashore to-night? »

Trunks are already being packed, friendships broken off, and much-creased clothing being put on. By two o'clock a nervous excitability holds us all; for the smell of the land is in our nostrils, the water has taken a greenish cast, and Sandy Hook is in sight.

From this on, an eager crowd hangs over the bulwarks, gazing with curious eyes at the beginnings of the new country.

An hour after sundown our steamer was made fast alongside her pier in the North River. The saloon and second-cabin passengers proceeded to stream down the gangway at once; but we, being immigrants, were roped



« DEPORTED PEN » ELLIS ISLAND.

well back, and carefully guarded. For the steamship company is responsible to the government for every immigrant it brings. If any escape before being turned over to the proper authorities at Ellis Island, the company is liable to a heavy fine. Not being well up in the immigration laws, however, the whole four hundred of us crowded to the dock side of the vessel, and waited impatiently to be loosed. After an hour or so it was announced that none but those who could show citizen's papers would be allowed to land. At this a howl of disappointment went up from the land-hungry crowd. Threats, oaths, and wailings were heard on every side. It was an outrage, some said, to be brought alongside the wharf, and then imprisoned like thieves. If the cabin folks got ashore, why could not we? There were two niggers in the second cabin, and they got ashore. Were niggers better than white people?

« An' d' ye call this a free country? » cried a big Irishman, shaking his brawny fist under my unoffending nose. « Fwhat wid inspections, an' examinations, an' vaccinations, an' bein' numbered, an' ticketed, an' stamped, an' the devil knows fwhat all—fwhat I'd loike to know is, where's the freedom av ut? »

We put in one more hot, uncomfortable night aboard, praying for morning; but when it came, a steamer leaving port blocked the way, and we could not leave the vessel until eleven o'clock. For two hours after this we

were baked on the pier while our baggage was being overhauled by the custom-house officers. Then, each in his group, we were packed aboard a barge, and towed down to Ellis Island.

In the steerage of any vessel one can get only a partial knowledge of the class which immigrates to this country. At Ellis Island, however, one can see it all. The same Saturday that we landed there, I was told that more than two thousand had passed through, eight hundred of them Italians. At Ellis Island, after being reinspected by the doctor, required to show what money we possessed, and being closely questioned in regard to our past, present, and future lives, we were finally discharged, and landed at the Battery about five o'clock.

It will thus be seen that the immigrant of to-day undergoes three examinations: first, at his home when he applies for passage; second, on board the vessel before departure; and third, upon his arrival in the country. The last is of necessity the strictest.

All cases considered by the inspectors as doubtful are detained, and brought before the boards of special inquiry, who are empowered to hear and decide such cases. At Ellis Island these boards sit every day of the year, and during the time to which I have referred heard no less than 40,539 cases.

Any immigrant found to be insane, a pauper, entering contrary to the alien contract labor

laws, or for any cause incapable of earning a livelihood, is debarred, and returned to the country from which he came, at the expense of the steamship line that brought him.

It may be interesting to note here that, according to the report of the commissioner-general of immigration, 343,267 immigrants arrived between July 1, 1895, and June 30, 1896. Of these, 2799 were returned, 776 being unlawfully under contract, and the remainder mainly paupers. These figures show an increase of 84,731 over the previous fiscal year, a somewhat alarming fact when we note that 76,443 of this number hailed from Italy, Austria-Hungary, and Russia.

The question whether this stream of immigration, which is pouring into the country at the rate of about 830 per week all the year round, shall be encouraged or dammed, is a many-sided one, and not the concern of this paper. But when one sees the mass of low cosmopolitan humanity such as is to be found at Ellis Island, one cannot help feeling that to assimilate it the country has need of an excellent digestion.

I saw the last of my steerage acquaintances at the Barge Office. Before leaving, I had the pleasure of being introduced to the "little whistler's" brother, the boss from Brooklyn. From the old Irishman I was glad to hear that the shamrock was not only alive, but was "growin' foinely." My young sailor friend I found bidding his four-days'-old love good-by with as much unction as though he had known her for the same number of years. She, with her white veil turned up, showed a very red little nose and a very tremulous

little mouth. I waited patiently for the end, and was at last rewarded by seeing her relatives draw her unwillingly away. My friend then turned, and upon seeing me, hastened to inform me that he was going to marry the young lady. I congratulated him, and went my way up-town, believing in my cynical heart that his promise would end as most sea promises do. Before two months were over, however, I received a card announcing the wedding; and since then I have called upon them in their snug little home near Boston. He is now a shipper for a wholesale house in the city; and she—is still making dresses, for she was a dressmaker. The garments she makes now, however, will not go out of the family.

Personally, I consider a trip in the steerage an excellent thing for a man. It knocks the conceit out of him.

When I entered upon my rôle as emigrant, I provided myself with a well-worn suit of clothes, an old hat, and a flannel shirt. I allowed my beard to grow, eschewed collars and cuffs, and made myself up for the part. At first, with a self-consciousness born of such ventures, I feared that my disguise would be seen through; but, alas for my pride! I found in the steerage a valley of humiliation. The ship's company shoved me along the decks and swore at me without prejudice; the saloon and second-cabin passengers who occasionally stepped gingerly and curiously into our quarters looked me squarely in the eyes without a sign of recognition; and the steerage simply opened its dirty arms and took me in without a question.



IMMIGRATION OFFICE, BATTERY PARK, ARRIVAL OF IMMIGRANTS.



DRAWN BY LEE WOODWARD ZENKER.

«BEAT 'EM OFF!» YELLED BRAYBROOKE.»

GALLOPS.

BY DAVID GRAY.

THE RIDE OF HIS LIFE.

CORDILLAS Y SANDOVAL was an attaché of the Spanish legation, whom Varick invited to Oakdale to please Mrs. Varick and, more especially, her widowed sister.

«I believe I met him once at the club in

Washington,» Varick remarked. «I thought he was rather an ass; but we 've plenty of stable-room. Does he hunt?»

Mrs. Innis, the sister-in-law, was afraid he did,—in a hunting-country men who do not.

ride are at a premium,—but was uncertain about it; therefore upon his arrival the question was referred to Cordillas himself.

The Spaniard dashed Mrs. Innis's hopes. He asserted that he was «practised in equestrianism,» and «worshiped horses.»

«Yes, and I haf yoomp, too,» he added. Then he branched off on the merits of his «fiery-eyed steed» in Madrid, which he was bound to believe would make an unparalleled «yoomper,» although, as there was no fox-hunting in his country, its ability had never been called out.

«I can see,» said Varick, pleasantly interrupting, «that you are the man for us. I shall put you up on that good horse Thomas Dooley.» There was duplicity in this, for Varick distrusted the horsemanship of all Continental foreigners; but the Spaniard suspected it not, and the sister-in-law discreetly held her peace.

Thomas Dooley, at the time when fate introduced him to Cordillas, was going on seventeen, and he knew more about getting across a hunting-country than men usually acquire in half a century. His ancestry was not discussed, but he had the best box-stall in Varick's stable, and would be gloriously pensioned when his time of service expired. Ten years back he had exchanged the plow for the saddle, as the result of a memorable humiliation he put upon the entire Oakdale hunt. One dismal, sloppy morning Dooley had appeared at a meet, ridden by a farmer's boy. Not long after the hounds had found, twenty angry men were sitting on as many discouraged horses in a deep-plowed field, and watched his flowing tail switch over five feet of new oak rails, and disappear after the pack. Varick was one of these men; and that same afternoon he possessed Thomas Dooley, who ever since had carried him with unerring judgment and ability. As the years went by, Dooley came to be known as Varick's «morning-after» horse, and he never betrayed the confidence this title implied. Nevertheless, it must be said that for a man whose nerves had not been outraged, Dooley could hardly be called an agreeable mount.

He was, by general admission, the plainest horse that ever followed bounds. His legs and feet were coarse, and he galloped with as much spring as if he were on stilts. The mighty quarters wherein dwelt his genius for getting over high timber were so much too big for him that he seemed to have got another horse's hind legs by mistake. He had a mouth no bit could conquer. He chose what he would jump, and how, regard-

less of his rider. Only the certainty that he would never fall made him venerated, and most persons who hunt resent the imputation that they need this kind of horse. If a man's heart is strong with ten hours of sleep, and with keen November morning air, there is little satisfaction in being carried over the country by a machine.

When Cordillas made his first appearance on Thomas Dooley, it was noted that he rode with uncommonly long stirrup-leathers,—too long for hunting,—and sat as stiff as a horse-guard, bouncing dismally with Thomas's hard trot. The tails of his pink coat were unsullied by the loin-sweat of the chase, and there was no mark of stirrup-iron across the instep of his freshly treed boots.

«'E's quite noo,» said the first whip in an undertone.

«With Thomas,» said the huntsman, «'e won't be long noo.»

The hounds found unexpectedly, and the advice Varick intended to give his guest was cut short.

«Don't try to steer him at his fences,» he yelled; «it won't do any good.» The next moment the rattle-headed four-year-old he was riding took off in a bit of marsh, and became mixed up with a panel of boards. Varick got up in time to see Dooley bucking over from good ground, his rider with him, although well on toward his ears.

«I guess he 'll do; he's got to,» said Varick, softly swearing at his muddled boots. He scrambled up into the saddle, saw his guest slide back into his, and together they swept on after the hounds.

For the most part, Cordillas managed to remain inconspicuous, though he took a spectacular «voluntary» on the way back to the kennels. He tried to «lark» Dooley over a wayside fence, possibly for the benefit of Mrs. Innis, who was driving by in her cart. Dooley, knowing that the jump was needless, stopped at the fence, and the Spaniard went over alone; but his heart seemed to be in the right place, and he got up again, laughing.

The next time he went out, on a hint from Varick he shortened his leathers, thrust his feet home through the irons, and really did very creditably. He was good-looking, and had nice manners; and Mrs. Innis was so complimentary, and so many of the other women followed her lead, that by the end of the week he believed himself the keenest man in the field. But as he grew in confidence he also became aware of the reputation which his mount enjoyed. He began to hint to Varick that Dooley was not a suitable horse for him.

"If I only had my prancer here," he observed, one morning, "you would see youmping." Finally he told his host point blank that, however well meant it might be, to give him such a tame mount as Dooley was no kindness; it was a reflection upon his equestrianism.

Then said Varick, who was annoyed, "You may ride Emperor to-morrow; but I tell you plainly that he may kill you." For the moment, he almost hoped he would.

"Fear not," said Cordillas, and thanked him much.

Varick says that he told William to have Emperor saddled for Cordillas. The head groom refuses to talk about it, but shakes his head. Those who know William hesitate to decide between him and his master, so the truth is likely to remain hid.

At the meet next morning, Cordillas flabbergasted the stable boy who assisted him to mount by slipping a bill into his hand.

"And him an alien," said the boy, as he related the matter to William. "Then he pats his neck, and says he, 'Is he not a great hoss? Look his fiery eye! This is a hoss!'" "W'y, yes," says I; "and clipped yesterday, sir, which improves his looks uncommon. I might almost say, sir, one 'u'd scarcely know him." Then he says, "Git up, Emperor!" and moves after 'em."

That day there was vouchsafed one of those "historic" runs which come usually when a man's best horse is laid up, or when he judges that the day is too dry for scent and stops at home. In the first covert the pack blundered on a fox, and burst wildly out of the woods, every hound giving tongue, and Reynard in full view, barely half a field away.

The men sat listening to the foxhounds' "music," half eager bark, half agonized yelp, with a wild fluttering of the pulses and a stirring of primeval instincts. The horses quivered and pawed, mouthed the bits, and tossed white slaver into the air. But the hounds had to get their distance; so the field held back, each man intently studying the far-off fence, and shortening the reins in his bridle-hand. The excited Spaniard tugged on the curb, and his mount reared indignantly.

"Demon!" he shouted. A snicker rippled from the grooms in the rear.

"Good Lord!" exclaimed Varick. "He has n't done that for eight years. Give him his head, man!"

At that instant the M. F. H. waved his hand, and the field charged across the

meadow for the boards, over which the tail-end hounds were scrambling.

It was seven miles without a check to Christian's Mills, and the fox most of the time in view; then across the river, horses and hounds swimming together, and on again at a heartbreaking pace to Paddock's Gully, where they killed in the bottom. Three horses that went into the ravine were too pumped to get out again, and stayed there all night. In the memory of man such a run, without slow scent or check, had never been seen. It became the great after-dinner run of the Oakdale Hunt; and when they brag of their horses, they tell how, twice in the twelve miles, eleven men jumped five feet of stiff timber without breaking a rail or coming a cropper.

In the last mile Cordillas followed the insane Braybrooke over four strands of naked wire that turned the field aside, beat him into the ravine, and was first at the death. They came upon him half buried in the yelping, panting pack which fought for the mangled fox he held over his head.

"Beat 'em off!" yelled Braybrooke. The reply was a torrent of Spanish oaths. Then the huntsman rode up, and rescued Cordillas, plastered with blood and filth, but content. He patted his mount's dripping neck.

"How magnificent a horse!" he exclaimed.

"Carried you extremely well," said Braybrooke. "Never saw the old fellow do better, or show so much speed. Great gallop, was n't it? Let's have a pull at your flask; mine's dry."

"To the run!" said the Spaniard; and they drank over the bloody mask, each knowing that the other had ridden well, and neither dissatisfied with himself.

THAT night Varick had a man's dinner. There were toasts and healths, and bumpers to the five-foot fences, and perdition to the man who invented wire; bumpers to every good horse and man who was out that day; long life to hounds, and good luck to all hound puppies. But the Spaniard was the lion of the evening, and toward the small hours there were cries of "Speech!"

Cordillas rose cautiously, and stood facing the party, with a glass of champagne in his tremulous hand. He was touched, and his voice showed it. He thanked the company as a gentleman, as a Spaniard, and as a sportsman. He spoke in praise of his hosts' country, their women, and their bath-tubs. Then he got around to his prancer in Madrid, and settled down to horses. To an equestrian

like himself, he said, whose bosom throbbed in sympathy with every fiery impulse of creation's most noble animal, the fox chase was the sport of kings. To a distinguished company of huntsmen he might well repeat the words of the English poet, with which they might be familiar, "My kingdom for a horse!" Developing his theme, he asserted that, of the various kinds of horses, the hunter was the noblest. "And of all noble hunters," he shouted, "the noblest, the fiercest, the most intrepid, I haf rode to-day! I drink to Emperor!"

At that moment Thomas Dooley, the newly clipped, was sniffing a bran mash, stiff and sore with the weariness born of his day's exertions under Cordillas y Sandoval. As every one at the table except the Spaniard knew, Emperor had not been out of his stall.

There was a moment's hush. The toast was drunk in silence. The men looked at one another, and then a tumult of cheers burst forth which set the grooms waiting at the stables speculating upon the probable condition of their masters. To Cordillas it was an ovation, and the climax of his triumph. The tears stood in his eyes. To the Oakdale Hunt it was the only way of saving appearances and their good breeding.

"Keep the racket going," said Forbes to Braybrooke. "Don't let him know anyone's laughing."

"I shall die of this," gasped little Colfax; and he slipped under the table, gurgling hysterically.

What else might have happened no one can say, because Charley Galloway started "For he's a jolly good fellow!" at the top of his lungs. Mrs. Galloway, who was sitting up for him in her own house half a mile down the road, says she recognized her husband's barytone. Every other man did the best that nature permitted. The Spaniard was reduced to tears, and the party recovered its gravity.

"But what is going to be the end of this?" whispered Varick to Chalmers. "If he catches on he will have me out, and kill me. And there's Mrs. Innis; oh, Lord! Reggie, you know everybody and all official ways in Washington; if you love me, get him back there."

Then Chalmers sent for his groom, and wrote some telegrams; and the following afternoon Cordillas came to Varick, sorely cast down, and announced that the minister had sent him imperative orders to return.

"I fear," he said, "those infamous Cubanos have caused complications which necessitate my presence at the capital." Varick said he was awfully sorry—but saw to it personally that he caught the evening train. As it moved off, the Spaniard stood on the step and wrung his hand.

"My friend, possessor of that great horse Emperor," he said, "I thank you for the ride of my whole life."

"Please don't mention it," said Varick. "Don't speak of it!"

"But," he added to himself, "I am much afraid he will."

THE POPULARITY OF TOMPKINS.

"My dearest Mother," wrote Mr. Frederick Tompkins, when he had been at Oakdale a week: "The Varicks are awfully kind. They have a very good house, which Mrs. Innis—who is Mrs. Varick's sister, you know—seems to have a good deal to say about; and I suppose this accounts for my being made welcome, although I am only her guest, and did not know any one else in the family. This is the greatest place I ever struck. I wish the governor would get a house here. I could run it, and get some of the men in my class to come up and stop with me, now that we are through college. You could come up for the steeplechases, and give a hunt ball. How does the idea hit you?"

"Our Western hospitality is n't a marker on what they do for one here. I have been dined and lunched and furnished with horses in a way that is really wonderful, considering that I am a stranger. There is nothing much

in the way of girls, but there is the smoothest lot of men I ever met. Mrs. Innis introduced me to the best of them, and I suppose they have showed me attention on her account. Monday morning, after I got here, there was a hunt,—not shooting, you know,—and Mr. Varick let me ride a horse called Sir Roger. He says that as perfect a type of hunter as this one is dirt-cheap at fifteen hundred, and I can well believe it. I just let him go, and was right in it from the start. Of course I had never hunted before—only after jack-rabbits at home, where there is no jumping; but Mrs. Innis told me it was n't necessary to tell any one this, and that I would soon get the trick. She said just to let the horse alone and he'd do the rest, and he did. It was the greatest sensation I ever had in my whole life. Varick said that I had ridden uncommonly well, and that the horse was just suited to me. Of course I have al-

ways ridden out home with a curb and a loose rein, so I did n't bother his head, and let him pick his own jumping. Mrs. Innis said this was the best way to do with a well-schooled horse, unless you were a crack and had really good hands. She says that most men get falls because they think they know how to (lift) their horses and (foot) them at their fences. It is wonderful how much she has picked up about all this sort of thing, because she does n't ride, and never talks horse the way some of the other women do. She also suggested that I should take whatever was said about hunting as a matter of course, which was clearly good advice. Mrs. Innis is a very charming woman. Monday she introduced me to a man named Galloway, and he asked me to come over to lunch on Tuesday and look at his string. He also offered me a mount for Wednesday. Varick told me I had better take it, as Sir Roger was pretty tired and had cut his frog. He was foolish once, and jumped on a pile of stones.

"Wednesday, on Galloway's mare Vixen, I had an immense ride. She got away from me once and jumped three strands of barbed wire, and I beat the whole field. Everybody is talking about it, and I am getting the reputation of being a hard goer. Galloway said that the price of that horse ought to go up five hundred after such a performance, but he's going to keep it at a thousand. If you hear of anybody in Washington who is looking for a regular clipper, tell him about Vixen; I should like to do Galloway a good turn.

"There is a fellow up here called Willie Colfax, whose cousin was in college with me. He has been very civil, and came over and got me Thursday morning, and took me for a ride 'cross country on a horse called Lorelei. They have a very good way here of sometimes bandaging a horse's legs to protect them from the thistles. Colfax had bandages on Lorelei. He said she is very thin-skinned on account of her breeding. It is a humane custom, don't you think? Lorelei jumped like a bird. She is the greatest bargain I have seen yet, and I almost wish I was buying horses. Colfax will let her go for five hundred; at least, I inferred so from some remarks he let drop. If Sis wants a good hack that can jump, the governor ought to consider this mare. Colfax was very flattering, and said he had never seen Lorelei go so well, and that it needed a hard goer to do her justice. You ought to be proud of your son! To-day (Friday) I lunched at the club with Captain Forbes, and looked over his string afterward. He has three very

likely horses that he is willing to let go, as he has more than he needs. He is going to mount me to-morrow. There are a number of men here who have more horses than they need, and are willing to sell. They have been very kind in offering me mounts. I suppose they are glad to have them exercised. By the way, several people have spoken about the governor's starting fox-hunting out on the coast. He'd look queer riding to hounds, but it is a very captivating idea. Sound him about it.

"I have wired your New York florist to send four dozen American Beauties to Mrs. Varick, and the same to Mrs. Innis. I mention this lest I should forget to speak about it, and you should think the bill wrong. This is a very long letter, and makes up for some short ones. Love to Father and Sis.

"Your aff. son,

"FREDERICK TOMPKINS."

When Mrs. Innis's friends asked her how it was that she had annexed this scion of the West, she replied that she was laying up treasure with the mammon of the Occident, and, moreover, that he was a very nice boy and admired her. She discovered him in Washington, where Senator Tompkins had established his family for the winter. Now, young Tompkins *was* a very nice boy, and some day would be rich, and there were several mamas in Washington who considered Mrs. Innis's interest in him nothing less than shameful.

TOMPKINS sent his letter off to the post, and presented himself in the drawing-room to take tea with Mrs. Innis. He found Captain Forbes there.

"Hello!" said Forbes. "I was hacking over this way, and dropped in to see whether you were going to ride Rajah to-morrow. I understood you to say you would; but Varick said something about mounting you on a four-year-old of his."

"Well," said Tompkins, "I had n't heard anything about the four-year-old. Of course, as I'm stopping here, I ought to ride Varick's horse for him if he wants me to; but I should like very much to have a go with the Rajah."

"All right," said Forbes; "I'll see Varick. Where is he?"

"In the smoking-room, I think," said Mrs. Innis.

The captain found Varick in a very bad temper, making up his stable accounts.

"Look here," said he; "it's low down on you, Varick, to keep this Tompkins chap all

to yourself. He's a mighty attractive little chap, and he has a good eye for a horse, and I want him to ride some good ones, so I've offered him the Rajah. He says you have n't spoken to him yet about mounting him on that skate four-year-old, and he wants to ride the Rajah, but he's afraid of offending you."

"Oh, hang him!" exclaimed Varick; "let him ride anything you say. This desperate altruism on your part, however, is something new. Get out of here, Forbes; I've been swindled on my hay."

Forbes went back, and told Tompkins it was all right about Rajah, and then rode away.

"Mrs. Innis," said Tompkins, after the captain had departed, "I've been having a great time this week. There is the best crowd of men here I ever saw. That fellow Forbes is a brick. There are n't many men who would lend their hunters to a stranger the way he's done."

"That's so," said Mrs. Innis, with a smile; "but then, Frederick, you are a very nice young man." He had asked her to call him Frederick.

"Oh, pshaw!" said Tompkins, and colored. "They're civil to me because I am your friend, that's all; they adore you."

"I wish I could believe that," said Mrs. Innis; "but I am sure it is n't so. I had Cordillas up here, and they were really horrid to him. But I don't suppose I ought to speak about that story, since you are going back to Washington."

Tompkins would have liked to hear that story, but he did n't say so; he held it unmasculine to be curious.

"By the way," asked Mrs. Innis, "have they said anything to you about starting a hunt out on the Pacific?"

"Why, yes," said Tompkins; "two or three of them have spoken about it. I think it would be a great thing, but I'm afraid the governor would n't vote for it. You see, it might hurt him politically."

"Did you tell any one that?" she asked.

"No," said Tompkins; "I did n't say much about it. I thought I would sound the old gentleman first. It might carry, after all."

"That's so," said Mrs. Innis. He stooped to pick up her handkerchief, and she smiled in a quiet little way that seemed quite for her own edification. The man who thought that he knew Mrs. Innis best called that smile her "*glad-i-at-or* smile," because it expressed what the cat said after he had eaten the canary.

The next morning Tompkins hunted Rajah, and had the time of his life. The Rajah was an old steeplechaser with no particular mouth, and he rushed his jumps in a way that made mature persons who rode him wish to be at home in bed. Tompkins let him go, and the hunt held back and gave him room. There is a saying that it takes seven croppers to make a horseman. Tompkins had n't had his first one yet, and so there was no use in giving him advice.

"Confound that fellow Tompkins!" said the M. F. H. "He's been riding over my hounds all the morning. Forbes, tell him, if he can't keep that blooming runaway of yours back, to go home." Forbes cast an injured look at the M. F. H., and counseled Tompkins to moderation. But when the hounds found, they went off at a very fast clip, and then Tompkins was in his glory. He led the field for seven miles, turning neither to right nor to left, and he was with the pack at the kill before even the huntsman. When the M. F. H. presented him with the brush it seemed that all the joy of the world was in his cup. He resolved that the governor certainly should take a place at Oakdale, and that he would hunt forever after. It was only natural, therefore, that an unmanly lump should rise into his throat when he read the telegram which was waiting for him when he got back to the Varicks' that afternoon. It said:

Letter received. You come home on first train.
FATHER.

THAT night, after dinner, Varick went to the club, and found a group of men playing pool.

"Hello!" said Forbes. "While I think of it, tell Tompkins—will you?—that I'm afraid the Rajah won't be fit to go on Monday. The fact is (but you need n't say anything about it), his old tendon is as big as my wrist. The horse went marvelously, but the boy really is a shocking pounder."

"I should say he was!" exclaimed Gallo-way. "Vixen threw a curb with him the other day; and he rode so much out of Lorelei, just galloping her 'cross lots, that Willie has had to fire her legs again and turn her out."

"Really?" said Varick. "Well, he used up Sir Roger, too—jumped him on a pile of stones and cut his frog. But, I say, Forbes," he added, "Tompkins has gone; so it won't matter about the Rajah on Monday."

"Gone?" repeated Forbes. The other men regarded Varick incredulously.

"Yes; Washington on the eight-thirty."

Said his papa wanted him for a secretary, so he could learn the business, and wired for him. Too bad, is n't it? He was a nice boy; and besides that, I wanted to sell him Sir Roger.»

«Well,» said Forbes, «are you sure he is n't coming back? I'm pretty certain, myself, that he is. The fact is, I was told, in confidence, that he came up here to buy a string of hunters for his father. I understand that the old gentleman is going to run a pack of drag-hounds somewhere out West.» Colfax, Galloway, and Varick looked curiously at Forbes, and then at one another.

«Why, I got the same tip that Forbes did,» blurted out Galloway; and Willie Colfax nodded, signifying that it had likewise been imparted to him.

«That's funny,» said Varick; «for I heard something of the same sort myself. Forbes, do you mind saying whether Tompkins himself told you that?»

«No,» said Forbes; «Tompkins did n't.»

«Then who was it?» demanded Varick.

«I don't know that I ought to tell,» he answered; «though I don't suppose there's any harm in it. You see, I was n't actually told that Tompkins was going to buy, but it was put to me in such a way that I got that impression. I was asked as a personal favor not to sell him anything that was n't the best—well—by Mrs. Innis.»

Varick gave forth a long, low whistle, and in the silence that followed Galloway and Colfax moved thoughtfully toward different parts of the wall, and each pressed an electric button.

«I am afraid,» said Varick, «that we have encountered what is known as a cold deck. Ever since the day that Spanish chap rode old Thomas Dooley, and thought he was up on Emperor, my sister-in-law has been (laying low) with Brother Rabbit. She won't believe that we lament the mistake.»

When Forbes mentioned Mrs. Innis, the M. F. H., who had been practising billiard shots at the next table till his turn should come around, threw down his cue, and appeared to be choked by his emotions. A great light had struck him.

«This is almost too much!» he sighed. «Coming home this afternoon, for three miles Tompkins talked to me about the whole-souled generosity of the men of this hunt—men who seemed to find delight in pursuing him with attentions and offers of horses. (Why, Mr. Crawford,» said he, «I never saw such a place! I believe I could stay here a month, and be mounted three

times a week.» And all I could do was to listen without gasping, and wonder what on earth was going to happen next.»

Just then the sound of women's voices rose in the hall. A party had come in for supper.

«Hello!» said the M. F. H., listening; «Mrs. Innis is out there now. This is too good to keep; I've positively got to tell her.» He went to the door. It was a family sort of club, and ladies often went into the billiard-room.

«Don't you want to come in here and exult?» he said. «I'm not equal to the whole thing myself; and besides, it's your party.» Mrs. Innis turned, and hesitated.

«What's that?» she asked.

«Why, you have caused the heathen to rage,» exclaimed the M. F. H. «and they are making themselves very amusing about some horses they did n't sell.»

«Exult?» she replied. «Horses they did n't sell? What on earth are you talking about?» The M. F. H. took a long breath, like a man who gets a bucket of cold water thrown on him. Then he became matter-of-fact and mirthless. He knew Mrs. Innis pretty well.

«By the way,» said he, «next week I expect to have two chaps stopping with me, who are coming on to look about for hunters; and I shall be awfully busy just then, because Mrs. Crawford is going to have a lot of girls at the house. Can't you help me show 'em about a bit?»

Mrs. Innis looked at the M. F. H. as though she were wondering whether she could conscientiously comply.

«Why, yes,» she answered; «I shall be glad to help you in any way I can.»

«Well, they won't be much trouble,» the M. F. H. added. «Men who are buying horses always seem to be popular up here. If you've never noticed it, I'll make you a present of the idea.»

«You are very good,» replied Mrs. Innis. «It is certainly a very ingenious idea. But you are always having ingenious ideas; you have an ingenious mind.»

The M. F. H. bowed.

«Yes, it's ingenious enough; only there's the very deuce to pay if they don't buy, after all. Now take the case of your friend Tompkins. It's rather serious. There are three or four chaps who are talking of having him arrested for fraud—»

«Why, Mr. Crawford!» exclaimed Mrs. Innis, incredulously; «you don't tell me that any one thought Mr. Tompkins came here to buy horses? He came here to see me. Of

course, before he arrived, I thought it possible that he might want to pick up a hunter or so, and I asked the men I knew not to sell him anything that was n't the best. But, dear me! the day he arrived he told me that his father had forbidden his buying horses of any kind, and so I never bothered about the matter again; it quite went out of my head.» Then she looked at the M. F. H. with the faintest gleam in her eyes. «Please take this thing,» she added. He took her wrap and put it on a chair.

«Why, of course,» he said; «nothing could be more natural.»

They could hear all this from the billiard-room.

«Crawford,» called Varick, «are you going to play pool, or do you wish me to telephone for Mrs. Crawford?»

«Coming at once,» replied the M. F. H.

«Varick,» growled Galloway, who was thinking of Vixen's curb, «let's drop Mr. Tompkins and his popularity. It's your shot—hurry up and play!»

MY BEDOUIN FRIENDS.

ADVENTURES OF AN ARTIST IN THE EGYPTIAN DESERT.

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY R. TALBOT KELLY.

WHAT A SAND-STORM IS LIKE.



IN a previous number of THE CENTURY (February, 1897) I gave some insight into the character and habits of the Bedouin.

Probably, with the exception of occasional hunger and thirst, a nomadic life will appear to many to be a rather comfortable kind of existence; and once thoroughly acclimatized, and one's appetite reduced to proper subjection, an investigator might find some justification for this view. There are, however, phases of desert life not only intensely disagreeable, but often dangerous.

Many of my readers have been to Egypt, and in Cairo or up the Nile may have experienced the discomforts of the khamsin; but this can give them little idea of what it is to be caught in a sand-storm in the desert.

The air is hot and sulphurous, while the sun becomes lurid and sickly in its glare. At first the hot wind comes in slight puffs, like breaths from a kiln; but each moment it increases in velocity, carrying with it more and more fine drift-sand, which, blinding the eyes and choking the lungs, gradually produces a most distressing feeling of depression and suffocation. By degrees, as the storm gains strength, little splinters of rock and small pebbles are lifted up and hurled at one like hailstones, cutting the skin like knives,

until eyes and ears are full of blood, unless one has been able to protect himself against the blast. The native *cufia*, or silk scarf, wrapped round the head and face, and leaving only the eyes exposed, is the most effective protection; but the heat is suffocating, and quickly reduces one to impotence. As the storm continues perhaps for several days, the sun becomes totally obscured, while the ever-moving sand gradually assumes the appearance of billows, threatening to overwhelm everything. Nothing can be distinctly seen above or around; and the moving sand-drifts, splashing and breaking like surf upon the rocks, are slowly but surely enveloping everything in camp, and piling up tons of drift against tents and baggage.

Camp-equipage is hastily packed and loaded upon the terror-stricken animals, and the party starts to ride obliquely through the storm toward the nearest high ground or mountain spur. To remain still means to be covered and entombed. Even should waterskins not be cracked or dried up, in any attempt to drink the sufferer absorbs as much dust as water, and his plight is worse than before. Eating is out of the question; smoking is equally impossible. Forty-eight hours have I ridden in such circumstances, changing horses from time to time as they became too much distressed for further use, and until I had hardly power to mount. After such a ride as this it may well be imagined how we relished our first halt in the shelter

of a friendly hill, and enjoyed the luxury of a dish of sour milk, and, above all, a smoke.

Fortunately, the khamsin,¹ though supposed to last for fifty days, is intermittent in its energy, three days' blow being usually followed by a few fine days; and, as a rule, its violence is not sufficient to be a source of danger. As showing the velocity of wind sometimes attained, I remember seeing in the Delta a palm-tree, probably sixty feet in height, bent over by the wind until its crest swept the ground and excavated a large hole in the course of the day. Besides the khamsin, there are other forms of sand-storm, which, though of shorter duration, come with a suddenness and vehemence that almost defy protection. The most curious of these is perhaps what is locally called «a devil»—a sudden gust of wind eddying down the mountain gorges, and bursting on the desert like a whirlwind, carrying pillars of sand with it.

Another curious phase of the sand-storm is one that I experienced in the Libyan desert. The weather was perfectly fine, and I was working comfortably at my picture, when suddenly I noticed on the horizon what appeared to be a cloud, black in its upper region, and orange below. Before I had time to realize what was happening, a blast of cold wind whirled away picture and easel, and enveloped me in dust and flying pebbles. A moment later dust had turned to dropping mud, which in turn gave place to torrential rain, drenching me to the skin, and effectually washing the sand out of my system; after that were peace and genial sunshine once more.

FALCONRY.

ALL kinds of sport appeal to the Arabs and are eagerly followed by them; and of late years the substitution of breech-loading rifles for the antiquated, though picturesque flintlock and cumbersome spear formerly in use has materially increased the variety of game with which they can now successfully hope to cope. Big game is rare in the deserts I have visited, though hyena, jackal, silver fox, and an occasional wolf, often furnish a day's sport, while among the rocky spurs of the Mokattam Hills ibex and wild goat are occasionally to be found.

The deserts abutting upon Egypt abound in gazelle, the hunting of which is the only kind of desert sport I have enjoyed.

One morning, while sitting in Sheik Saoudi-el-Tahowi's lodge preparing for my

¹ Arabic for «fifty».

day's work, his son came in to say that a herd of gazelles had been seen in the vicinity, and that if I would accompany a hawking party just about to start he could promise me some good sport. The medieval flavor of a «hawking party» proved more enticing than the intended sketch, and eagerly accepting his invitation, I followed the young sheik to his «falconry.» This was a small tent surrounded by a compound of durra stalks, in which was a stand of eight or nine beautiful hawks, all closely hooded. On the ground sat their keeper, a huge negro, busily preparing the embroidered-leather gauntlets worn by the huntsmen as a protection against the birds' claws.

Orders having already been given, we were soon mounted and ready for a start. Most of us were on horseback, though one or two rode *hagein*, or swift dromedaries. Each rider carried a hooded hawk on his wrist, and a number of men and boys with greyhounds in leash accompanied us.

One of the sheik's sons, who was riding a camel, certainly merits a little description. Rejoicing in the name Gamil (which, being interpreted, means «beautiful»), young Tahowi evidently had made up his mind to «dress the part.» On his head was a *cufia* of many-colored silks, fringed with gold tassels, and bound round by the *akal*, or rope of brown camel-hair, always worn by the Bedouin. His *arbiyeh*, or outside cloak, was of a deep maroon color, showing just a glimpse of a vest of bright green beneath. The large white sleeves of the caftan, drawn through the *arbiyeh* well over the hands, sparkled like snow in the sunlight, while below appeared riding-boots of yellow leather. No less magnificent than his master, his milk-white camel, resplendent in gay trappings, went mincingly over his purple shadow through the sea of yellow sand.

Having some little distance to go before reaching our quarry, Tahowi beguiled the time in explaining their method of catching and training the hawks. The birds are caught in snares baited with a live pigeon, and after several days of starvation and intoxication with tobacco-smoke they are usually docile enough to be freely handled and begin their training proper. A dummy made of straw and covered with gazelle hide is placed in position, and a piece of meat firmly fixed over the eyes. The bird, which is secured by a long cord fastened to the legs, is then unhooded and allowed to strike its prey, out of which he can get no satisfaction until the

head is reached. The meat being securely fixed, the hawk is unable to enjoy the anticipated feast, and is then drawn back to its captor's hand, who gives it a piece of flesh, its first meal for many days. This process is repeated over and over again until the hawk has learned its twofold lesson: first, always to strike for the eyes, and, secondly, to return to its master.

Suddenly a sharp cry from one of our party signaled that the herd had been sighted, and

utes elapsed from start to finish; but I have a very vivid recollection of our impetuous race—horses snorting, men shouting, and the rush of air in my face, while a couple of hundred yards ahead, the little herd, with a dancing gait in which they hardly seemed to touch the ground, quickly outdistanced us, until the sudden descent of the hawks speedily put an end to their poor little lives and our mad gallop.

I could not repress a feeling of profound



A SAND-STORM.

immediately hawks were unhooded, hounds slipped, and the whole party was at full gallop over the sand. It was very pretty to see the hawks at work. At first, apparently bewildered by the sudden light, they soared aloft as though uncertain what to do; but quickly catching sight of their game, they followed at an incredible speed until within striking distance, when, with a sudden swoop, each settled upon the head of its gazelle and fiercely attacked its eyes. Distressed and half blinded, the little beasts were soon overtaken and pulled down by the hounds; and a moment later the riders were on the scene, in time to save alive the one least hurt, while the others were quickly despatched with hunting-knives.

So rapid was the whole proceeding that probably not more than three or four min-

commiseration for these poor little animals, too delicately made for aught but fondling. However, the meat is good, and our party was sufficiently hungry to enjoy the prospect of our meal. I am glad to say, however, that the one caught alive proved to be but slightly hurt, and a week's gentle treatment sufficed to heal his wounds and make a pet of him; and months afterward I saw this same gazelle gamboling with the children in the tent, and rubbing noses with the very hounds which almost accomplished its destruction.

THE ETIQUETTE OF THE DESERT.

SOCIAL etiquette among the Arabs is a factor in life to be considered seriously if you wish to live among them without friction. Its obligations are not to be completely mastered



«WE WERE SOON MOUNTED AND READY FOR A START.»

in a few months. Sometimes when I have had companions with me presumably thoroughly *au fait* with all things Mohammedan, the harmony of the occasion has been seriously endangered by some thoughtlessness or ignorance on their part, which to the Moslem could appear only as a contemptuous want of consideration. Thus, no greater insult could be offered to an Arab than a friendly inquiry as to the welfare of his wife, to us a natural civility, but to him a gross impertinence bitterly resented. On one occasion I nearly made a similar blunder. I was invited by a neighboring sheik to go over to see him, and was on the point of riding up to his tent door and dismounting there. Fortunately, however, I recollected in time that etiquette demanded that I should halt fifty yards off, and call in a loud voice: «Have I your permission to approach?» This gives time to bundle off any of their womenkind who may be about, preparatory to the admission of the stranger. It is curious, also, to notice that in spite of the real affection existing between father and son, the sense of respect dominates all other feelings, and the sons will never sit at meat with their father in the presence of a guest, but will wait upon both until the father, rising, allows them the opportunity of breaking bread with their visitor.

Provided, however, that you recognize their social customs, my experience has

proved the Bedouin to be genuine, warm-hearted friends; and they really become greatly attached to those whom they know and who know them.

HOW THE SHEIK GAINED HIS POINT.

I SHALL never forget the ecstasy of affection with which, in the intervals of service, Sheik Mansour-abn-Nasrullah's youngest son used to squeeze my hand and exclaim, «Oh, Mr. Kelly!» He was a lovable boy of fourteen, the Benjamin of his tribe, and, while I was with them, my constant attendant.

This boy's grandfather was a wonderful old man of nearly eighty years, almost bedridden.

He had lived as sheik of his tribe in the troublous times of Said Pasha and Ismail, under whom tribes bordering on Egypt held certain lands as forage-ground, in return for occasional military service as irregular cavalry. Ismail's necessities, however, inspired the idea of imposing a tax upon them in addition. Resenting this attempt upon their freedom, the tribes, having burned their crops and buildings, retired far into the desert. An army under a Turkish general was sent in pursuit, but could not come within touching distance of the tribesmen, who, on their fleet horses, were constantly hovering on the army's flanks, and then suddenly disappear-

ing farther into the sandy waste. Having in this way lured the Egyptian troops far beyond their base of communications, old Nasrullah¹ suddenly surrounded the invaders with hordes of his followers, and rode up to interview the general. A parley ensued, in which, with extreme politeness, the Turkish general «regretted» that he had to demand their return and submission to his highness's decree.

Sweeping the horizon with his spear, the old sheik pointed out that the Egyptians were surrounded, and that escape was impossible, adding: «Go tell your master that but for my clemency you and your army would be eaten up; but now I let you go, that he may know that we are willing to be his *friends*, but never his *servants*.»

Returning to Cairo, the general duly reported events, the result being that the tribes were reinstalled in the possession of their lands on the original terms.

This old sheik, though very feeble, mounted his horse and rode out to meet

could have transformed the decrepit old man into the vibrating, enthusiastic warrior I saw before me.

THE TRIBAL BARD.

SITTING in the tent one night, I asked Sheik Mansour if they had no evening amusements, such as singing or dancing.

«What!» he exclaimed, «is not your excellency tired?»

«Not too tired to be amused,» said I.

«Then, *efendim*, perhaps you would like to hear our poet?»

«Certainly; what does he do?»

«Oh, pasha, he sings like the nightingales; he sings the (Song of the Nephaata.) For generations this gift has been with him and his house. Now he is old, but his son follows in his steps and will perpetuate the poetry of our tribe.»

«Does he sing often?»

«No, *efendim*; only when some occasion such as your excellency's visit inspires him.»



HAWKING IN THE DESERT.

me, brandishing his spear, a formidable weapon about sixteen feet long and very heavy; and when I first saw him careering about on his horse, shouting his family war-cry, and wielding the spear which I could hardly lift in one hand, it seemed incredible that the excitement of the moment

¹ Victory of God.

«Indeed? Then perhaps he will sing for me to-night?»

«*Maaloom*» («Certainly»). And off the sheik went to summon the bard.

I had heard of this man before, and awaited events with some curiosity.

Presently, one by one, the head men of the tribe came in, and silently salaaming,

seated themselves round the fire, and waited, expectation written on every countenance, their gleaming eyes and sigh of satisfaction plainly intended to impress me with a proper sense of the treat in store. Presently the bard appeared, accompanied by his son, and, salaams having been exchanged, sat down and prepared for business.

He was an old man, gray-bearded and sundried; and the look of importance upon his brow was repeated in the expression of reflected glory which animated the countenance of his son. Each carried an instrument called *el kemengeh*, a kind of two-stringed fiddle.

Shutting his eyes, and comfortably rubbing his hands together, the old man began, in a harsh, strident voice, to deliver a panegyric upon the song he was going to sing, calling forth repeated ejaculations of "Aiwa," "Yeuss," and other approving signs, from the assembled crowd. After ten minutes of this I became impatient, and exclaimed: "*Idrub el kemengeh ya usta*" ("Play your fiddle, O my master"), whereupon, with sympathetic grunts from all, he began the overture, a weird, wailing melody, to which the son played a kind of second in a minor key which it is impossible to transcribe correctly in our annotation.

Beginning like the sighing of the wind among the palm-trees, it gradually gathered power and volume in a crescendo, then died away again to a breath, playing infinite changes upon the opening theme. The effect was distinctly artistic and quaint, and I was gradually drifting into a state of dreamy imaginings when suddenly the bard broke silence, and in a voice of amazing power and incisiveness began to intone the "Song of the Nephaata."

Going back for generations, the legend described the growing of the parent tribe into a power in Mesopotamia, and how, in course of time, when men and camels and horses were in plenty, the head sheik decided upon

the conquest of Tunis. Admirably accompanied on their instruments, one seemed to hear the hurried riding of messengers despatched to summon distant families; their horses' hoof-strokes gradually dying in the distance until naught was heard but the sighing of the night wind across the desert. Presently from far away was caught the distant thundering of the gathering hordes, gradually approaching nearer and nearer until the volume of sound culminated in a general salutation to the sheik who summoned them. Then came the sheik's exhortation, and the description of their desert

journey, which was to occupy many months.

Incidents by the way—heat, thirst, noise, and dust by day, and the eternal silence of the desert by night, the brightness of the stars, the waxing and waning of the moon, the hardships, excitements, plenty and poverty of condition—were, each in turn, graphically described, to the same weird accompaniment.

Hour after hour this went on, the bard's eye gleaming and his voice growing stronger and

stronger, until I was almost stunned by its thundering monotone. Meanwhile the tribesmen, shifting excitedly in their seats, and uttering quick ejaculations of approval, constituted a scene which kept me spellbound. Eventually, in the narrative, Tunis was reached, and the horde of Arabs encamped beneath its walls.

It was now midnight, and for four long hours I had listened to this wonderful epic; but realizing that I was too thoroughly exhausted for further amusement, I decided to "turn in," and getting up, I left the assembly in the zenith of their excitement and gratification.

As I quietly passed outside, the sheik, hitherto absorbed in the performance, saw me, and suddenly jumping up, exclaimed to the minstrel: "Get out of this, you dog! You have tilled the pasha with your pig's bab-



SHEIK MANSOUR-ABN-NASRULLAH.

bling. Get out of this!» And in a moment heroics gave place to humiliation, and I beheld the venerable bard, till then fairly bursting with pride and importance, ignominiously hustled out of the tent and creeping disconsolately homeward.

Taking it altogether, it was a fine performance, and I can give no idea of the effect produced by its apt accompaniment and quick alterations of pitch, both in voice and instrument, as necessity of description demanded.

This position of tribal bard is hereditary, the singer having no other employment, being supported by the tribe, each member of which contributes to his needs, while the sons are from infancy taught to perpetuate the songs and legends.

THE THIEF-TRACKERS.

ANOTHER curious profession among the Bedouin is that of the «thief-trackers.» Being without paddocks or stables, and their animals always more or less at liberty, theft of stock would appear to be an easy and frequent matter. Each tribe, however, has its little company of «trackers,» and it would be either a bold or an ignorant man indeed who ventured to interfere with an Arab's live stock. I have heard of one instance in which a camel stolen from a camp near Ismailia was, after weeks of labor, successfully tracked to the Sudan, where the beast was recaptured and summary vengeance wreaked upon the robbers. Selected for natural ability, and trained from boyhood to discriminate between each animal's footprint, this faculty becomes so highly developed that a particular horse's or camel's trail is unerringly picked up from among the thousands of impressions on the dusty highway.

CHARMS AND THE EVIL EYE.

LIKE all Mohammedans, the Bedouin are very superstitious, and believe firmly in the power of the «evil eye.» As a protection against this mysterious power, most of them carry charms, usually consisting of passages from the Koran, stitched inside their garments, or similar scrip, inclosed in silver or leather charm-cases, worn round the neck, horses and camels being almost always similarly protected. A horse I was once riding happened to burst the thong by which its charm was suspended, and which was in consequence lost. My Arab friends, much troubled, assured me that the horse was sure to die. Of course I laughed at the idea; but,

sure enough, some days later I heard that the horse *was* dead. The Arabs, of course, attributed its demise to the loss of its sacred protection, though diligent inquiry on my part elicited the fact that it had been cruelly overridden, and had died from exhaustion!

This superstition is one of the many little things to be reckoned with in desert life, as the following experience will show. Sheik Aleywa had a fine black horse, and also a beautiful boy, his youngest son, of whom he was exceedingly fond. This youngster, being a splendid rider, was put upon the fancy horse to give me a «fantasia.» His riding was exceedingly clever, and the horse a beauty; and at the end of the performance I was loud in my praise of both, taking care to add the usual invocation, «Ma'sha'llah,» which, however, the sheik did not hear.

«Take them!» he exclaimed. «Take them both—my son and the horse. They are yours.»

«I cannot, my sheik,» I replied. «I do not want the horse, and could not take your son.»

«You must, efendim,» he urged excitedly; and on my still refusing, he exclaimed in desperation:

«One of you must take them!»

Hereupon one of the bystanders came up and said:

«No evil will befall them, O my father; the pasha said, «Ma'sha'llah.»»

Whereupon the old man, greatly relieved, gave a huge grunt of satisfaction, and led the way to dinner.

I should explain that this expression, «Ma'sha'llah,» may be roughly translated as «May God keep evil from it,» and should always be said after praise of any living thing; otherwise the gift of the animal or being is considered to be the only means of averting the disaster, and perhaps death, sure to result from your omission.

HOSPITALITY AND THE GIVING OF PRESENTS.

I HAVE previously spoken of Arab hospitality and the giving of presents. Many people seem to believe that such acts of grace are done with an ulterior motive and in the hope of a return of favors. So far as I am aware, this idea is entirely wrong. Let me give two instances.

I had ridden to a tent one day to ask for some tobacco, my own stock being exhausted; and in answer to my query the occupant replied that he had tobacco, but it was «not fit for your excellency to smoke.» However, I tried it, and certainly it was not very palat-

able, which my host noticed, and, asking me to lodge with him, said he would send for some. I found, later on, that he had immediately sent a man on camel-back to Zagazig (three days' journey), with instructions to buy an *oke*¹ of the best "Turkish" the town provided.

On another occasion I noticed in a tent a rug made of a kind of felt and painted in a curiously barbaric design. I asked where it came from, and was informed that it was Sudanese. Merely remarking that it was curious, and that I had never before seen one, I dropped the matter. Some months later, after my return to England, I received a bale, forwarded from Cairo, containing three of these rugs! It transpired that my generous host, seeing that I was so interested, had straightway despatched a messenger to the Sudan to get the rugs for me, and had sent them after me to Cairo. Here was a case, at any rate, where even thanks were impossible, and I have never seen this particular Arab since. I am extremely sorry to say, however, that the rugs, when they reached me, were so full of moths that they had to be immediately destroyed, so that I have not been

man is sent on camel-back to deliver it to the first railway he may happen upon, often several days' ride, for which service no payment is expected.

Nearly all urgent messages are performed on camel-back, no other animal being able to cover so great a distance in equal time. Young Tahowi rode on his, one day, from Beni-Ayoub to Ismailia and back, a distance of about sixty miles, between sunset and sunrise; and I believe I am correct in saying that in cases of emergency a well-conditioned hagein will average one hundred miles a day for a fortnight, on a small feed and a little water every third day, though at the end of the journey it would be so worn out and emaciated as to require several months of rest and good feeding before it would recover its former vitality and stamina.

MIRAGES.

No description of desert life would be complete without some reference to the "mirage," a phenomenon of almost daily occurrence. As is well known, it usually takes the form of water; and the illusion is so complete that I



THE "SONG OF THE NEPHAATA."

able to keep this unique example of Arab hospitality.

Another matter in which they give themselves a great amount of trouble is in forwarding your very occasional correspondence. Should you desire to post a letter, a

¹ The *oke*, or *ukkeh*, is equal to about 2½ lbs. *avoirdupois*.

have stood and talked to a man who apparently was standing up to his knees in a lake the ripples of which broke on the sand a few yards from me. The most curious series of mirages I have witnessed, however, occurred when leaving my Arab friends and returning to the Delta. I was being escorted by a party of Hanaardi Arabs, and our destination was



A MIRAGE IN THE "FIELD OF ZOAN."

San-el-Haga (ancient Tanis).¹ From Sheik Aleywa's tent the mounds of ruined Tanis were clearly seen, and appeared only some five or six miles distant. Our road lay through some miles of salt-marshes, after which we emerged upon the "field of Zoan," in Abraham's day one of the most fertile and perfectly cultivated spots in Egypt, now a howling wilderness of rotten earth which will scarcely grow the most hardy weeds.

We had ridden for nearly four hours, and still seemed as far from Tanis as ever, the mounds appearing just as distant as at the start, when, suddenly, a curious "twinkle" of light and landscape occurred, most bewildering to the senses, and before I was able to rub my eyes clear we were standing on the mounds themselves! Crossing the Bahr Fakous,² a deep canal crossed by a ferry, similar phenomena were repeated. Looking westward toward the sun, the plain appeared to

be one huge inland lake, bordered by palm-groves and villages; so real, indeed, was it that we had a little debate as to whether it were possible that the Bahr Yusef might not have burst its banks and flooded the country, and made a wide detour necessary. While debating the subject, I noticed that several of my companions had disappeared, and with them all signs of the mounds of Tanis and the village of San-el-Haga, only about one mile distant. A few moments later I saw them all upside down in the sky, while the riders, on approaching more closely, suddenly righted themselves and stood upon terra firma once more!

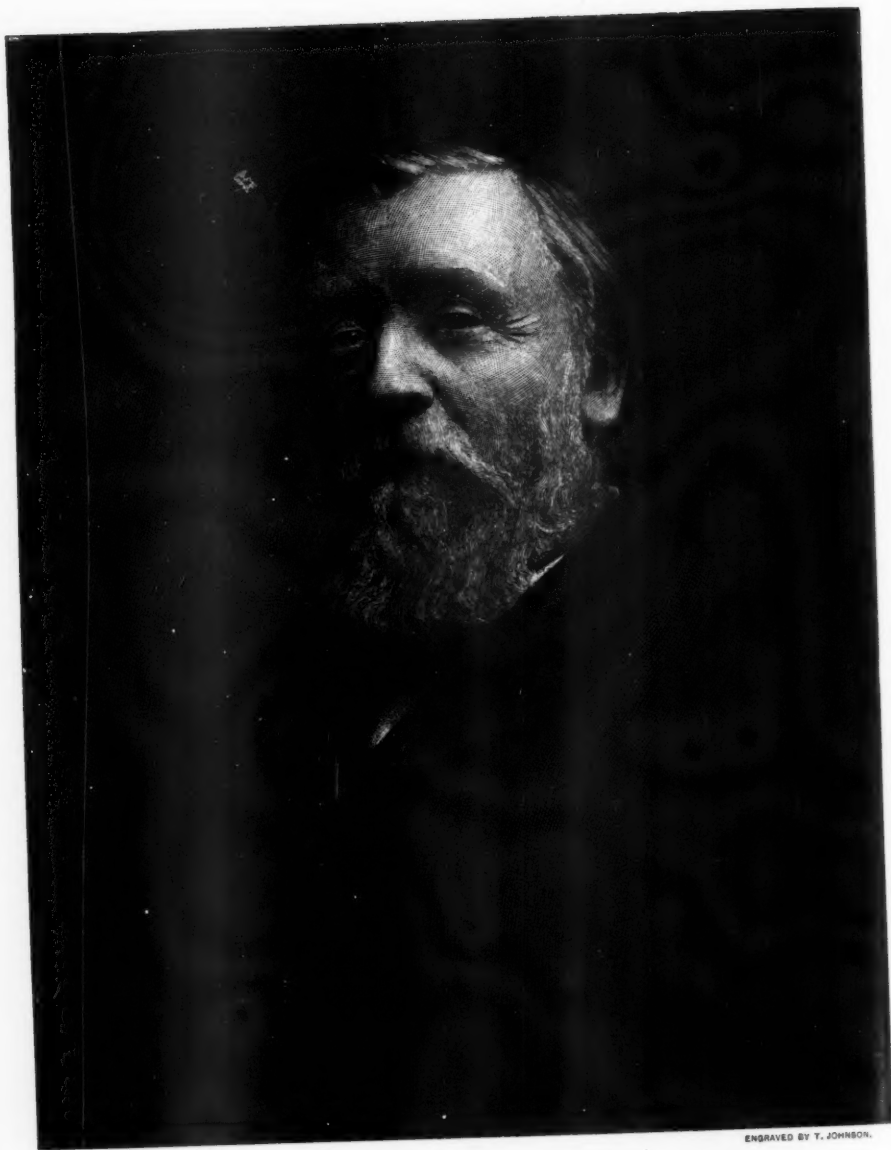
Our flooded plain proved a similar pleasantries of nature, and an hour later we stood upon the banks of the bahr; and as I bade farewell to the friends whose hospitality and kindness had robbed the desert of so much of its hardships, and rendered my life among them one of my happiest experiences, sincere feeling was added to the grace of their adieu: "*Shoof wishuk b'il khare in'sha'llah*" ("Till by the will of God I see your face again in health").³

¹ San-el-Haga, the "Zoan" of Scripture.

² Bahr means "river," a term applied to all the large canals.

³ Or, "in prosperity."





PHOTOGRAPHED BY GEORGE C. COX.

ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

Very Sincerely,
J. R. Lombard.

AN AMERICAN SCHOLAR.

THOMAS RAYNESFORD LOUNSBURY.

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS.

IN a London weekly, a few years ago, a scholar of American birth, but now for more than twoscore years a resident of England, published letters in which he held up to the scorn of his British readers the vocabulary and the grammar of certain living American writers; declaring further that the mistakes of these authors were undoubtedly due to the unfortunate fact that they were Americans; and confessing, moreover, that he also, in writing English, felt himself to be writing a foreign language. Whatever might be thought of the taste or of the truth of this scholar's charges against his fellow-Americans, there was no disputing the justice of his self-accusation; for no foreigner ever wrote more pedantic or contorted English than his. In one of these letters he asserted that Americans were necessarily exposed to the influence of expressions which were «not standard English,» and that, «in short, the language of an American is all but inevitably more or less dialectal»; wherefore it behooves us promptly to take measures that the evolution of the English language in America «be controlled by proficients in knowledge and taste, and not by sciolists and vulgarians.»

I have called the man who uttered these sentiments a scholar,—for what else can any one be termed who has given an immensity of toil to the collection of illustrations of usage?—but the theory underlying these sentiments is wholly unscientific. No trained philologist any longer believes that it is either possible or desirable to give the control of the evolution of the language to «proficients in knowledge and taste.» The latest historian of the English language tells us formally that «the history of the language is the history of corruptions,» and that «the purest of speakers uses every day, with perfect propriety, words and forms which, looked at from the point of view of the past, are improper, if not scandalous. But the blunders of one age become good usage in the following, and in process of time grow to be so consecrated by custom and consent that a return to practices

theoretically correct would seem like a return to barbarism.» Later he tells us that «the language can be safely trusted to take care of itself, if the men who speak it take care of themselves; for with their degree of development, of cultivation, and of character it will always be found in absolute harmony.» Finally the same authority, as though intending to answer the strange assertion of the Anglo-American scholar, declares that the language need not fear the attacks of the sciolists and the vulgarians, since «it is in much more danger from ignorant efforts made to preserve its purity.»

It is from the enlarged, revised, and in fact rewritten edition of Professor Lounsbury's «History of the English Language» that I have made these quotations; and in their union of scientific precision of statement with a wholesome common sense, these quotations, brief as they are, seem to me to be fairly typical of the man from whose book they were selected: for in all his writings no one can fail to note the boldness which is based on a complete mastery of the subject.

Thomas Raynesford Lounsbury was born in the State of New York in 1838, and was graduated from Yale College in 1859. He served three years in the army, being taken prisoner at Harper's Ferry, but being exchanged in time to be present at Gettysburg. In 1870 he was called to Yale, where he is now professor of English in the Sheffield Scientific School. In 1879 he published his «History of the English Language,» promptly adopted as a text-book in the leading colleges of the country, and substantially rewritten for the new edition issued in 1894. To the American Men of Letters Series, edited by Mr. Charles Dudley Warner, he contributed in 1883 the biography of James Fenimore Cooper. In 1891 he sent forth, in three solid tomes, his «Studies in Chaucer»; already for The Century Dictionary he had prepared the Chaucer vocabulary; and he is also editing two poems of Chaucer's—«The House of Fame» and «The Parliament of Foules.» A course of lectures on Shakspeare, delivered in

certain Western and Eastern cities, has not yet been published.

With the increasing specialization of the higher education, most of our colleges wish to rescue the courses of instruction in literature from the hands of the language teachers, in fact restoring the old chair of belles-lettres—of course not as a substitute for philology, but as a supplement to it. While a knowledge of any literature must be based on a certain knowledge of its language, an understanding of linguistic science does not imply an appreciation of literary art. A professor of English is rare who has both philologic training and esthetic perception, as Professor Lounsbury has; and he has also a quality rarer still—the temper of the true scholar.

Accepting our language as a living organism, and thoroughly equipped for its vivisection, Professor Lounsbury is no mere grammarian. Capable of endless and incessant investigation for the settling of disputed points in literary history, he is no mere antiquary. To him research is a labor of love, useful not as an end in itself, but only in the service of a higher cause. He knows the English language as it was and as it is, and he knows English literature, past and present, and he loves them both; and therefore he is able to write about them with the insight and the sympathy of the true critic. Like Lowell, also a teacher of modern literature, Professor Lounsbury has no trace of the pedagogue, no taint of the pedant; and though his wit is less obtrusive than Lowell's, he is none the less certain to relieve a dry subject with dry humor.

Even those who may think that the English language is an arid subject cannot deny that there are many juicy passages in Professor Lounsbury's history of it. Personally I have always agreed with the Scotch gardener to whom an English dictionary had been given, and who reported that it contained "good stories, but unco short." Personally I am always ready for a ramble around the vocabulary; and so I am not an unprejudiced witness, perhaps. But I can affirm, on information and belief, that even those who take little interest in the subject find Professor Lounsbury's "History of the English Language" an eminently readable book. The second part, on the history of inflections, is perhaps of less general interest than the first portion, in which the evolution of English speech is traced; but in both parts the statement is always transparently clear, while the illustrations are delightfully apposite. In

both parts are numberless proofs of Professor Lounsbury's possession of the gift of putting things so that they cling to the memory of the reader; and the temptation to quote abundantly is hard to resist. Here is one needful verity, compactly put: "No tongue can possibly be corrupted by alien words which convey ideas that cannot be expressed by native ones. Yet this elementary truth is far from being universally accepted; for it is a lesson which many learn with difficulty, and some never learn at all, that purism is not purity." And here is another: "It cannot be laid down too emphatically that it is not the business of grammarians or scholars to decide what is good usage. Their function is limited to ascertaining and recording it. . . . It is [the best authors] who settle by their practice what is correct or incorrect, and not the arbitrary pretenses or prejudices of writers on usage or grammar."

It is not a far cry from a history of the English language to a biography of the first American author who gained popularity outside the boundaries of the English-speaking peoples. Irving's "Sketch-Book," begun in 1819, was the earliest book of American authorship to win fame across the Atlantic in Great Britain; but Cooper's "Spy," published in 1821, was the earliest book of American authorship to win fame across the Channel, in France and Germany, in Italy and Spain. When the American Men of Letters Series was planned, no volume was more imperatively demanded than that devoted to Cooper, the more especially as his family, like Thackeray's, interpreted a treasured remark to mean that they must not aid or authorize any official biography. This alleged prohibition made Professor Lounsbury's task at once more difficult and more necessary. In Cooper's case, as in Thackeray's, the biographer has nothing to conceal. A biographer is a trustee for his readers, and he is derelict to his duty if he deprive his *cestui que trust* of one jot or tittle of the whole truth. But he is bound also to spare the reader all insignificant facts. Many recent biographers of authors are mere antiquaries, gathering up the chaff with the wheat, and choking the reader with the dust of their own tedious research. As Carlyle once said, "Rich as we are in biography, a well-written life is almost as rare as a well-spent one." Upon the whole, and despite his petty weaknesses, Cooper's life was well spent; and it has now been well written. Indeed, Professor Lounsbury's "Cooper" seems to me a model biography; for it is founded on documentary investiga-

tion quite German in its thoroughness, and it is written with structural clearness quite French in its delicacy. It presents to us a finished statue of the man, without parading before us the chips and scattered fragments of the studio. And the book is as well written as it is well planned. It is the work of a scholar and a gentleman, honest but courteous, plain-spoken if need be, but civil-tongued always. Professor Lounsbury has something of Cooper's own sturdy Americanism, although he is wholly free from Cooper's pernicky peculiarities, and although he has abundantly the humor of which Cooper was hopelessly devoid.

After writing this account of the career of the man who wrote the first American historical novel, the first sea story, and the first tale of the forest and the prairie, Professor Lounsbury returned to his study of the man Lowell called «the first great poet who has treated To-day as if it were as good as Yesterday.» But the projected work grew on his hands until at last it appeared, at the end of 1891, in three stately tomes. The author was rewarded for his delay by the welcome his work received from the public at large, and from the specialists who could best testify to its excellence. By all it was accepted as the most important contribution yet made by an American scholar to the great unwritten history of English literature.

The three volumes of «Studies in Chaucer» contain eight separate essays. The desire to disentangle the few known facts of the life of Chaucer from the many vague fancies of the legend which has masqueraded as the biography of the poet, the wish to set the brief account of Chaucer's birth and wanderings and death on a firm foundation of scientific research, led Professor Lounsbury to devote his first essay to the actual life of the poet, and his second to the legend which has encompassed it about, tracing every unsupported suggestion to its source, and showing, once for all, upon what slight authority it rests. The next essays consider in turn the text of the poet, the list of his writings, and the question of his authorship of the translation of the «Romaunt of the Rose.» And over this last question there is still waged a battle among experts more fearful than that which raged over the body of Achilles; into it no layman need enter here, but even a hasty reader can see that Professor Lounsbury is well equipped for the fight, and can give a good account of himself when attacked. In the subsequent essays we have a consideration of the extent of Chaucer's learning,

which is shown to be much less than many pretend, just as Shakspeare's is also; for both poets had wisdom and what may be called intuitive knowledge, but neither was remarkable for «book-learning.» They were poets, both of them; they were literary artists; they were neither of them scholars.

It is to a consideration of Chaucer's art that the final essay is devoted, its immediate predecessors being on the poet's relation to the religion of his time and to the English language, and on the history of his literary reputation. Professor Lounsbury shows us that, however much he may have been misunderstood at times, Chaucer has had a continuous popularity, and that he has successfully met «the three tests of enduring fame—the opinion of contemporaries, the opinion of foreign nations, the opinion of posterity.» That the earliest great poet of the English language should have become the prey of grammarians and the sport of critics is odd enough; but it is not as extraordinary as that the author whom Lowell declared to be «one of the world's three or four great story-tellers» should lack adequate recognition for his preëminent merits as an artist for nearly five hundred years after his death. Yet this is the fact. Chaucer was supremely the artist «in the fabrication of his verse as well as in the construction of his plot and the telling of his story. . . . The story of his literary life is, in fact, a story of steady growth, in which he gradually rose superior to the taste of his time, proved all things, found out that which was true, and held fast to that which was good. In the various eulogistic tributes that have been paid to the poet, it is rare that [this technical excellence] has received even cursory notice. In none of them has it ever been credited with its full significance.»

No chapter in Professor Lounsbury's book is more skilfully prepared, or more welcomed by all who appreciate and admire literary art, than this last, in which he proves his assertion that Chaucer is supremely the artist, both in versification and in story-telling. That the poet's supremacy as a story-teller has not been more widely recognized is due perhaps to the general neglect of narrative art in nearly all British criticism. There are great novelists, no doubt, in English literature—perhaps as great as in any other literature; but there are few great story-tellers, few writers who understood the principles of selection and composition, few real masters of narrative. Mr. Howells once wondered how it was that, after we had

seen the refined and delicate fictions of Jane Austen, we could ever allow ourselves to accept the vulgar and violent caricatures of Dickens; and the wonder is greater that the people for whom Chaucer once wrote his shapely and vigorous tales can now tolerate that sprawling invertebrate, the modern British novel. At his best Chaucer was one of the greatest of English story-tellers, as at his best he was one of the greatest of English poets. As a story-teller and as a poet he was straightforward. «What he has to say he says in a thoroughly natural manner, without the slightest attempt to produce an impression.» One other quotation from this chapter I must permit myself: «Poetry has failed of its mission when its language, like that of diplomacy, is used to conceal thought.»

Throughout these «Studies in Chaucer» Professor Lounsbury adopts the spelling of «ryme,» which frees it from the obtrusive *h* foisted into the word most superfluously some time in the seventeenth century; and Professor Lounsbury always performs gladly that duty which lies upon every single student of English speech, to do whatever he can, whenever he can, to bring back our English spelling into the right path. One of the most eloquent passages in these three volumes, and one of the most convincing, is a plea for the simplification of our orthography. Spelling reform has no advocate better equipped than he, or more earnest in the cause. Again and again has he made merry with the amateur philologists who erect their own prejudices into an eternal law, and who profess to detect a subtle beauty in the ridiculous *b* in «debt,» or in the still more absurd *p* in «comptroller.» Although he treats them always with courtesy, he has little patience with the literary men who dabble in linguistics, a class of which Trench and Alford may be taken as types, both of them authors of books about words, narrow-minded originally, and now hopelessly belated. It cannot be easy for a trained student of English to be tolerant toward those who accept the Johnsonian canon of orthography, and therefore shiver at the suggestion of dropping the unjustifiable *u* from «neighbor» or the misleading *g* from «sovereign.» Indeed, to a scientific etymologist the misfit spelling of the modern dialect story is not more ludicrous than the accepted orthography.

It is greatly to be regretted that Professor Lounsbury has not yet gathered into a single volume his scattered essays on linguistic topics, now sunk in the swift oblivion

of the back number. Especially worthy of revival are two sets of papers prepared about fifteen years ago, one set for this magazine, on «Spelling Reform,» and the other for the defunct «International Review,» on «The English Language in America.» To both of these series of papers I am glad to confess my own great indebtedness. In these linguistic essays, as elsewhere, Professor Lounsbury bears his learning lightly; but the critics who come to try a fall with him must needs have practised in the schools, or they will lie with their mother earth. The papers on «Spelling Reform» show that he has not merely learning, but also the rarer quality, wisdom. They reveal, too, his possession of a full share of the humor which is every American's birthright. It is pleasant to be able to record that our English scholars have nearly all of them—Lowell most abundantly, but also Child and Furness—the sense of humor which prevents their lapsing into pedantry. This saving grace is nowhere more needful than in any discussion of the barbarities of modern English orthography, than which, indeed, even the Great American Joke is not more laughter-provoking.

The wholesome humor of the papers on «Spelling Reform» is to be found also in the papers on «The English Language in America,» wherein he faces those who have cast aspersions on our parts of speech. The frequent talk about the degradation of the language, particularly in this nineteenth century, and more particularly in these United States, is, for the most part, as silly as it is shrill. Professor Whitney recorded his opinion that there has been perhaps less change in the English language during the last forty years than in any half-century of its history. Of course the vocabulary is increasing with marvelous rapidity, as we can all see; and though we Americans are not so prone to the pastime as our kin across the sea, it would be as easy for us to decry many a Britishism of recent invention as it is for them to denounce the latest Americanism, especially as the latter often turns out to have a most venerable English pedigree. Upon this subject Professor Lounsbury has written with unfailing humor and with abundant knowledge of the principles which govern the development of the language.

He has as little liking for the silly spread-eagleism which declares that we do not care for abroad as he has for the feeble colonialism which takes all its opinions second-hand from the other side of the Atlantic. His attitude is not unlike Roger Sherman's, who,

when some irate member of the Continental Congress in 1776 moved the abolition of the English language in America, seconded the motion, with the amendment that we compel the British to learn Greek, and keep English for ourselves.

In fact, whether the subject he is treating be linguistic or literary, whether it be spelling reform or the English language, whether it be the prose novels of Cooper or the poetic

tales of Chaucer, Professor Lounsbury handles it with the same firm grasp, with the same understanding and sanity, with the same wholesome good humor. A scholarship as wide as it is deep, a common sense as unusual as it is vigorous, a humor unfailing always, and never obtruded or beyond control—these are characteristics not often found together; and they are to be found in all of Professor Lounsbury's works.

VITA BENEFICA.

BY ALICE WELLINGTON ROLLINS.¹

ON softest pillows my dim eyes unclose,
 No pain—delicious weariness instead;
 Sweet silence broods around the quiet bed,
 And round me breathes the fragrance of the rose.
 The moonlight leans against the pane and shows
 The little leaves outside in watchful dread
 Keeping their guard, while with swift noiseless tread
 Love in its lovelier service comes and goes:
 A hand I love brings nectar; near me bends
 A face I love: ah! it is over! this
 Indeed is heaven. Could I only tell
 The timid world how tenderly Death sends
 To drooping souls the soft and thrilling kiss!—
 And then I woke—to find that I was well!

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S VISITING-CARD.

THE STORY OF THE PAROLE OF A CONFEDERATE OFFICER.

BY JOHN M. BULLOCK.

IN the early summer of 1864, my eldest brother, Waller R. Bullock of Kentucky, was wounded and captured while acting as captain of a detachment of General John H. Morgan's dismounted Confederates at Mount Sterling, Kentucky, Morgan's men being defeated by the troops of General Stephen G. Burbridge of the Union army. After having been left for dead upon the battlefield, and finally brought back to life in an almost miraculous manner, he was allowed, through the kind efforts of some of my father's Union friends, to be carried to the home of a relative and cared for until he

was in a condition to be sent to prison at Johnson's Island, near Sandusky, Ohio. After his removal to prison, we often received letters from him, telling us of his daily life of enforced idleness, but nothing regarding his health that caused us any uneasiness until the cold and icy winds of winter had set in. Then it was he wrote of a cough and some slight indisposition, but nothing that could awaken the watchfulness of even a mother's love. Early in February, 1865, Colonel Holliday of Kentucky, a Confederate officer, came through Baltimore on special exchange. My father, the Rev. Dr. Bullock, had left Kentucky at the beginning of the war, and accepted a call to the Franklin Street Presbyterian Church of Baltimore,

¹ This poem was written by Mrs. Rollins in her last illness, at a time when she believed herself recovering. She died on Sunday, December 5, 1897.

where he resided for ten or eleven years. He afterward removed to Alexandria, Virginia, where he resided when he was elected chaplain of the United States Senate. Later he made his home in Washington city. Colonel Holliday took tea with us the evening of his arrival; but although we asked him many questions regarding my brother's condition of health, he gave us no cause for alarm, only telling us that he suffered occasionally from his wounds, which had not entirely healed, and was troubled more or less by a cough. After bidding the family good-by, he requested me to walk with him to Barnum's Hotel, as he was not familiar with the streets of our city. After leaving the house, he delivered to me a message from my brother, to the effect that he was a very sick man, and had not long to live, owing to trouble with his wounds and a severe attack of pleurisy and pneumonia. As I was the only son living at home, he had sent this word to me in order that I might break the sad news to my parents. My mother being an invalid, it was my brother's wish that the information should be given to her in such a way as to alarm her as little as possible. That night I lay awake, in deepest anxiety and perplexity as to what was the best course to pursue to keep my mother in ignorance of my brother's real condition while I could put into execution some plan that would enable me to win the race from death. Though a school-boy at the time, my mind was made up before the morning dawned; and so, after a few hours of troubled slumber, I arose, dressed myself with unusual care, ate my breakfast, and then took my way, not to school, but to the station of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad; and in about an hour I was in Washington city.

As soon as I arrived in the capital I inquired the way to the home of Postmaster-General Montgomery Blair. Mr. Blair was a relative of my mother's, and had been a classmate of my father's at Transylvania University, Lexington, Kentucky, when they were both young lads. I found Mr. Blair at home, and apparently not very busy. In a few words as possible I stated the object of my visit—namely, that I desired to secure from President Lincoln the release from prison, upon parole, of my brother, Waller R. Bullock, who was sick and wounded; and that the first step toward the accomplishment of my mission was an introduction to Mr. Lincoln through some influential person or common friend. I further informed him that I had come to request his good offices in the matter of the introduction to the President.

Mr. Blair's reception of me had been most cordial; but as soon as he learned the true object of my visit, the warmth of his manner visibly cooled, and in very decided language he said: «Such a request to the President will be altogether useless. I can assure you that there are many members of Congress, and others high in authority, that would be glad to have their friends and relatives released from prison on such terms as you ask, and are unable to accomplish it. Don't bother your head about such matters, my son. Come, take your lunch with us, and then go out and see some of the sights of Washington; and I assure you it will be time far more profitably spent than in seeking an interview with the President that will do you no sort of good.» In a most emphatic manner I declined both Mr. Blair's advice and hospitality; and learning that Mr. Lincoln was that morning holding a levee at the White House, I took my leave of the Postmaster-General, after thanking him for all he had done for me, and strolled over in that direction. I had never before been present at a Presidential reception, and the sight was indeed a novel one.

Mr. Lincoln was standing in the center of one of the small rooms—the «Blue Room.» I believe; and near him, and a little in his rear, were Mrs. Lincoln and some half-dozen ladies, wives of members of the cabinet. In animated conversation with Mrs. Lincoln and her guests were a number of officers of the army and navy, several generals and admirals among them. The President stood alone. There were no introductions. Each person came up and shook his hand, and passed on to give place to those that followed. During this ceremony the Marine Band, stationed in the «East Room,» played for the marching throng. I had noticed one thing of which I had determined to take advantage. In the interval between the time the band ceased to play one selection and the beginning of another piece, the people stopped passing through the Blue Room, and for the time being left the President entirely alone. He stood with his hands clasped in front of him, his head slightly bowed, in his eyes that far-away look so often spoken of by those who knew him well. I thought this a splendid opportunity to get speech of him. Had I been older, I should not have thrust myself upon him at such a time; but youth does not stop to inquire too closely into the courtesies of life. Just as the band ceased playing, I stepped up to Mr. Lincoln, shook him by the hand, and said: «Mr. President, I am a son of the Rev.

Dr. Bullock of Baltimore, whom you know; and I have come to ask that you will parole my brother, Waller R. Bullock, who is a Confederate lieutenant, now in prison at Johnson's Island, wounded and sick.» I of course supposed Mr. Lincoln would reply to my petition by granting it or dismissing me with a refusal. But ignoring what I had said altogether, he asked in quite a loud voice—enough so to attract the notice of all those about him: «You are a nephew of John C. Breckinridge, ain't you?» «Yes, sir,» I replied. «Then I suppose, when you are old enough, you will be going down to fight us,» said Mr. Lincoln, in rather a laughing tone. «Yes, sir,» I replied; «I suppose, when I am old enough, I will join the army.» Mr. Lincoln seemed to be somewhat amused at my answer, and placing his hand upon my shoulder, said in a kind, fatherly way: «My son, you come back here at four o'clock this afternoon, and I will see you then.» I could see, from the cessation of all conversation by the persons about the President, including both Mrs. Lincoln and her guests, that they were interested listeners to our interview.

As the first person came up to take Mr. Lincoln's hand after the band began to play once more, I retired, bowing myself out, only too well pleased to have an engagement with so important a person as the President of the United States, the man who held the life of my brother in his keeping. Thinking I would speak to the doorkeeper at the main entrance of the mansion as to my prospects of gaining admittance to Mr. Lincoln's presence, at four o'clock, I asked that official how it would be, telling him what the President had said. «He just said that to keep from hurting your feelings, young fellow; for I have positive orders from Mr. Lincoln in person to close these doors at two o'clock sharp, and not allow anybody to come in—not even members of the cabinet.» I had more confidence in Mr. Lincoln's word than the doorkeeper of the White House, and went my way without fear and full of hope. After satisfying a growing boy's appetite at Willard's Hotel,—a matter of time,—I counted the minutes until the hour named.

As I approached the White House, to my surprise and gratification I saw Mr. Lincoln standing upon the west end of the front portico, with his son Robert by his side. Robert, then a lad, had lately been appointed assistant adjutant-general and assigned to duty with General Grant; and he and his father, I discovered, were negotiating for the pur-

chase of a horse suitable for service in the field. As I stepped up and took a position near the President, an orderly was in the act of riding a stylish-looking animal up and down one of the driveways in front of the mansion. I stood silently by, listening to the comments of the quiet, businesslike father and the more enthusiastic son, until suddenly Mr. Lincoln turned to where I stood, and said: «My son, you are a Kentuckian, and ought to know something about the value of horses. Tell me, what do you think that one is worth?» pointing to the animal in question. I replied, «I should like to see how he is gaited, sir, before I decide.» «Ride that horse around a little more,» called the President to the orderly, «and let us see how he goes.» After looking him over for a few minutes, and noticing the fact that he was a fairly good saddle-horse, I gave my opinion that he was worth about one hundred and fifty dollars. My decision seemed to have coincided with that of Mr. Lincoln; for he said in a rather loud voice, easily heard by the rider, who had stopped his horse near the end of the portico: «Just what I said he was worth—just what I offered him; but he wanted two hundred dollars for him—more than I thought he was worth.» In a few moments, however, the sale was made at the President's figure; and, seemingly much to Robert's delight, the horse was ordered to be delivered to the White House stables. Upon the conclusion of the purchase, Mr. Lincoln walked slowly to the main entrance and passed in, saying to me as he did so, «Follow me, my son.» Very deliberately Mr. Lincoln mounted the stairway, and as he gained the hallway above looked around to see if I had accompanied him. Then, opening a door to his right, we went into an office where was seated John Hay, secretary to Mr. Lincoln, before a large open fire, writing busily. Mr. Lincoln said, «Take a seat, my son; I will be back in a few moments»; and picking up a small package of mail from the desk near him, opened a door to the adjoining office and went out, leaving me to the companionship of Mr. Hay, who soon retired as if on important business.

I occupied myself during Mr. Lincoln's brief absence in trying to collect my thoughts and prepare a set speech to pour into his sympathetic ears. Suddenly the door opened, and the tall form of the President, six feet four inches in height, towered above me. Closing the door quietly behind him, he drew the largest of the easy-chairs to one side of the glowing log fire, and sitting down, leaned his

elbow on the arm toward me, and said, «Now, my son, what can I do for you?» You will note that all through my interviews with Mr. Lincoln he never addressed me without using the words—very kindly they sounded, too—«my son.» Where now was my set speech? That I never knew. All I saw before me was a kind, sorrowful face, ready to listen to my story. I was not in the least embarrassed, as I supposed I should be, and at once began to tell Mr. Lincoln what I had come to ask of him. I said: «Mr. President, I have come to ask you to parole my brother, Lieutenant Waller R. Bullock, from Johnson's Island, where he is sick and wounded. He is extremely ill, and I want you to release him so that he may be brought home to die.» I knew what he would ask me the first thing, and my heart sank as I heard the fateful question put. «Will your brother take the oath?» said Mr. Lincoln. «No, sir; he will not,» I replied. «He will have to die in prison if that is the only alternative.» «I cannot parole him,» said the President. «I should like to do so; but it is impossible unless he will take the oath.» I replied: «Mr. Lincoln, my brother is very ill, and cannot live long in his present condition; and it would be a great comfort to our invalid mother to have him brought home so that he can be tenderly nursed until he dies.» «My son,» said Mr. Lincoln, «I should like to grant your request, but I cannot do it. You don't know what a pressure is brought to bear upon me in such matters. Why, there are senators and members of Congress that would be glad to have their relatives and friends paroled on such terms as you ask, and cannot accomplish it.» (The same words used by Mr. Blair.) Though somewhat disheartened, I again repeated the story of my brother's extreme illness, and the comfort it would be to my mother to have him with her in his dying condition. I said: «Mr. Lincoln, this is a case of life and death. If my brother remains much longer in prison on that bleak, dreary island, exposed to all the severity of an exceptionally cold winter, he cannot last very much longer. You are the only person in the United States that can do absolutely as you please in such matters; and you can release him if you desire to do so, no matter what people say or think.» Mr. Lincoln had so often said that it was impossible for him to parole Waller that I felt my last chance to gain his consent to my petition was to appeal to him as the court of last resort, and throw the consequences of refusal upon him personally. Finally Mr.

Lincoln sank into a state of deep meditation. He sat with his elbows on his knees, his face in his hands, and gazed long and intently into the great wood fire. He was not a handsome man; neither was he a graceful one. His appearance when in repose was rather dull and listless. Indeed, I was struck with his awkwardness while receiving the guests at his levee, walking upstairs, and sitting in his chair. His hair was cut unevenly on the back of his head, his features were rugged, and he had evidently paid but little regard to his tailor. I noticed how large his hands and feet were, how loosely his black suit hung upon his immense frame. And then, too, as I have before remarked, he had that far-away look in his eyes so often spoken of by those who knew him intimately during those awful years of blood and carnage, when his great soul was wrung with the anguish of a nation at war with itself.

Suddenly, without warning, and when, from his long silence, I had concluded my cause was lost, Mr. Lincoln sprang to his feet, his whole being alert, his eyes no longer dull, but clear and strong with the light of intense feeling and power, all the awkwardness gone, his face not handsome, but full of strength and intelligence, making it a pleasant face to look upon—one a child would not refuse to caress. Straightening himself to his full height, he brought his clenched hand down upon the desk with a bang, and said, as he looked me full in the face, «I'll do it; I'll do it!» Walking over to his desk, he picked up a small paper card-case which held visiting-cards such as ladies generally use. Mr. Lincoln held it between his first finger and thumb up to his ear, and shook it to see if there were any cards left. I could distinctly hear the rattle of a single card. Finding what he was looking for, the President sat down, and placing the card before him, wrote very slowly and deliberately. I supposed he was writing an order to some clerk, or to John Hay, to have the parole papers made out. Such was my ignorance of the forms necessary to liberate prisoners that I imagined I should see a large official document with signatures and counter-signatures, seals, etc. Therefore I was much surprised when Mr. Lincoln arose, and, holding the card between his forefinger and thumb, read it aloud to me as follows:

Allow Lieut. Waller R. Bullock to be paroled and go to his parents in Baltimore, and remain there until well enough to be exchanged.

A. LINCOLN.

Mr. Lincoln then held out the card to me; and seeing that I was somewhat disappointed in the size of the document, and hesitated to accept it, he said, as a smile played about the corners of his mouth: "That 'll fetch him; that 'll fetch him." I thanked the President with all the warmth of my being. I felt that by the act of clemency he had just shown my brother had a chance for his life, and that it was to Mr. Lincoln's kindness of heart and love of humanity that I owed the success of my mission. After once more expressing my thanks to the President, and assuring him of the gratitude of my father and mother and of our entire family, I prepared to take my leave, filled with joy. After handing me the card, Mr. Lincoln drew up one of the easy-chairs before the fire, and throwing himself into a comfortable position, began to ask me several questions. Said he: "Do you ever hear from your uncle John C. Breckinridge?" "Yes, sir," I replied; "we hear once in a while from prisoners coming through on special exchange; and sometimes we have been enabled to receive letters via City Point by flag of truce." "Well," said Mr. Lincoln, "I was fond of John, and I was sorry to see him take the course he did. Yes, I was fond of John, and regret that he sided with the South. It was a mistake." And then he made some further remarks about my uncle which showed his kind feeling for him. He also referred to his visit to Kentucky soon after his marriage, and the pleasant recollection he had of that period. (He had spent a few weeks in Fayette County at my grandfather Bullock's, whose second wife was an aunt of Mrs. Lincoln.) Altogether he was very kind, and I left the White House with my heart overflowing with gratitude to the President. One incident took place during my visit that goes to show how true and genuine was Mr. Lincoln's feeling of kindness toward others. Just as he was in the act of writing my brother's order of release on that little card, his son Robert came in, full of enthusiasm over the good qualities of his recent purchase. He was leaning over the back of his father's chair, and talking rapidly about his horse, when, suddenly remembering something he had forgotten to communicate, he said: "Father, Governor Hicks is dying." Senator Hicks was an ex-governor of Maryland, and had been very ill for some days. Mr. Lincoln paused in his writing for a moment, and said in very sympathetic tones, without looking up: "Poor Hicks! Poor Hicks! Robert, order

the carriage; I must go and see Governor Hicks."

In my haste to carry the good news to my parents, I arose from my seat at the first pause in the conversation, and bowed myself out of Mr. Lincoln's presence. I found the doorkeeper still on guard at the main entrance; and as he unlocked and unbarred the door he said: "It was well the President was out on the portico buying that horse, or you would never have entered these doors."

The night I reached home, a number of gentlemen were collected in my father's study. The success of my mission was the theme of conversation, and it was decided unanimously that I was the proper person to convey that parole to Johnson's Island, and bring my brother home. Mr. Henry Garrett, a brother of John W. Garrett, president of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, was one of those present. He was a true friend of our family, and kindly gave me a letter of introduction, which was directed "To All Railroad Employees," and was as follows:

This will introduce to your favorable notice our young friend Mr. John M. Bullock, who is traveling with a sick brother. Any attention that you may show him will be highly appreciated by

ROBERT GARRETT AND SONS.

Had I known how to use that letter, I would have ridden free from Baltimore to Johnson's Island and return, such was the power of the Garretts during the war; but, being young, I failed to appreciate the true import of the communication, so learned its value only when too late to be of service. I found that Mr. Lincoln's name was a power wherever I went. That little card was an "open sesame"; and wherever and whenever I showed the signature "A. Lincoln," that settled the matter, and all further discussion ceased. As I stepped upon the ice to cross from Sandusky to Johnson's Island, a guard standing near by said, "Where are you going?" I replied, "To Johnson's Island, to see Colonel Hill." "You had better obtain a permit first," said he. I handed him Mr. Lincoln's card. As soon as he saw the order signed by Mr. Lincoln, he very politely remarked that I was "free to go over to the island," and pointed out to me the shortest route across. The ice was from three and a half to four feet thick, and heavy army-wagons were hauling freight to and from the island. Upon my arrival at Colonel Hill's headquarters, I was introduced to him by a young lieutenant named Phillips, whom I had met while he was in charge of prisoners

brought through Baltimore from Johnson's Island on special exchange. I handed the colonel Mr. Lincoln's card. He took it, glanced carelessly at the writing; but his indifference lasted only for a moment, for as soon as he saw and realized what the order was,—the release of a Confederate officer on parole, no oath required of him, and limited to the city of Baltimore,—he was a truly astonished man. «Well,» said he, «this is the first time such an order has been received at this prison since the war began. However, this is the President's handwriting—this is Mr. Lincoln's own signature, for I know it well. But, by Heaven! sir, I can't understand it. It is unusual, sir, to parole a prisoner on such terms.»

Just as we were leaving Colonel Hill's office, I asked him, as a favor, to give me the card on which President Lincoln had written the order for my brother's parole, so that I might keep it as a memento of my visit to Washington and its important results. Colonel Hill declined to accede to my unbusinesslike request, and said: «No, sir; I cannot part with this document, as it contains my authority for releasing your brother from prison, and will be retained and filed with all other papers relating to the affairs of this office.» But the official papers, granting the parole, were gratefully received, and proved to be an inviolable protection.

It was indeed a race with death to get my brother home before disease overcame all that was left of a once healthy man, worn to a skeleton from the effects of wounds and, later, pleurisy and pneumonia. The trip from Sandusky to Baltimore in the depth of a severe winter was a truly trying one, and a week was required to accomplish it. Upon our last night out, February 21, 1865, we stopped at Cumberland, Maryland, the trains of the Baltimore and Ohio not venturing to run at night, owing to the frequent attacks by Confederate rangers whenever they attempted it. There was a Union force of about five thousand men in and about Cumberland, commanded by Major-General Crook. General Kelley was also stationed at this point as second in command. General Crook's headquarters were at the Revere House, while General Kelley's were at the City Hotel, three or four doors below. Upon our arrival at Cumberland, my brother's Confederate uniform at once attracted attention, and it was not long before several Union officers called upon us, and asked to see by what authority a Confederate officer

was traveling free over the country. As always, when they found that his parole was given by authority of that magic name «A. Lincoln,» they bowed themselves out of the room.

I did not retire until late, the only creature visible being a little dorky lying curled up, sound asleep, in an arm-chair before the stove. It must have been scarcely daylight when I was awakened by some one blowing the fire in my room. I looked up, and saw the same little dorky blowing the kindling into a blaze. He was kneeling before the grate; and after blowing a long breath he would sit back upon his heels, throw his head up, and grin from ear to ear. He went through this pantomime several times, evidently believing both my brother and myself to be asleep. Suddenly I called out to him, «What are you laughing at, sir?» In a second he wheeled around, and said: «Boss, de rebels done come in here las' night, and stole Generals Crook and Kelley clean away.» Before I could reply by asking particulars, a new messenger from the seat of war rushed upstairs, dashed past my room, and, knocking on my neighbor's door, cried out in a gasping voice, as if he had been running for his life: «The rebels came in here last night, and captured Generals Crook and Kelley.» It was the same information given us by the little dorky, but couched in slightly different language. Our next-door neighbor, leaping from his bed, landed in the middle of the room at one bound; and his informer rushed down the hallway, shouting his evil tidings to the half-awakened inmates of the hotel. Immediately drums began to beat, bugles to sound the alarm, and men galloped by on horseback, singly and in squads. All was uproar and confusion. In a few minutes after I had finished my toilet, and while my brother was lying on the sofa ready dressed for traveling, several officers came up to reexamine his parole papers, thinking that possibly he might be connected with the capture.

Lieutenant McNeill of the Confederate army, with only ten or a dozen men, had entered Cumberland during the small hours of the night, and going quietly to the rooms of the two generals in command, one at the Revere House, and the other at the City Hotel,—after having first captured the sentinels posted in front and rear of the two houses,—ordered them to arise, put on their clothes, except boots, make not the slightest unnecessary sound, and follow them. In the rear of the City Hotel they found the rest of the squad awaiting them. The generals were

placed on the horses of their captors, while the Confederates took the fresher and finer animals belonging to their captives, and quietly and quickly rode out of the town and off to the mountains. The intense cold weather aided the Confederates in their daring adventure; for the guards were probably not looking for their enemies, and had sought shelter in some place of warmth. A curious feature of the affair was the fact that General Kelley was to marry the daughter of his host of the City Hotel, Mr. Dailey, on the next night after his capture; all the preparations had been made for the wedding; and, to make the matter still more annoying, young Dailey, brother of the prospective bride, Confederate soldier, was the leader and guide for Lieutenant McNeill, thus making it easy for him to discover the room occupied by General Kelley. The little darky at the Revere House, with a pistol to his ear, and a promise of being skinned alive if he opened his mouth until daybreak, piloted Lieutenant McNeill to General Crook's apartment. History informs us that in a few months, after the two generals had been exchanged,—the captivity was very short,—the gallant Kelley returned and completed the nuptials so ruthlessly disturbed by his future brother-in-law.

Much has been said and written in regard to Mr. Lincoln's character for kindness, his disposition to be merciful, his gentleness toward those in trouble, his leniency to those in distress, his clemency, and desire, when possible, to pardon those who were condemned to death. All this is no doubt true. The testimony of those who knew him best confirms all that can be said in his praise as to the noble nature of the man. I wish, however, to bear witness to one fact regarding Mr. Lincoln that impressed me, boy as I was, in a marked degree during my interviews with him. Before approaching the President I felt a natural diffidence, not to say awe, of the man who was Chief Executive of the nation, commander-in-chief of the army and navy, as well as the man who held the life of my brother in his keeping. To a boy of fifteen this feeling was only natural. The closer I approached the great man, however, the less I feared him, the higher my courage rose; and before the interview was over I was as much at my ease with President Lincoln as if talking to my own father. The reasons for this are to be found in just the qualities of heart with which he is accredited, and rightly so, by all the world.

No sooner had he laid his hand upon my shoulder and said, "My son," than I felt drawn to him, and dreaded less and less the interview he had granted me; and each successive question he asked put me more at my ease, until, when I was alone with him in his private office, all my embarrassment vanished, and I saw before me the countenance of a man I could trust, one which invited confidence. And thus it was that I saw this man at the head of a great nation engaged in the most stupendous war in the history of the world. All of his hours were spent in labor. His time was priceless. Senators, representatives in Congress, ambassadors of foreign courts, officers of the army and navy, were anxious and pressing for an interview, however brief; members of the cabinet were debarred, according to the testimony of the doorkeeper. And yet, at such a time, this man of the people, this man among men, with the burden of a nation at war upon his shoulders, his mind bowed down by such responsibilities as no man ever bore alone since the world began,—not even Napoleon at the height of his fame,—left all these mighty questions and affairs of state long enough to enter into the pleasure of his soldier boy; long enough to give ear to the petition of a young lad praying for a brother's life—and that brother, in his eyes, an enemy of the state; long enough to leave his home to go and pay respect to a dying friend in his last hours. Such was Abraham Lincoln as I saw him in 1865.

Mr. Lincoln was slain by a madman. No section should be held responsible for such a deed. The South mourned as truly for his death as did the North. The assassination of Mr. Lincoln deprived that portion of our country of a protector both able and willing to stand their friend during all those days of struggling poverty and misery consequent on four years of war.

None more truly felt genuine sorrow for the death of Mr. Lincoln than my father and his family. To each one of us it came as a personal loss. And when, as one man, the nation bowed its head in the presence of death, and with mournful hearts and kindly hands draped its homes with the trappings of woe, no heart in all the land beat with truer sympathy, and no hands touched with greater reverence the funeral emblems that gave utterance to our respect for the nation's dead, than his to whom Abraham Lincoln had granted liberty and life.

LOVE AND CHANGE.

BY RICHARD HOVEY.

ONE LOVER.

FOREVER? Ah, too vain to hope, my sweet,
That love should linger when all else must die!
No prayer can stay his wings, if he will fly,
Nor longing lure him back to find our feet,
Weeping for old disloyalties. The heat
That glows in the uplifting of thine eye
Dims and grows cold ere yet the day pass by;
Nor ever will the dusk of love repeat
The dawn's pearl-rapture. Ay, it is the doom
Of love that it must watch its own decay.
Petal by petal from the voluptuous bloom
Drops withering, till the last is blown away.
The night mists rise and shroud the bier of day,
And we are left lamenting in the gloom.

ANOTHER LOVER.

"Love is eternal," sang I long ago
Of some light love that lasted for a day;
But when that whim of hearts was puffed away,
And other loves that, following, made as though
They were the very deathless, lost the glow
Youth mimics the divine with, and grew gray,
I said, "It is a dream—no love will stay."
Angels have taught me wisdom; now I know,
Though lesser loves, and greater loves, may cease,
Love still endures, knocking at myriad gates
Of beauty,—dawns and call of woodland birds,
Stars, winds and waters, lilt of luted words,
And worshiped women,—till it finds its peace
In the abyss where Godhead loves and waits.

A THIRD LOVER.

My love for you dies many times a year,
And a new love is monarch in his place.
Love must grow weary of the fairest face;
The fondest heart must fail to hold him near.
For love is born of wonder, kin to fear.
Things grown familiar lose the sweet amaze;
Grown to their measure, love must turn his gaze
To some new splendor, some diviner sphere.
But in the blue night of your endless soul
New stars globe ever as the old are scanned;
Goal where love will, you reach a farther goal;
And the new love is ever love of you.
Love needs a thousand loves, forever new,
And finds them in the hollow of your hand.



THE UNITED STATES REVENUE-CUTTER SERVICE.

BY CAPTAIN H. D. SMITH,
Commanding the Revenue Cutter *Morrill*.

The President, through the Secretary of the Treasury, has designated seven revenue cutters to cruise on the coast during the winter months for the purpose of relieving vessels in distress.

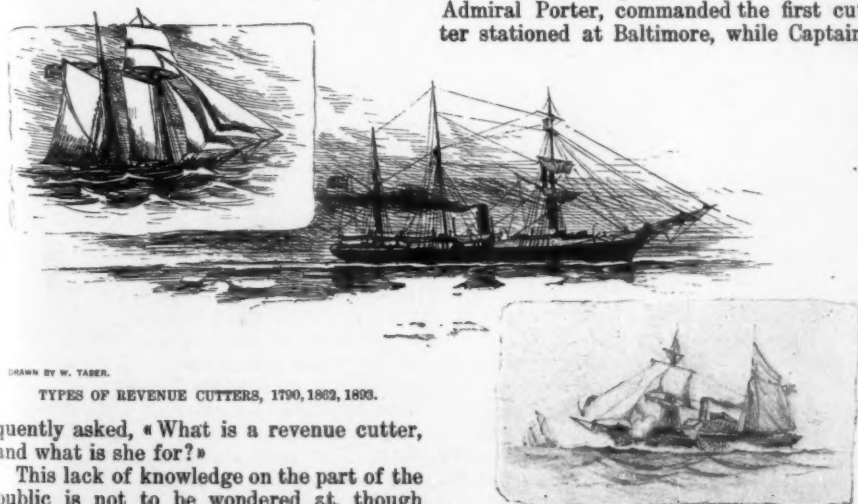
THERE is little in the above newspaper item to arrest the attention of the casual reader, but to the rank and file of the revenue-cutter service the paragraph means unceasing vigilance, hardships, encounters with gales, blinding snow-storms, braving breakers and lee shores.

Although there are thirty-three revenue cutters attached to the service, manned by over two hundred commissioned officers and one thousand seamen, the question is fre-

he proceeded to obtain all possible information with a view to creating a system by which the coast-line would be under surveillance, and illicit trading rendered perilous and uncertain.

President Washington, Secretary Hamilton, General Knox, Captain Barney, and the collectors of customs at Boston and New York conferred together, with the result that before the close of July, 1791, ten revenue cutters were built and officered, with stations extending from Portsmouth, New Hampshire, to Savannah, Georgia. The largest vessel did not exceed seventy tons, and the smallest thirty tons.

David Porter, grandfather of the late Admiral Porter, commanded the first cutter stationed at Baltimore, while Captains



DRAWN BY W. TABER.

TYPES OF REVENUE CUTTERS, 1790, 1862, 1893.

quently asked, «What is a revenue cutter, and what is she for?»

This lack of knowledge on the part of the public is not to be wondered at, though the service in point of antiquity ranks next after the army.

Alexander Hamilton's commission as Secretary of the Treasury bore date of September 11, 1789; and on October 2 of the same year

Hinman, Morris, and Campbell (the last two reached the rank of commodore in the navy) served as officers in the revenue-cutter service. By far the larger proportion of

officers elected to hold commissions were drawn from the scattered and disbanded forces that had made up the personnel of the Continental and the various State navies. Certain it is that, in founding the treasury nautical branch of the government, the appointing power of 1790 placed a high estimate upon the fighting records of the officers they selected, even though it was classed as a civil arm of the government.

Captain Daniel McNeal, who had fought gallantly in the Continental navy, entered the revenue-cutter service, receiving command of the vessel stationed at Charleston, South Carolina. An anecdote is related of him when he had charge of the frigate *Boston* (No. 2), in 1801. He was under orders to proceed to France, having on board Chancellor Livingston, minister to France, and his wife. During the passage the frigate was weathering a lee shore. Mrs. Livingston asked the bluff old fire-eater if they were not in great danger. He replied: «You had better, madam, get down upon your knees, and pray to your God to forgive your numerous sins; for if we don't carry by this point we shall all be in — in five minutes!»

The officers of that period differed widely from the gentlemen who wear the uniform of to-day. The seafaring men of 1798 made but few pretensions to refinement of manner, and enjoyed few opportunities for educational advantages or accomplishments that would tend to grace a lady's drawing-room; but they were masters of their profession, possessing valor and judgment that enabled them to meet their adversaries boldly, yard-arm to yard-arm, overcoming odds fearfully against them, and wresting victory from men who scarcely knew the meaning of the word defeat, so far as their flag was concerned upon the sea, while their naval registers bore the legend,

The winds and seas are Britain's wide domain,
And not a sail but by permission spreads,

which the British admiralty erased after the experience of the war of 1812.

The first specific instructions given to commanding officers of revenue cutters emanated from Hamilton's pen.

Thus the revenue-cutter service was organized one hundred years ago—a century of varying fortunes, that has brought increased duties and responsibilities, with a field of operations extending from Maine to the Rio Grande, and from California to Point Barrow in the Arctic Ocean.

The Continental frigate *Alliance* was sold at Philadelphia, June 3, 1785, leaving the

United States absolutely without a national vessel of any description. The ten little revenue cutters launched in the spring and summer of 1791 were the only armed vessels controlled by the government until the advent of the frigate *United States*, July 10, 1797, which event may be assumed as the foundation proper of the United States navy. For a period of six years and upward the revenue cutters were the sole dependence of the government upon the high seas, so far as their jurisdiction extended,—namely, four marine leagues,—and as a means of conveyance and communication along the extended coast-line proved themselves both active and valuable, increasing in importance and popularity with all classes, until the necessity of the establishment passed the experimental point, and its existence as a corps became an assured fact.

Traveling in those days by stage over rough roads was an undertaking to be dreaded, and Vice-President George Clinton, desiring to visit New York, ordered the cutter *Active* around to Washington, on which he embarked. When off Cape Henry, a British squadron, under the command of Commodore Douglas, was sighted, which fired a number of shots at the revenue cutter. The officers were anxious to reply in kind, especially when a large boat from one of the frigates came within fighting distance; but the Vice-President pocketed the insult, forbade a shot to be fired, and with a favoring breeze the cutter soon left her unpleasant neighbors far astern.

The first great impetus experienced by the corps was during the quasi-French war. By orders of the President the cutters were placed upon the naval establishment, and they were well worthy and able to sustain their part in assisting to protect the country's honor. Eight revenue cutters, varying from one hundred and eighty-seven to one hundred tons burden, carrying from ten to sixteen guns, and manned by from fifty to seventy-five seamen and marines each, were attached to the various squadrons then cruising in the waters of the French West Indies. They were employed on blockading and conveying duty, cruising as well, and captured a large number of prizes, including both French privateers and merchant vessels. In point of effectiveness, discipline, guns, and proportion of crews and marines to each revenue cutter, never before or since has the service attained a position carrying with it so much military prestige and importance as an armed branch of the government.

On August 14, 1798, the frigate *Constitution* made her maiden cruise, accompanied by four stanch, fleet revenue cutters.

The first revenue cutter transferred to the navy was the *Thomas Pickering*, the finest vessel at that time in the service. Lieutenant Edward Preble, who had been ordered to the frigate *Constitution*, managed to have his orders revoked on account of his dislike of Captain Nicholson, and was placed in command of the jaunty revenue cutter, the late commander of which, Captain Chapman, had been transferred to the list of captains on the naval establishment. The *Pickering* was lost at sea, with all on board, while under command of Lieutenant B. Hillar, having sailed in August, 1800, for the Guadeloupe station.

The revenue-cutter service had now attained an honorable and prominent position as a corps, with its best vessels sought after, and forming a part of the naval force of the country for the time being; while its officers, representing all grades of the cutter service, had been transferred to the rolls of the navy, where, in many instances, they took high rank and important commands.¹ Old Ironsides was commanded by Hugh Campbell in 1800, he having been transferred from the deck of a revenue cruiser.

Up to the middle of the year 1799 the revenue cutters had been sailing under the national ensign and pennant, and in point of appearance the treasury cruisers could not be distinguished from vessels of the navy. On August 1, 1799, this was remedied by an order from Oliver Wolcott, then Secretary of the Treasury, who, in pursuance of authority from the President, prescribed that the ensign and pennant of revenue cutters should bear perpendicular stripes, with the coat of arms of the United States in the union, and should be carried by no other class of vessel.²

The dawn of the war of 1812 found the service but poorly prepared to meet a powerful foe; but the cutter *Jefferson* proceeded on a cruise the day after war was declared, and captured the schooner *Patriot* off the capes of Virginia. This was the first prize taken from the enemy. The commander of the cutter *Surveyor* defended his vessel so gallantly, when attacked by an overwhelming force, that he received from his captors a handsome letter acknowledging his bravery,

and his sword was returned to him. The cutter *Eagle*, when pursued by two British men-of-war, anchored under a bluff, landed her battery, hoisted the ensign of the service, and kept the attacking force at bay until the ammunition gave out.

Since its establishment, the service has participated in all the wars of the country. In the Seminole war the cutters coöperated with the army and the navy. The lives and property of settlers, lighthouses, etc., were protected, and operations of troops facilitated by the cutters and boats transporting them from point to point, covering encampments and stores with their light but effective broadside guns. The greater part of the duty was performed in boats, officers and men frequently being two weeks on expeditions, braving both the noxious vapors and the treacherous ambuscades that flourished in the almost impenetrable Everglades. In suppressing piracy the revenue cutters were particularly active, having many encounters with pirates. During the Nullification troubles at Charleston, four revenue cutters were ordered to that point. The Mexican war found seven revenue cruisers coöperating with the navy against the enemy; and in 1859 the celebrated revenue cutter *Harriet Lane* participated in the Paraguayan expedition under Commodore Shubrick.

The war of the rebellion found the service at low ebb in point of effectiveness, with but one cruiser—the *Harriet Lane*—adapted for fighting purposes. She was at once utilized by order of the President, and participated in the Fort Sumter relief expedition. From her deck was fired the first shot of the Civil War from the deck of a loyal ship. The gun was a thirty-two-pounder, in charge of Lieutenant W. D. Tompkins, and the incident occurred off Charleston Bar. The *Lane* was frequently under fire, and participated in the attack on Fort Hatteras. In convoying vessels, and cruising after armed vessels of the enemy, she was actively employed until permanently transferred to the navy, when she was used by Commodore (afterward Admiral) Porter as his flag-ship.

Like the *Pickering*, she was the finest vessel under the revenue flag, and, as a somewhat singular coincidence, foundered at sea. The various cutters patrolled the seaboard, acting as coast-guards, and assisted in blockading Chesapeake Bay, the commander of one vessel losing his life while on this duty. In 1863 the service was strengthened by the addition of six fine steamers, specially built for the purpose, capable of carrying

¹ There was no training-vessel in the cutter service at that period.

² The national colors were ordered to be carried at the main-peak, with the revenue ensign displayed at the fore, by an order issued through Assistant Secretary Hamlin, June 27, 1895.

heavy batteries and large crews. The *E. A. Stevens*, otherwise known as the submerged floating battery *Naugatuck*, formed part of the revenue-cutter service, and exchanged shots with the Confederate ironclad *Merri-mac*, and also participated in the attack on Fort Darling.

From 1790 to 1890 the civil functions of the revenue-cutter establishment had been increased to such an extent that the flag was familiar to seafaring men from the Arctic Ocean to the Gulf of Mexico. In suppressing mutinies, examining ships' papers, sealing hatches, assisting in enforcing quarantine regulations, protecting timber reservations, supplying lighthouses, and keeping watch and ward along the coast and its numerous estuaries, the corps had won for itself a well-deserved reputation.

An act approved December 22, 1837, added to the revenue-cutter service the most important duty ever intrusted to the supervision of the corps. It was the issuing of winter cruising orders, authorizing the President to cause suitable government vessels to cruise on the coast during the inclement months for the purpose of aiding distressed seamen. From that date the duty has devolved annually upon the service, increasing its popularity, while the practical results touched a tender and responsive chord in hundreds of households by the sea, the sturdy occupants of which look upon the stanch treasury cruisers as their firm friends and protectors in the hour of danger and trouble.

The service annually saves from destruction and peril of the sea, on an average, property valued at three million dollars, or considerably more than three times the total cost of maintaining the corps. The Dominion of Canada, and Nova Scotia as well, testified their hearty appreciation of the "corps's winter work of relief" by handsome letters to the officers; while various State legislatures and mercantile bodies have expressed their approval in a similar manner, evidence of which may be found in the archives of the Treasury Department.

To portray more vividly the hardship and danger involved in rendering assistance to a distressed vessel, an incident falling under personal observation will be given.

A ship, partly dismantled, with the flag of England fluttering union down, had been sighted toward the close of a threatening winter's day. She was drifting toward an outlying ledge, over which the foam-flecked billows were churning and beating in thundering reverberations. Her tattered canvas

streamed from shattered spars, while along her sloping deck, heavily coated with ice, not a human being was visible, save a crouching figure clinging to the wheel, which had no command over the almost helpless wreck. The entire crew of the cruiser were at their posts, and as the shapely craft rounded to, breasting the surging seas with the lightness and grace of a swan, and with her bright bunting gleaming against the somber storm-clouds, she must have appeared like a sweet harbinger of mercy to the despairing, tempest-tossed seamen of that straining hulk.

A sharp, stern order, the piercing trill of the boatswain's call, followed by the rapid lowering of a boat, occupied but a few seconds; and soon the hardy, disciplined crew, led by the cool-headed officer, were clambering over the splintered bulwarks of the stranger.

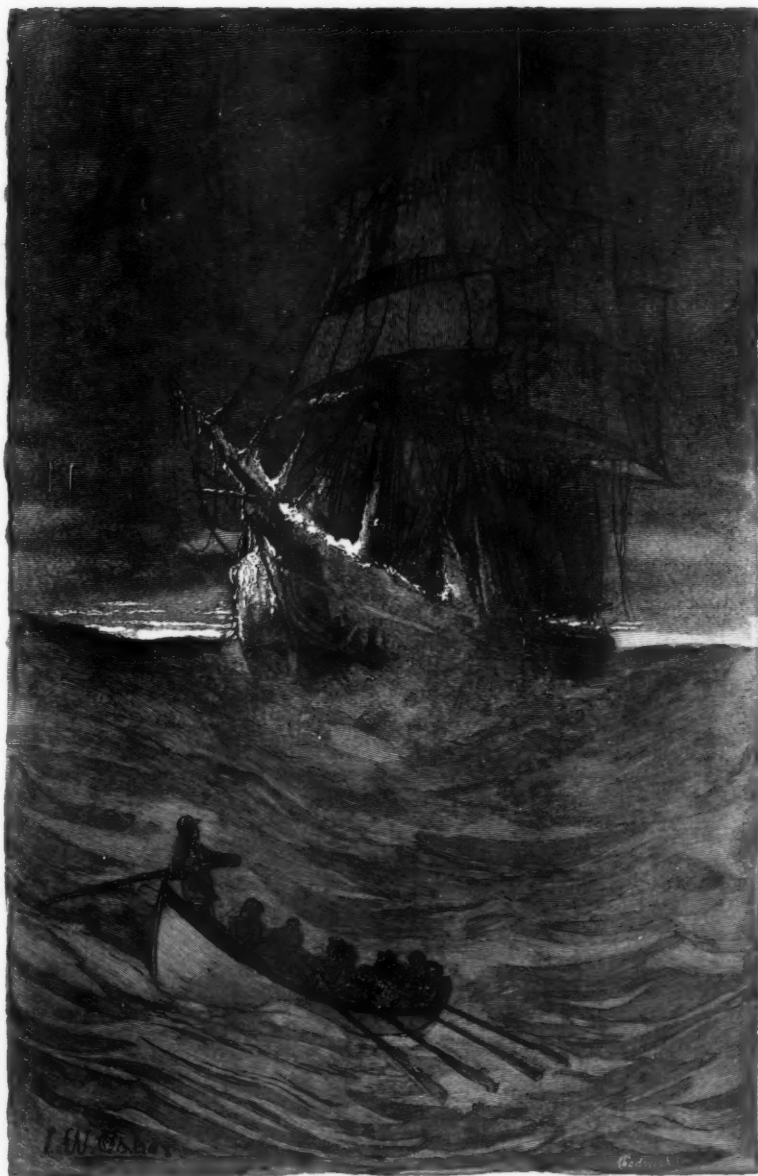
Lying to leeward, as they had fallen, were the bodies of two seamen, their clothes enveloped in ice, their faces, blue, silent, and rigid in death, turned toward the angry sky, while their eyes, wide open, had an expression of terror and suffering. The man at the wheel, badly frost-bitten, and faint from long fasting, told a pitiful story of disaster attributable to a growing evil—a short-handed crew. Provisions had given out, matches become worthless, fires died. The remainder of the poor fellows were confined to the comfortless forecastle, frost-bitten, half starved, a despairing set of wretches.

The vessel had sprung a leak; it was beyond their power to man the pumps. Hope had fled, and the boom of the breakers above the wail of the rising tempest warned them that a sailor's death was at hand.

The exhausted crew were tenderly cared for, fires started, and medical comforts administered, together with proper food. One party quickly ran a hawser to the cruiser, while others cut adrift broken spars and icy rigging. Flying canvas was secured, yards properly braced, and the signal of distress hauled down. The huge hawser cracked and strained as the cutter steamed ahead, bound for the nearest harbor. The breakers roared an angry protest as their victim swept seaward, safe from their merciless fury and the sharp fangs of the treacherous ledge.

The record achieved by the corps battling with the elements in the interest of humanity comprises the brightest laurels won by the service.

On July 30, 1871, the ferry-boat *Westfield* blew up in New York harbor. The revenue cutter *Chandler* rescued seventeen persons



DRAWN BY W. TABER.

A DISTRESSED SHIP.

ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

from drowning, and picked up a number of the dead.

The *Metis* disaster occurred August 31, 1872, and the revenue cutter *Moccasin*, Captain David Ritchie, rescued forty-two persons, besides recovering seventeen of the dead.

Vol. LV.—73.

W. A. Richardson, then Secretary of the Treasury, wrote a letter of commendation, which was ordered to be read on the quarter-deck at general quarters. The thanks of Congress were also accorded to Captain Ritchie and his officers for their services on that occasion.

It was Ritchie who at New Orleans tore down the Confederate flag from the *McClelland*, that had been treacherously surrendered by her commander, and, together with the original and legitimate ensign, delivered it to General Butler. As a reward, Ritchie was commissioned third lieutenant in the revenue-cutter service. General Butler forwarded to General Dix the cutter's flag, which was the object of that celebrated order: "If any one attempts to haul down the American flag, shoot him on the spot."

When the shores of Lake Huron were swept by fierce fires, compelling the homeless refugees to rush for safety into the waters of the lake, it was the squadron of cutters that first came to the rescue, pushing their way through blinding smoke and fiery showers of burning debris, bearing on their decks provisions, medicines, blankets, and clothes for the sufferers. Twenty-five persons were saved from a terrible death by the exertions of the rank and file.

During the great fire that swept the city of Boston, Lieutenant (now Captain) Congdon,

with his command, towed powder-hulks to Long Wharf, landed a supply at the custom-house, guarded it for two days and nights, in addition to mining and blowing up a number of buildings. For this he received handsome acknowledgments from the city and its fire officials. In the fires that raged at Eastport, Pensacola, and Key West, the cutters stationed there rendered valuable services in saving and protecting property.

The collision of the ship *Orpheus* and the passenger steamer *Pacific*, with about three hundred souls on board, occurred off Cape Flattery on November 4, 1875. The revenue cutter *Wolcott* picked up one man floating on a portion of the wreck, and conveyed to Port Townsend the master of the *Orpheus*, his wife, and crew. For twelve days the cutter cruised incessantly, a gale blowing the greater portion of the period, and by the zeal and diligence displayed won for the service unqualified admiration and praise on the Pacific coast.

The wreck of the *City of Columbus* off Gay Head, the services of the *Dexter's* officers and



DRAWN BY W. TAEER.

A SUBJECT FOR DYNAMITE.

ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.



DRAWN BY W. TADLER.

CHASING A SEAL-POACHER.

ENGRAVED BY E. H. DEL'ORME.

crew, the bravery of Lieutenant John Rhodes, and labors that resulted in saving nineteen lives, are events that are of comparatively recent occurrence. Both press and public honored the officers and crew of the revenue cutter *Dexter*, while their names were entered on the records as having received the thanks of the department.

In the great yellow-fever epidemics that

have at various periods ravaged the seaports of the South, the vessels of the service have remained at their posts, officers and men vying with one another in their efforts to assist the heavy-hearted people. The cutters coöperated in carrying to plague-stricken localities physicians, medicines, nurses, and supplies of all kinds.

The revenue cutter *McCulloch* gave shelter

and food to the terror-stricken earthquake fugitives of Charleston; and the cutter *Penrose*, surmounting all obstacles, conveyed to the starving survivors of the flood at Sabine Pass provisions and clothing.

Captain Joseph Irish, in recognition of assistance rendered to the officers and crew of the shipwrecked Spanish sloop of war *Pizarro*, received, by direction of King Alfonso, the decoration and order of the grand cross of naval merit.

Captain D. F. Tozier has the cross of the Legion of Honor, presented by the President of the French Republic, for services extended to a French vessel that was in grave danger.

The revenue steamer *Chandler*, stationed at New York, on March 14, 1891, in the teeth of a driving gale, proceeded to the assistance of the Italian bark *Umberto*, which was ashore on the Dry Romer. The *Chandler*, no larger than an ordinary tug-boat, coöperated with the life-boats, and narrowly escaped serious damage.

The revenue steamer *Perry*, in 1895, during its cruise around South America, was the only representative United States vessel at Callao, Peru, during a revolution. The treasury cruiser rendered important service at a critical period, when American interests and honor were involved, the officers and men standing in readiness to land at a moment's notice, should occasion demand. Happily, the crisis passed without intervention on the part of the foreign men-of-war in the harbor; and the *Perry's* action received the warm commendation of the United States minister and consul.

The report of the Smithsonian Institution makes honorable mention of large numbers of rare and valuable specimens and reports received from various officers of the service, relating more particularly to the natural history and ethnology of the Northwest coast.

The acquisition of Alaska brought increased duties and responsibilities upon the service. The treaty went into effect May 28, 1867, and in less than ten days from that date the revenue cutter *Lincoln* was under sailing orders for Sitka. From that date the treasury cruisers have been indefatigable in their explorations, both afloat and on shore, furnishing to Congress and the public authentic information regarding the value and importance of Secretary Seward's purchase.

A season's cruise usually covers twelve thousand miles in waters both difficult and dangerous to navigate; but notwithstanding the disadvantages under which the service

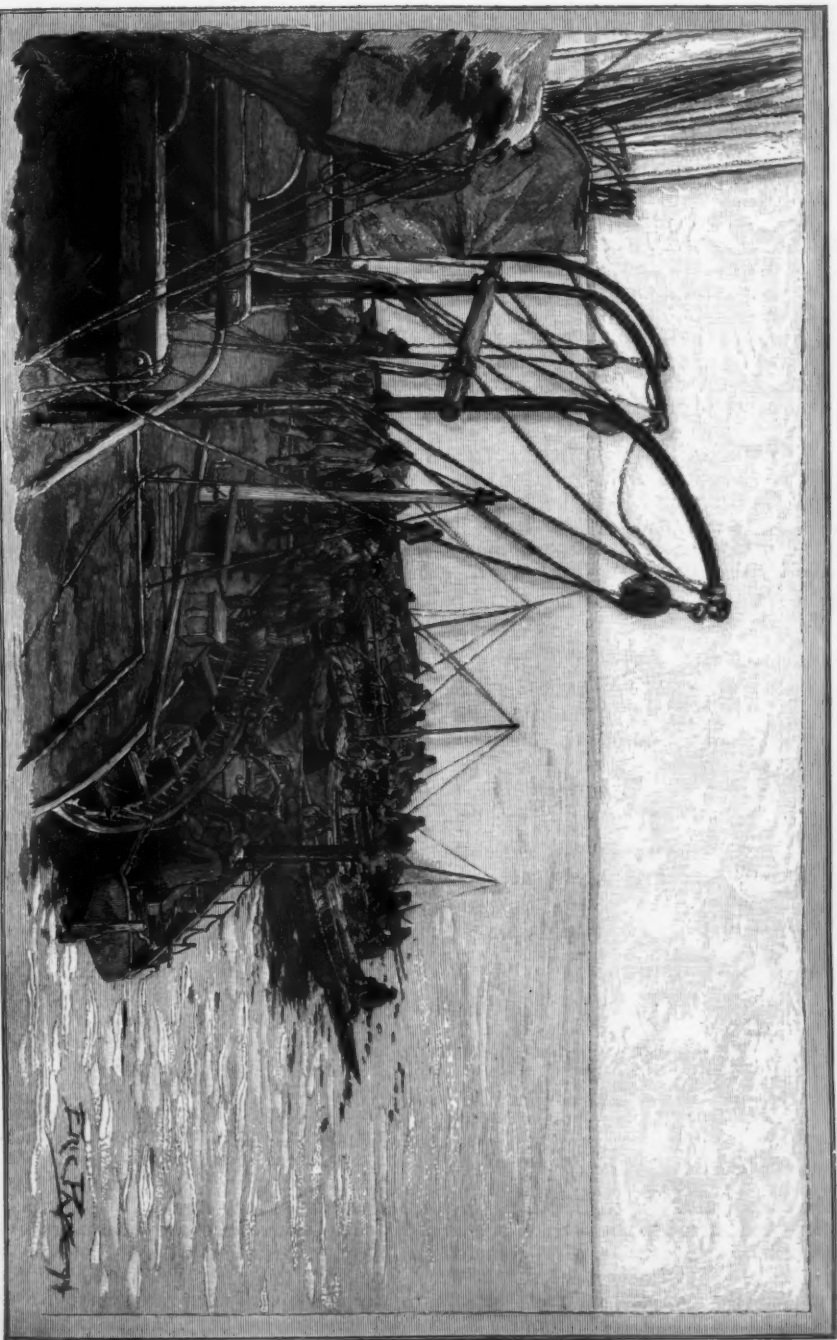
has operated in those desolate Northern seas, not a vessel has been lost nor has an accident of any magnitude occurred.

The revenue cutter leaves San Francisco early in May, proceeding to the seal islands, then to the Arctic Ocean, where the great whaling-fleet of the country is cruising. She visits the native settlements, looking after their interests in preventing traffic in rum, to obtain which the natives will risk life itself. A bottle of whisky has been known to purchase from an eager native an otter-skin worth hundreds of dollars; and for a jug of rum one will readily barter the fruits of a season's hunting and fishing.

In scenes of desolation, amid biting gales, grinding ice-floes, treacherous currents, snows, and fogs, succor is given to unfortunate seamen whose vessels have succumbed to the numerous perils of arctic navigation. A large number of seamen have been conveyed to points of safety by revenue cutters, the *Bear* alone having transported over three hundred destitute whalers to San Francisco.

In protecting fur-seals, sea-otter, and other fur-bearing animals of the Aleutian Archipelago, revenue cutters have no pleasure-sailing on summer seas. From beginning to end it is a series of contests with all the dangers and obstacles known to navigation. Gales of wind, storms of sleet, days of fog and darkness on seas but imperfectly charted, confront and obstruct the cruiser as she moves from point to point, keeping a vigilant lookout for seal-poachers, whose enterprise keeps pace with their daring. The crews of illicit traders are largely composed of Indians ignorant of law and impatient of restraint. On one occasion, where an officer and two men were placed on a captured schooner as a prize crew, the Indians, numbering over thirty lawless and desperate men, determined to rid themselves of their captors, retake the vessel, and resume the object of their trip. A grand powwow was held, and a death-dance indulged in, every movement of which was watched by the young but undaunted officer. Reinforced by the master of the schooner, who was a white man, the swarthy, reckless horde was kept at bay until the prize reached her destination. But the danger and constant anxiety of that trip have never been forgotten.

Captain Healy, commanding the *Bear*, had one hundred and fifty shipwrecked seamen on his vessel at one time. In the great storm of August, 1888, the whale-fleet was in the vicinity of Point Barrow, and five vessels



DRAWN BY ERIC PARR.

ALASKAN INDIAN BOATS ALONGSIDE THE REVENUE CUTTER BEAR.

ENGRAVED BY A. W. EVANS.

succumbed to the fury of the gale. The crews, after six hours of terrible exposure, were transferred to the *Bear*, and conveyed safely to San Francisco. The *Thetis*, commanded by Lieutenant-Commander Emory, U. S. N., succeeded in saving the schooner *Jane Grey*. She was repaired, refitted, made as good as new, and restored to her owner at San Francisco, the officers and men of the *Thetis* waiving all claims, and refusing reward of any description. It was a graceful act, in keeping with the chivalrous and proverbially generous spirit of American naval officers.

Lieutenant Reynolds, of the *Corwin*, hoisted the stars and stripes over Wrangel Land, August 12, 1881, where it is believed that no white man ever trod before.

When news was received of the burning of the United States steamer *Rodgers*, the *Corwin*, twenty-four hours after the order was received, was steaming through the Golden Gate, bound for Cape Serdze Kamen (the "stone heart"), Arctic Ocean, where the survivors were supposed to be. From

Captain Tuttle has succeeded to the command of the revenue cutter *Bear*, ably maintaining the reputation acquired by that vessel for zealous and efficient work amid scenes of savage desolation.

Volumes would be required to record the results of numerous expeditions organized for the purpose of discovering channels available for commerce, surveying harbors, shoals, and coast-lines, running soundings, determining positions of cod-fishing banks and coaling-stations, tracing rivers and penetrating into the interior, examining volcanic mountains and mineral resources, gathering data covering geography and physical and climatic characteristics, ascertaining the resources and productions of the country, and furnishing information generally relating to the character and condition of the inhabitants.

The duties of the revenue-cutter service have been increased from time to time, until at the present day they embrace the following: the security of the customs revenue; the assistance of vessels in distress; the protection of wrecked property; the enforcement of the neutrality laws; the suppression of traffic in firearms and intoxicating liquors in Alaskan waters; the prevention of invasion of the seal-fisheries by unauthorized persons; the enforcement of quarantine; the protection of vessels from piratical attack; the prevention of depredations by vessels upon the timber reserves; the enforcement of the laws governing merchant vessels, including the laws relating to name, hailing, port, etc., the laws with regard to licensed enrolment and registry of merchant vessels, and the laws which require that life-saving appliances shall be carried, that passenger vessels shall not be overloaded, that vessels shall show the proper lights at night, that merchant steamers shall carry the evidences that their hulls and machinery have been properly inspected, and that their officers are licensed.

The officers are also required to report any disarrangement of the aids to navigation on our coasts. They are frequently called upon to suppress mutinies, and special duties are assigned to them in connection with the life-saving service and the enforcement of anchorage laws.

The service is entirely distinct from the navy, coöperating with it, however, when ordered by the President. The officers are commissioned in the same manner as those of the army and navy. At present a practice-ship is maintained, where young men are received under the title of cadets, and given a



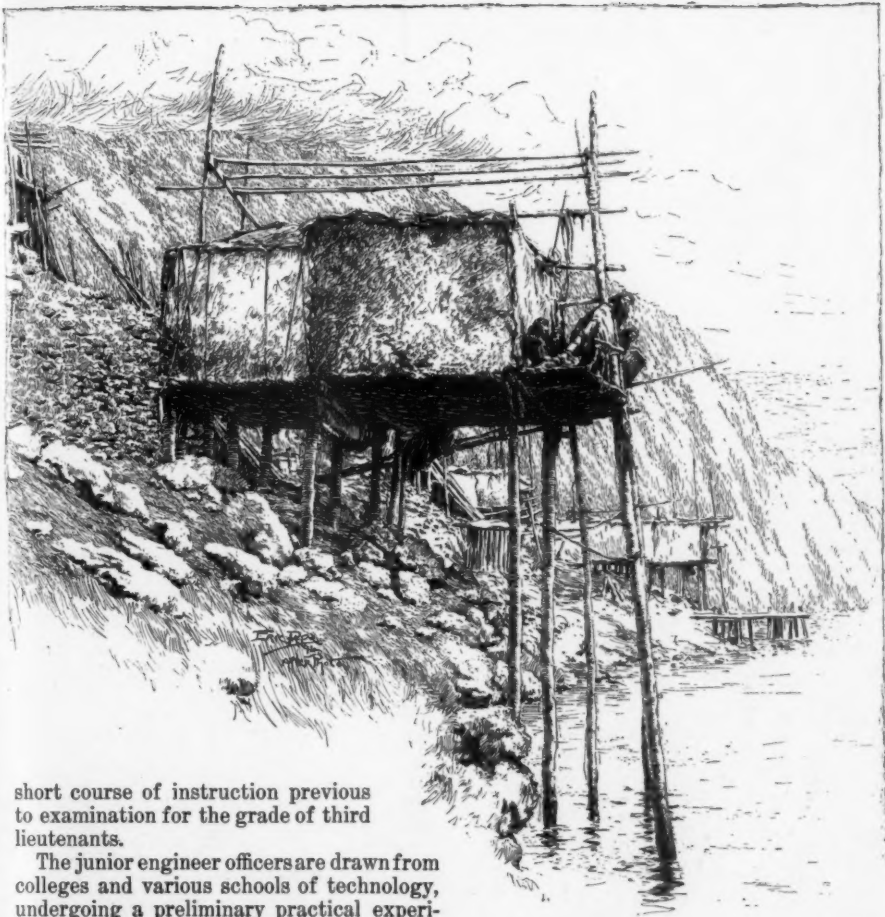
DRAWN BY OTTO H. BACHER.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

«WAI-PU-CO» AND «RAINBOW» GUIDE AND INTERPRETER
ON THE UNITED STATES STEAMER *BEAR*.

the deck of an American whaler the survivors were transferred to the revenue cutter, and the mission was successfully accomplished.

The late Captain Shepherd, formerly commanding the *Rush*, surpassed all other officers in the number and importance of his captures of seal-poachers. During one cruise he intercepted thirteen vessels.



short course of instruction previous to examination for the grade of third lieutenants.

The junior engineer officers are drawn from colleges and various schools of technology, undergoing a preliminary practical experience afloat before receiving commissions, and represent a high and cultivated element in the corps, second to none in point of scientific attainments and practical efficiency.

Grant to this faithful branch of the general service the rights and privileges enjoyed by the army and the navy; place it upon a solid and just foundation, to which its record and length of service squarely entitle it; stamp with official disapproval selfish, personal cravings for advancement and ease, while the service at large languishes in vain for a

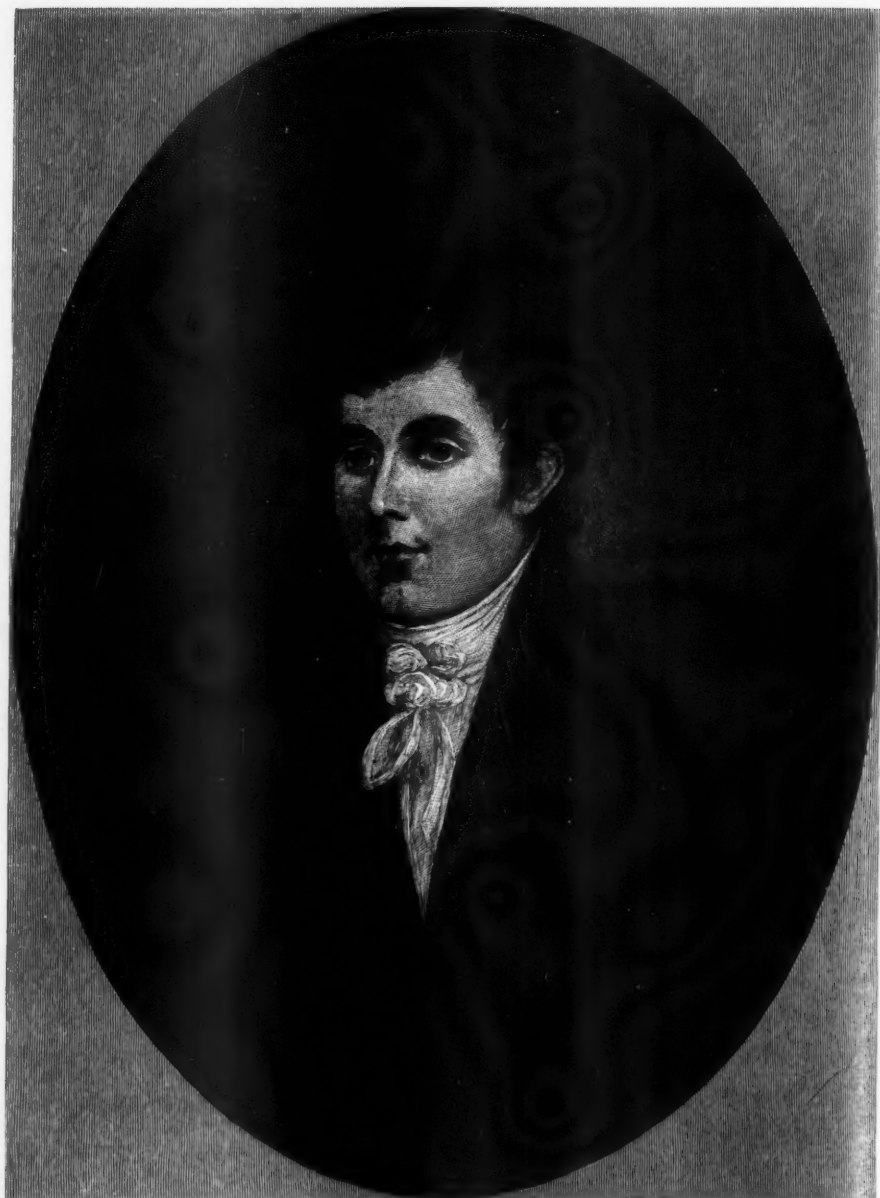
DRAWN BY ERIC PAPE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

A KING ISLAND HOUSE, BERING SEA.

permanent retired list; and strangle, sternly and effectually, all attempts to fasten upon the time-honored corps useless rank with ancient titles, formerly known as post-captains. Let it remain as the strong right arm of the Treasury Department, on the broad lines drafted by Washington and the genius of Hamilton, the adjunct of the navy in time of war, the efficient coast-guard during the continuance of peace.





PAINTED BY WILLIAM MCQUHAE.

ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

I am ever
My dear Sir, your
Res^t JAMES

THE MANUSCRIPT OF «AULD LANG SYNE.»

BY CUYLER REYNOLDS.

[WILLIAM MCQUHAE, the painter of the portrait of Robert Burns which is shown on the opposite page, was born in the parish of Balmaghie, North Britain, May 10, 1779. From there he moved to Edinburgh, where he and Burns roomed together. He early exhibited remarkable talent as a painter, and while rooming with Burns he painted from life this portrait, which was then pronounced a good likeness.

About 1805 Mr. McQuhae came to America, bringing with him the picture, which he presented to an art society in Philadelphia; this society disbanded, and he regained possession of it. While in a small town in Pennsylvania he was taken ill. A friend was very kind to him during his illness, and he gave him this portrait as a mark of his appreciation. It then passed into the possession of John McQuhae, William McQuhae's son, and grandfather of the writer.

George M. Diven, Jr.]

IN looking over a collection of autographs, or in examining a solitary one, it is seldom that a person is attracted by them unless he is a connoisseur. In most instances the signature is the chief excuse for valuing an autograph, and its attractiveness depends upon the esteem in which the man who penned it is held. This is, of course, from the standpoint of the casual examiner. The subject treated in the writing is the main feature, and if the words are recognized as the original copy of a well-known book, a famous poem, or a letter conveying some noble sentiment, then one's estimation of the autograph is enhanced to a considerable extent. All these important features are present in the autograph of Burns's «Auld Lang Syne.» It is more than a mere specimen of handwriting or the signature of a famous man, valued because it shows the pen-touch of the writer; it is from the pen of a man of note, and the subject, or rather the words, are so well known that they speak the individuality of the poet and his country.

So few original copies of celebrated poems are in existence that the beholding of one of them is cause for interest, inducing one to think of the many thousands who have heard those words, but have never seen the poet's face, his picture, or his handwriting. Gazing first upon the poet's picture, and then upon the paper on which he has looked and touched, one feels as though brought into close contact with him.

The late Chancellor John V. L. Pruyn of Albany, New York, was the successful purchaser of «Auld Lang Syne,» and the one to make the autograph one of America's treasures. The facts regarding its removal to this country are of peculiar interest, and they bring the history of the autograph, now more than a century old, up to date.

Mr. Pruyn was a lover of curios, and particularly of the kind connected with an interesting past; and his collecting showed a refinement not evident in the taste of the usual collector. In 1859 the centennial of the birthday of Robert Burns was made the occasion for a celebration in different cities of the United States; and the literary people of Albany decided to observe the day by memorial exercises in a large hall on the evening of the day. Previous to the event Mr. Pruyn planned that it would be a feature if he could secure this autograph copy of the poet's «Auld Lang Syne.» Henry Stevens was a famous purchaser for collections in those days, supplying Mr. James Lenox, Mr. John Carter Brown, the British Museum, and others, with some of the most valuable old works; and thereby hangs a tale to be told later. He owned the verses in question. He was a friend of Mr. Pruyn, and a correspondence regarding the matter in hand began. The result was that Mr. Stevens sold the verses to Mr. Pruyn, and the manuscript was intrusted to Captain Moody, who guaranteed that it should reach Chancellor Pruyn in time for the celebration. His steamship reached New York late on the day of the celebration, leaving but a few hours to get it to Albany, or the mission would prove fruitless. The only way was for the captain to select one of his trusty men. With this special messenger it was sent from the steamer and conveyed with all despatch directly to the hall in Albany. Mr. Pruyn was all-expectant when, during the exercises, he was called from the hall. Though he was gone only a moment, all interest in what was going on upon the stage was lost for the time being. Another swing of the door, and Mr. Pruyn entered, waving aloft the manuscript, and exclaiming, «It is here!» With exultant delight, and amid

Auld lang syne
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And never thought upon?
 Let's hae a waught o' Malaga,
 O for auld lang syne.
 Chorus
 O for auld lang syne, my jo,
 O for auld lang syne;
 Let's hae a waught o' Malaga,
 O for auld lang syne
 And surely ye'll be your pint-cup;
 And surely I'll be mine.
 And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
 O for auld lang syne.
 O for auld lang syne.
 We twa hae run about the braes,
 And pou'd the gowans fine;
 But we've wander'd mony a weary foot,
 Sin auld lang syne.
 O for auld lang syne.

cries of "Auld Lang Syne" is with us!" Chancellor Pruyn advanced to the stage and read the poem through. Hardly could the people be prevented from breaking in upon him; and when it was proposed to sing it through, enthusiasm knew no bounds. Never did a chorus so willingly lend aid, and the familiar air swelled forth in mighty volume.

The cherished page was bound within

Russia-leather covers, and with it were placed a letter to Dr. Richmond from Burns, dated February 7, 1788, proving the identity of the writing in the poem, and also the letter written to Chancellor Pruyn by Henry Stevens when sending the poem to him.

The poem is contained on one sheet of paper. Its size is no larger than this printed one, yet Mrs. Pruyn has refused an offer of

O the twa hae paidl't i' the burn
 Frae morning sun till dine;
 But seas between us braid hae roar'd,
 Sin auld lang syne.
 For auld &c.

And there's a han', my trusty fiere,
 And gie's a han' o' thine
 And we'll tak a right gudewilly waught,
 For auld lang syne.

* * * * *
 Light be the turf on the breast of the heaven-inspired
 Poet who composed this glorious Fragment! There
 is more of the fire of native genius than in it, than in
 half a dozen of modern English Bacchanalians.
 Now I am on my Hobby-horse, I cannot help inserting
 two other old Stanzas which please me mightily.

Go fetch to me a hint o' wine,
 And fill it in a silver tassie;
 That I may drink before I go,
 A service to my bonie lassie.

three thousand dollars for it. On one side,
 in a remarkably distinct hand, are penned
 three verses and a chorus. The reading on
 the other side is this:

We twa hae paidl't i' the burn
 Frae morning sun till dine;
 But seas between us braid hae roar'd
 Sin auld lang syne.
 For auld, etc.

And there's a han', my trusty fiere,
 And gie's a han' o' thine!
 And we'll tak a right gudewilly waught,
 For auld lang syne.

* * * * *

Light be the turf on the breast of the heaven-
 inspired Poet who composed this glorious Frag-
 ment! O there is more of the fire of native genius
 in it, than in half a dozen of modern English Bac-
 chanalians.

Now I am on my Hobby-horse, I cannot help in-
 serting two other old stanzas which please me
 mightily.

Go fetch to me a pint o' wine,
 And fill it in a silver tassie;
 That I may drink before I go
 A service to my bonie lassie.

It would seem as if the words "Light be
 the turf on the breast of the heaven-inspired

Poet," which Burns addressed in this letter to Mrs. Dunlop, were intended to lead her to infer that he was not the composer of any of the verses. Two theories are put forth in regard to the use of these words. Some hold that he was of a modest disposition, and as he was loath to place his name to all he wrote, desiring first to obtain a free criticism, he put it forth in the light of another's writing. The other theory, and the one generally vouchsafed in explanatory notes to "Auld Lang Syne" as it appears in various publications, is that *some* of the verses are original, while others are copied from an anonymous source. Thus there appears the following in "Songs of Scotland, adapted to their appropriate melodies, by George Farquhar Graham, 1853":

Burns admitted to Johnson that three of the stanzas of "Lang Syne" only were old, the other two being written by himself. These three stanzas relate to the cup, the pint-stoup, and a gude willie waught. The two relate to innocent amusements of youth contrasted with care and troubles of maturer age. In introducing this song to Mrs. Dunlop of Dunlop, the daughter of Sir Thomas Wallace of Craigie, and a descendant of the race of Elderslie, the poet says: "Is not the Scotch phrase auld lang syne exceedingly expressive? There is an old song and tune (of this name) which have often thrilled through my soul. . . . Light be the turf . . ." Shield introduced it into the overture of the opera of "Rosina" by Brooks, produced in 1783 at Covent Garden. In the last movement of the overture it serves as an imitation for Scottish bagpipe tune, in which the oboe is substituted for the chanter and the bassoon for the drone. In Cummings's collection the air is found under the title "The Miller's Wedding." Gow called it "The Miller's Daughter," and again "Sir Alexander Don's Strathspey," in compliment to the late baronet of Newton-don, in the county of Roxburgh, who was a good violin-player and a steady patron of musical art.

It will be noticed that this authority states that Burns says: "Is not the Scotch phrase auld lang syne exceedingly expressive? There is an old song and tune," etc. Evidently the latter expression was used in the opening page of the letter to Mrs. Dunlop, which Stevens did not secure, though he had the better part—the poem. If this is not the case, continued repetition has changed, or rather added to, the letter Burns wrote on the page between the verses of the poem.

Place the form of "Auld Lang Syne" as it is sung to-day beside the original, and the vast difference is at once apparent. The copies here presented are taken from two different works—the first and older form

from Graham's "Songs of Scotland," and the latter from "The Household Book of Poetry":

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never thought upon?
Let 's hae a waught o' Malaga,
For auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, my jo,
For auld lang syne,
Let 's hae a waught o' Malaga,
For auld lang syne.

NINETEENTH CENTURY.

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min'?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang syne?
For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We 'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

Every line of the song as it is now found in print, no matter what version one selects, will show a change of words, or at least a different spelling, from the original writing of Burns as here copied directly from his own autograph. As in the above "my jo" is changed to "my dear," so in the other verses the " . . . willie waught" of Burns is changed to " . . . willie waught," "han'" to "hand," "pint stoup" to "pint stowp," and "wander'd" to "wandered."

The letter of Mr. Stevens to Mr. Pruyn accompanying the autograph reads:

VERMONT HOUSE, 49 CAMDEN SQUARE,
LONDON, Jan. 7, 1859.

J. V. L. PRUYN,
Albany.

MY DEAR SIR: "Light be the turf on the breast of the heaven-inspired Poet who composed this glorious Fragment!" So wrote Burns on the 17th of December, 1788, to his friend Mrs. Dunlop, whom he would feign make believe that "Auld Lang Syne" came fra smither han'. It is now acknowledged to have been based "on an old song," but it received its fire from Burns.

The annexed fragment containing "Auld Lang Syne" is part of a letter to Mrs. Dunlop, and is beyond all question in the autograph of Burns. I have placed beside it a characteristic letter of the poet, dated February, 1788, bearing his signature, and addressed to Dr. Richmond.

The autograph of "Auld Lang Syne" was for many years in the possession of my late friend William Pickering the publisher, and after his death it fell under Sotheby's hammer in 1855 to me, at a price which I dare not name, but which would have gladdened the hearts of the poet and his poor Jean, had they in time reaped the benefit. "For America" were the only words of the

auctioneer that accompanied the fall of the hammer, and as I pocketed the precious relic «For America» was many times repeated by the poets and scholars present, who had assembled to witness the sale, with a tone of reluctance at the idea of its leaving the country that told more of the value of the relic than the gold I paid for it.

Since then I have been importuned to part with it, both in England and Scotland; but my reply has always been: «For America, where Burns is more read, more admired, and more universally appreciated than elsewhere, aye, than [he] was in his own Scotland, I procured it, and thither it must go.»

I am sorry to part with «Auld Lang Syne» in the handwriting of Burns. So I was with the books of Washington now in the Boston Athenæum, and the sculptures of Nineveh, now belonging to the New York Historical Society, presented by Mr. Lenox. But I do not for one moment regret that I have had the opportunity, and been the means, of securing these things to my country. They are all now in good hands and in the right place. Pray guard your treasure, and let Americans sing «Auld Lang Syne» from the autograph of Burns every hundred years on the 25th of January, in commemoration of his birthday, 1759.

I am, my dear Pruyn,
For auld lang syne,
Yours sincerely,

HENRY STEVENS,
G. M. B.

This was the form in which Mr. Stevens always signed his name. Not every one knew the meaning of the three letters «G. M. B.» He was proud of his birthplace, and they stand for Green Mountain Boy.

This story is told in regard to him. He supplied Mr. Lenox and Mr. John Carter Brown with many a rare old copy of the Bible. He secured in England what he considered a treasure, and wrote two letters offering it for sale. In the one he wrote: «If you want it, let me know at once before old Brown gets it»; and in the other he said: «Answer immediately, or old Lenox will get it.» Unfortunately, he was absent-minded at a most critical moment, and mailed each letter to the wrong person. The result was disastrous. It cut off all further business with both men, who had paid thousands of dollars to him. As a collector he had a great reputation, and was an authority on old manuscripts. His services to Mr. Pruyn were highly appreciated by him, and now the single sheet of paper with the words known all over the world is valued at thousands of dollars by Mrs. Pruyn, and locked securely in her safe, to be handled only on rare occasions.

«FILL ME FANCY'S CELL.»

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

OFF, my thought, with the bee,
Go seek the blossom-bell;
Sail it over the airy sea,
To the sweet-o'-heart, to the elfin tree;
Mate with the bee, and happy roam,
Follow him off, and follow him home:
Go, fair and fleet,
And bring me sweet,
Bring from the blossom-bell
Honey and melody—
Fill me Fancy's cell.

Thought, go journey and sing,
Go drink in the honey-well;
Belt yourself with his robber's rings,
With the mellow sun-gold yellow your wings;
Follow your guide wherever he ride,
The dear little thief of the summertime:
Go, fair and fleet,
And bring me sweet,
Bring from the blossom-bell
Honey and melody—
Fill me Fancy's cell.

RUSKIN AS AN OXFORD LECTURER.

BY JAMES MANNING BRUCE.

(WITH A FRONTISPIECE PORTRAIT.)

IT was my good fortune, some twenty years ago, to spend a winter of study at Oxford. Among the memories of that happy sojourn, the most outstanding are of Ruskin's lectures. He was then closing his second term as Slade professor of art. I had become an "unattached student," availing myself of the system, then of recent date, by which "persons" were "permitted, under certain conditions, to become Students and Members of the University without being attached to any College or Hall." The nominal government of this extra-collegiate group pertained to a body of five "delegates." Such actual supervision as they enjoyed was exercised by two of the delegates, who bore the additional title of "censors." The censorship was, to say the least, not rigorous. I remember but a single interview with the genial administrator of it, who entered my name on the books of the "delegacy," received my two pounds ten, and did whatever else may have been necessary to induct me into the privileges of the university. After some friendly talk regarding the courses I proposed to follow, he said: "And you must not neglect your opportunity to hear the most eloquent man in England—of course I mean Ruskin." I noticed that he did not say *Mr.* Ruskin. The omission, very exceptional in English usage, marked conspicuously the eminence of the name.

It did not need the censor's advice to take me to the small amphitheater of the Taylor Institution on the day set for the art professor's first lecture. A room rather long than square, with narrow banks of uncomfortably cramped seats rising steeply from a railed inclosure; within the rail, a table, a reading-stand, and a chair; on the wall behind, what looked like a haphazard assortment, never twice the same, of prints, photographs, bits of bas-relief, water-color drawings, and once a little Turner landscape,—such were the simple arena and paraphernalia of "the most eloquent man in England."

Although at the time of which I write

Ruskin was but fifty-seven years of age, one inevitably thought of him as an older man. His fame even then far antedated my own earliest recollections. The first volume of "Modern Painters," which established his reputation and decided his career as a writer on art, had been published thirty-three years before. Most of his "beautiful authoritative books," as Thackeray's daughter called them long ago, had already taken their place among modern literary classics, and their pretty, fanciful titles were familiar, if their contents were not. I could at first hardly reconcile with my preconceptions the slight, active figure, the alert, sensitive face, the aspect of not more than mature middle age, which made up my first impressions of Ruskin. There was, indeed, at the same time the suspicion of a stoop, and both face and form had an odd effect of shrivel and shrunkenness. I suppose it must have been on this account that one did not cavil at the references he was fond of making to his advanced age. "Being," he said one day, "to my much sorrow, an old and tired person, and, to my much pride, an old-fashioned person." One admitted his right to characterize himself thus, in spite of chronology.

I can scarcely imagine that Ruskin ever resembled the old sentimental portrait, with its smooth regularity of feature and softly flowing hair, from which my mental picture of him had been derived. Doubtless the first actual sight of a man whom one has dreamed about for years always dissipates something of the glamour with which fancy has surrounded him. But I am glad to record that the real Ruskin, though widely divergent from his poetic presentment, at once approved himself to me a much more congruous and satisfactory apparition. The disappointment, so far as any was felt, pertained to his size. I have called him slight; he was distinctly short as well, wholly lacking the suave majesty of proportions implied, if not depicted, in the early prints. Not that one could by any means have thought him undignified:

but his dignity was no affair of material bulk or imposing manner; it was the worthier dignity of intense earnestness and imperious sincerity. The man's insistent genuineness would have made any conventional grace or elegance seem affectation and artificiality. Rugged and angular, he still was never awkward. The eager swiftness and vitality of his intellect precluded that. It could not happen to him to be, as Emerson bitinglly says, "awkward for want of thought, the inspiration not reaching the extremities." His face was small, in spite of the largeness of his features; the hair a somewhat tumbled shock of reddish brown, broadly streaked, like the straggling beard and whiskers, with gray. In his costume, simple enough beneath his professor's gown, there was a suggestion of originality and picturesqueness, chiefly due, I think, to the broad necktie of bright blue satin which he habitually wore. Matthew Arnold, in one of his pleasant letters, speaks of meeting Ruskin at a London dinner-party, "looking very slight and spiritual"; and adds: "He gains much by evening dress, plain black and white, and by his fancy's being forbidden to range through the world of coloured cravats." But it seems to me that I should have found him less engaging without the clumsy blue satin tie.

It was with something like dismay that we heard Mr. Ruskin's introductory announcement concerning the winter's lectures. They would be nothing, he told us, but a few readings from the "Discourses" of Sir Joshua Reynolds. This was not what we had anticipated. We might have had this from anybody else. But we soon found that it was Ruskin, after all, and not Reynolds, whom we were to hear. The large, thin quarto volume of the "Discourses" was regularly produced and laid open on the broad top of the platform-rail. The lecture often began with a few of Reynolds's stately sentences. I am far from sure that this was always the case; but I am positive that the "reading" never exceeded a paragraph or two. The extract thus dutifully presented became immediately a text, but even a text only in the sense in which the Scottish preacher used his Bible verse—as a "loupin'-an stane." From the point of departure thus obtained, he ranged with brilliant and fascinating discursiveness over the topics which happened to be uppermost in his mind.

When he spoke of art, it was with a scope far beyond that of any mere academic discussion. No technical detail was too minute to escape his masterful and incisive touch,

but the whole was always present in the smallest part. The trees never hid the forest. He taught principles rather than rules; but he taught principles in such a way that the rules they involved became clear and stringent. "The power of great men," he said, with deep seriousness, "lies in *subjection*"; and, in illustration: "Sir Joshua Reynolds attributes his power to seeing the will of God, and not opposing to it any will of his own." Echoing the same thought: "Only in the sure knowledge of our Lord and of his law is the sureness of any human action, in conduct or in art." Still again: "Religion is a submission, not an aspiration; an obedience, not an ambition, of the soul." "We have the habit of thinking our own opinions law, instead of recognizing a law in the will of our Creator. We judge the truth of God by our opinions instead of *vice versa*." "According to the new theology, it is unnecessary to obey God, but entirely proper to repose upon him." "Modern scientific men suppose that their prayers take God by surprise." "I remember" (speaking of prayer) "that every one is listened to, of course, and appointed to his ignorance and the life he has led." "The object of all great artists is to make you forget their art and themselves, and believe in and love their subject." "All my theories," he declared, "are summed up in the line of Wordsworth, 'We live by admiration, hope, and love.' Not admiration of ourselves, nor hope for ourselves. Love can be only of others; self-love is a contradiction of terms."

There were often incidental aphorisms and sharp individual characterizations, epitomes of criticism, in a sentence. "The power of distinguishing right and wrong, called, when applied to art, taste." "The art-students of Rome now make ditches of themselves for the defunct rubbish of the past." "Vile artists, like Gustave Doré, love shade and death." "Ghiberti worked without love; his art is cold." The young man about town of London or Paris, the consummate product of modern civilization, was branded as "a fanged but handless spider, that sucks, indeed, and stings, but cannot spin"—this with an intensified sibilant which made the whole sentence a hiss.

There has never, doubtless, been a more audacious dogmatist than Ruskin. "I am, I believe, the only person here in Oxford who says he has got something entirely definite to teach." This was the opening sentence of his lecture one morning. I could well understand the very literal young English-

woman, though I did not really agree with her, who told me she never thought of going to hear him. «I can't bear him,» she flared. «I think he is the most conceited man that ever lived.» Obviously there was nothing more to be said to her. And yet I might have urged that he was far from exaggerating the importance of his message, albeit he insisted upon it so strenuously. I remember his bringing to the lecture-room a meager octavo pamphlet of sixty-odd pages, containing selections from his writings which had been printed for the University of Madras. «Here,» he explained, as he held it up before us, «you will find everything of any consequence in all the books I have written.»

On the principle I once heard enunciated, that men like best to listen to the preachers who «make them squirm,» it is probably true that Ruskin's frank and furious quarrel with many things in the England he loved so well had much to do with his popularity among his own countrymen. Certainly he «rowed» them in a fashion for which it would be hard to find a parallel. «The British Constitution, of which you are so proud,» he broke out one day, apropos of some abuse he had been denouncing—«why, it is the vilest mixture of humbug, iniquity, and lies that Satan ever spewed out of hell.» Another day it was this: «Instead of, «England expects every man to do his duty,» we are receiving and acting on the watchword, «England expects every man to do the best he can for himself.»» Another day he descanted upon certain present tendencies which he could not vehemently enough reprobate, and climaxed: «The reverent olden time called Him the Wonderful, the Counsellor, the mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace. Our modern philosophers have found other names—Just - what - might - have - been - expected, Evolution, the Conservation of Forces, the Prince of Competition.» He lashed himself into a magnificent frenzy over some rationalistic comments on the «horror of great darkness» that fell upon Abram waiting for a sign from the Lord. «Indigestion, most likely, thinks modern philosophy. Accelerated cerebration, with automatic conservation of psychic force, lucidly suggests Dr. Carpenter. Derangement of sensorimotor processes, having certain relations of nextness, and behaviour uniformly depending on that nextness, condescendingly explains Professor Clifford. Well, my scientific friends, if ever God does you the grace to give you experience of the sensations either of horror or darkness, even to the extent your books

inflict them on my own tired soul, you will come out on the other side of that shadow with newer views on many subjects than have yet occurred to you, novelty-hunters though you be.»

He was never done girding at the English Church, for what he regarded as its pretentious ineffectiveness. Once, after describing the army and the law as affording careers, the one for the high-spirited, the other for the intellectually gifted sons of the nobility, he added: «And public theology furnishes means of maintenance for the sons of less clearly distinguished ability.» Something led him to quote from the fifteenth chapter of Genesis the clause, «the word of the Lord came unto Abram in a vision.» He at once interpolated a paragraph for the sake of which, I suspect, he had introduced the reference: «In the (Explanatory and Critical Commentary and Revision of the Holy Bible,) by bishops and clergy of the Established Church, published in 1871 by Mr. John Murray, you will find the interesting statement respecting this verse that (this is the first time that the expression (so frequent afterward) «the word of the Lord» occurs in the Bible.) The expression is certainly rather frequent afterward, and one might have expected from the episcopal and clerical commentators, on this its first occurrence, some slight notice of the probable meaning of it. They proceed, however, without farther observation, to discuss certain problems, suggested to them by the account of Abram's vision, respecting somnambulism, on which, though one would have thought few persons more qualified than themselves to give an account of that condition, they arrive at no particular conclusion.»

I discover the above passage, almost word for word, in one of the «Fors Clavigera» letters, issued during the winter we were «in residence» at Oxford; and I dare say that if my notes of Ruskin's lectures at that time were less fragmentary, they would embrace pretty much the entire «Fors Clavigera» of the period. It was one of the ingenuous ways Mr. Ruskin had of taking his audience into his confidence to bring us the manuscript of each letter as it was written, and to give us at least «the heart of it» in advance of its publication. Nowhere, perhaps, did his genius for vituperation have freer or more sparkling play than in these deliverances to the workingmen of England. Sometimes the scintillation grew lurid and baleful, but there was generally a half-humorous extravagance of language in his

diatribes which supplied, whether intentionally or not, an antidote to their venom. «Here,» he flashed, «is the first economical fact I have been trying to teach these fifteen years, and can't get it yet into the desperate, leathern-skinned, death-helmeted skull of this wretched England—till Jael-Atropos drive it down, through skull and all, into the ground: that you can't have bread without corn, nor milk without kine; and that being dragged about the country behind kettles won't grow corn on it; and speculating in stocks won't feed mutton on it; and manufacturing steel pens and scrawling lies with them won't clothe your backs or fill your bellies, though you scrawl England as black with ink as you have strewed her black with cinders.» His immitigable hate of the railways vented itself with the drollest exaggeration. Think of a man in the midst of Oxford's sumptuous trees and lustrous turf sneering fiercely: «There is no green grass, there are no green trees, in England any more. Everything is black since we were overtaken by the blight and curse of railways!»

Among all of what the irreverent were accustomed to call Ruskin's fads, none was more persistent, as none was superficially more incongruous, than his exaltation of manual labor. «No one can teach you anything worth learning but through manual labor; the very bread of life can only be got out of the chaff by rubbing it in your hands.» A year or two before my time at Oxford, he had attempted a practical demonstration of this doctrine. He persuaded a group of his most enthusiastic pupils to spend their afternoons with him working upon ditches which were being dug in the neighboring village of Hinksey. I do not know whether the experiment justified itself by any physical or spiritual benefit accruing to the amateur «navvies»; but while it lasted, the spectacle it offered was «distinctly precious» to the Philistines, both of town and gown. I can still hear the joyous chuckle with which a dear old Oxford lady, whose racy talk was as innocent of malice and uncharitableness as of final *g's*, dilated upon the fun she had in going out to see «the Hinksey diggins.»

The union of sweet reasonableness with fanaticism, which was one of Ruskin's many paradoxes, explains his delightful candor in animadverting upon his own weak points. He had no tolerance for shallow self-sufficiency. «There is no temptation to folly,» was one of his pungent *obiter dicta*; «a man has no business to be an ass.» Accordingly,

he put us on our guard against his faults and fallacies. I treasure in memory one exquisitely diverting instance. He had been speaking with approval of unsectarian education, —«Teach no church catechism; teach only the Mosaic law and the love of God,»—and had commended a recent speech in that vein by Professor Max Müller. Then, after a pause, he began very slowly: «It is a vice of mine, in the fear of not saying strong things strongly enough, to use a violence of language that takes from their strength; but this is my calm and cool conviction: I tell you, without a note of excitement in my voice or manner, in language of absolute and tamest moderation, as I stand quietly here with my arms hanging at my sides,»—letting his arms fall, and holding them stiffly down, —«unless you teach your children to honor their fathers and their mothers, and to love God, and to reverence their king, and to treat with tenderness and take care of kindly all inferior creatures, to regard all things duly, even if they only have the semblance of life, and especially such as God has endowed with the power of giving us pleasure, as flowers—unless you teach your children these things,»—by this time the pinioned arms, which had been gradually freeing themselves, were revolving in frantic curves, and the carefully modulated voice had risen till it became a hoarse shriek in the climax, —«you will be educating Frankensteins and demons!»

Another instance of Ruskin's letting himself go remains somewhat painfully in my recollection. He had made reference to the fifty-fifth psalm, quoting, «Oh, that I had wings like a dove!» and stopping to comment on the lovely words. They reminded him of Mendelssohn's song, which he chose to consider a vulgar jingle, wholly unworthy to be linked with that beautiful scripture. To show his sense of its poverty and pettiness, he made a burlesque pretense of singing it, and accompanied the performance with a jump and a bat-like flapping of his black gown sleeves that verged unpleasantly upon buffoonery.

The phraseology of Ruskin's lectures, like that of his books, was strongly tinged with biblical references. He could not sufficiently extol the Bible as a treasury, not only of spiritual verities and inspirations, but also of pure and lofty English style. He made glowing acknowledgment of the lifelong gratitude he owed his mother for obliging him to read the Bible through many times. He was glad she did not pass over «the hard and

cruel chapters, or the dry, tough genealogies," and especially that he could not beg off from the serious task of memorizing large portions. In fact, he attributed to this early and close familiarity with the Bible all that was best in his intellectual equipment, and all the power he possessed of good literary expression.

One of his most memorable passages of biblical panegyric was whimsically prefaced. To illustrate the honesty of medieval art in contrast with modern sham, he pointed out an arabesque from a manuscript of the Psalms, copied with coarse inaccuracy for a tail-piece in a current magazine. He made us see how the graceful lines were distorted, and the whole perfect design cheapened and

falsified. "And that 's what you like, you blessed English!" he railed, as he flung the offending (Fortnightly) on the floor. Then, taking up his manuscript Psalter, he opened to the first psalm, and began to read it, giving both the majestic Vulgate Latin that was before him, and the English he knew so well. In a moment his spirit was rapt into an ecstasy. Striding back and forth behind his platform rail, he poured out a rhapsody of exalted thought in rhythmic phrase which no one could have attempted to transcribe, but which must have overwhelmed all who heard it with the thrilling consciousness of being in the immediate presence and listening to the spontaneous exercise of creative genius.

BR'ER COON IN OLD KENTUCKY.

BY JOHN FOX, JR.

Author of «A Cumberland Vendetta,» «The Kentuckians,» etc.

WITH A PICTURE BY MAX F. KLEPPER.

De ole man coon am a sly ole cuss;
Git erlong, coon-dog, now!
An' de lady coon am a leetle bit wuss;
Git erlong, coon-dog, now!

We hunts 'em when de nights gits dark;
Git erlong, coon-dog, now!
Dey runs when dey hears de big dogs bark;
Git erlong, coon-dog, now!

But 'deed, Mister Coon, hit 's no use to try;
Git erlong, coon-dog, now!
Fer when we comes you 's boun' to die;
Git erlong, coon-dog, now!

borhood, with their sisters and sweethearts; a party from the county town not far away; a contingent from the Iroquois Hunt Club of Lexington; old Tray, a tobacco tenant from the Cumberland foot-hills; and old Ash, a darky coon-hunter who is known throughout the State.

There were White Child and Black Babe, two young coon-dogs which Ash claimed as his own; Bulger, a cur that belonged to Tray; young captain's favorites, June Bug and Star; several dogs from the neighborhood; and two little fox-terriers, trotting to heel, which the major, a veteran, had brought along to teach the country folks a new wrinkle in an old sport.

Ash was a ragged, old-time darky with a scraggly beard and a caressing voice. He rode a mule with a blind bridle and no saddle. In his belt, and hanging behind, was an ax-head fixed to a handle of hatchet length; the purpose of this was to cut a limb from under Br'er Coon when he could not be shaken off, or to cut a low entrance into his hole, so that he could be prodded out at the top with a sharp stick. In his pockets were matches to build a fire, that the fight could be seen; at his side hung a lantern with which "to shine his eye"



HE day was late in autumn. The sun was low, and the haze of Indian summer hung like mist on the horizon. Crows were rising from fat pickings in the blue-grass fields, and stretching away in long lines through a yellow band of western light, and toward the cliffs of the Kentucky River, where they roost in safety the winter long. An hour later darkness fell, and we rode forth the same way, some fifty strong.

There were "young cap'n," as "young master" is now called, and his sister Miriam; Northcott, who was from the North, and was my friend; young farmers from the neigh-

when the coon was treed; and under him was a meal-sack for Br'er Possum.

Tobacco had brought Tray from the foothills to the blue-grass. His horse was as sorry as Ash's mule, and he wore a rusty gray overcoat and a rusty slouch-hat. The forefinger of his bridle-hand was off at the second joint—a coon's teeth had nipped it as clean as the stroke of a surgeon's knife one night when he ran into a fight to pull off a young dog. Tray and Ash betrayed a racial inheritance of mutual contempt that was intensified by the rivalry of their dogs. From these two the humanity ran up, in the matter of dress, through the young farmers and country girls, and through the Hunt Club, to Northcott, who was conventional perfection, and young captain's picturesque sister, who wore the white slouch-hat of some young cavalryman, with the brim pinned up at the side with the white wing of a pigeon that she had shot with her own hand.

The cavalcade moved over the turf of the front woods, out the pike gate, and clattered at a gallop for two miles down the limestone road. Here old Ash called a halt; and he and Tray, and young captain and Blackburn, who was tall, swarthy, and typical, rode on ahead. I was allowed to follow in order to see the dogs work. So was Northcott; but he preferred to stay behind for a while.

"Keep back thar now," shouted Ash to the crowd, "an' keep still!" So they waited behind while we went on. The old darky threw the dogs off in a woodland to the left, and there was dead silence for a while, and the mystery of darkness. By and by came a short, eager yelp.

II.

ONLY two days before, Northcott and I were down in the Kentucky mountains fishing for bass in the Cumberland, and a gaunt mountaineer was helping us catch minnows.

"Coons is a-gittin' fat," he remarked sentimentously to another mountaineer, who was lazily following us up the branch; "an' they's a-gittin' fat on my corn."

"You like coons?" I asked.

"Well, jes gimme all the coon I can eat in three days,—in three days, mind ye,—an' then lay me up in bed ag'in' a jug o' moonshine—" Words failed him there, and he waved his hand. "Them coons kin have all o' my corn they kin hold. I'd jes as live have my corn in coons as in a crib. I keeps my dawgs tied up so the coons kin take their time; but"—he turned solemnly to his com-

panion again—"coons is a-gittin' fat, an' I'm goin' to turn them dawgs loose."

White moonshine, coons, and sweet potatoes for the Kentucky mountaineer; and on through the blue-grass and the Purchase to the Ohio, and no farther—red whisky, coons, and sweet potatoes for the night-roving children of Ham. It is a very old sport in the State. As far back as 1785 one shouting Methodist preacher is known to have trailed a virgin forest for old Br'er Coon. He was called Raccoon John Smith, and he is doubtless the father of the hunt in Kentucky. Traced back through Virginia, the history of the chase would most likely strike root in the homesickness of certain English colonists for trailing badgers of nights in the old country, and sending terriers into the ground for them. One night, doubtless, some man of these discovered what a plucky fight a certain ring-tailed, black-muzzled, bear-like little beast would put up at the least banter; and thereafter, doubtless, every man who loved to hunt the badger was ready to hunt the coon. That is the theory of a distinguished Maryland lawyer and coon-hunter, at least, and it is worthy of record. The sport is common in Pennsylvania, and also in Connecticut, where the hunters finish the coon with a shot-gun; and in New England, I am told, "drawing" the coon is yet done. Br'er Coon is placed in a long, square box or trough, and the point is to get a fox-terrier that is game enough to go in "and bring him out." That, too, is an inheritance from the English way of badger-fighting, which was tried on our American badgers without success, as it was usually found necessary, after a short fight, to draw out the terrier—dead. Coon-hunting is, however, distinctly a Southern sport, although the coon is found all over the United States, and as far north as Alaska. It is the darky who has made the sport Southern. With him it has always been, is now, and always will be, a passion. Inseparable are the darky and his coon-dog. And nowhere in the South is the sport more popular than in Kentucky—with mountaineers, negroes, and people of the blue-grass. It is the more remarkable, then, that of all the beasts that walk the blue-grass fields, the coon-dog is the only one for which the Kentuckian does not claim superiority. The Kentucky coon-dog—let his master get full credit for the generous concession—is no better than the coon-dog of any other State. Perhaps this surprising apathy is due to the fact that the coon-dog has no family position. A prize was offered in 1891 by the Blue-Grass Kennel

Club at Lexington, and was won, of course, by a Kentucky dog; but the American Kennel Club objected, and the prize has never been offered again. So the coon-dog has no recognized breed. He is not even called a hound. He is a dog—just a «dawg.» He may be cur, fox-terrier, foxhound, or he may have all kinds of grandparents. On one occasion that is worth interjecting he was even a mastiff. An Irishman in Louisville owned what he called the «brag coon-dog» of the State. There are big woods near Louisville, and a good deal of hunting for the coon is done in them. A German who lived in the same street had a mastiff with the playful habit of tossing every cat that came into his yard over the fence—dead. The Irishman conceived the idea that the mastiff would make the finest coon-dog on earth—not excepting his own. He persuaded the German to go out in the woods with him one night, and he took his own dog along to teach the mastiff how to fight. The coon was shaken out of the tree. The coon-dog made for the coon, and the mastiff made for the coon-dog, and reached him before he reached the coon. In a minute the coon-dog was dead, the coon was making off through the rustling maize, and Celt and Teuton were clinched under the spreading oak. Originally the coon-dog was an uncompromising cur, or a worthless foxhound that had dropped out of his pack; and most likely darkies and boys had a monopoly of the sport in the good old days when the hunting was purely for the fun of the fight, and when trees were cut down, and nobody took the trouble to climb. When the red fox drove out the gray, the newer and swifter hounds—old Lead's descendants—took away the occupation of the old foxhound, and he, in turn, took the place of the cur; so that the Kentucky coon-dog of to-day is usually the old-fashioned hound that was used to hunt the gray fox, the «pot-licker»—the black-and-tan, long-eared, rat-tailed, flat-bellied, splay-footed «pot-licker.» Such a hound is a good trailer; he makes a good fight, and there is no need in the hunt for special speed. Recently the terrier has been introduced to do the fighting when the coon has been trailed and treed, because he is a more even match, and as game as any dog; and, thanks to Mr. Belmont's «Nursery» in the blue-grass, the best terriers are accessible to the Kentucky hunters who want that kind of fight.

But it is the hunt with an old darky, and old coon-dogs, and a still, damp, dark night, that is dear to the Southern hunter's heart.

It is the music of the dogs, the rivalry between them, the subtleties of the trail, and the quick, fierce fight, that give the joy then. Only recently have the ladies begun to take part in the sport, and, naturally, it is growing in favor. Coons are plentiful in the blue-grass, even around the towns, where truck-patches are convenient, and young turkeys and chickens unwary. For a coon, unless hard pressed, will never go up any tree but his own; and up his own tree he is usually safe, for trees are now too valuable to be cut down for coons.

It is the ride of only a few hours from the mountains to the lowland blue-grass, and down there, too, coons were getting fat; so on the morning of the second day Northcott and I woke up in the ell of an old-fashioned blue-grass homestead,—an ell that was known as the «office» in slavery days,—and old Ash's gray head was thrust through the open door.

«Breakfast 'mos' ready. Young cap'n say you mus' git up now.»

Crackling flames were leaping up the big chimney from the ash kindling-wood and hickory logs piled in the enormous fireplace, and Northcott, from his bed in the corner, chuckled with delight.

That morning the Northerner rode through peaceful fields and woodlands, and looked at short-horn cattle and Southdown sheep and thoroughbred horses, and saw the havoc that tobacco was bringing to the lovely land. When he came back dinner was ready—his first Southern dinner.

After dinner, Miriam took him to feed young captain's pet coon, the Governor, and Black Eye, a fox-terrier that was the Governor's best friend—both in the same plate. The Governor was chained to an old apple-tree, and slept in a hole which he had enlarged for himself about six feet from the ground. Let a strange dog appear, and the Governor would retreat, and Black Eye attack; and after the fight the Governor would descend, and plainly manifest his gratitude with slaps and scratches and bites of tenderness. The Governor never looked for anything that was tossed him, but would feel for it with his paws, never lowering his blinking eyes at all. Moreover, he was a dainty beast, for he washed everything in a basin of water before he ate it.

«Dey eats ever'thing, boss,» said old Ash's soft voice; «but dey likes crawfish best. I reckon coon 'll eat dawg, jes as dawg eats coon. But dawg won't eat possum. Gib a dawg a piece o' possum meat, and he spit it

out, and look at you mean and reproachful. Knowin' possum lack I do, dat sut'nly do look strange. Hit do, mon, shore.

«An' as fer fightin'—well, I ain't never seed a coon dat would n't fight, an' I ain't never seed nuttin' dat a coon would n't tackle. Most folks believes dat a possum *can't* fight. Well, you jes tie a possum an' coon together by de tails, an' swing 'em over a clothes-line, an' when you come back you gwine find de coon daid. Possum jes take hole in de throat, an' go to sleep—jes like a bull-pup.»

A gaunt figure in a slouch-hat and ragged overcoat had slouched in at the yard gate. His eye was blue and mild, and his face was thin and melancholy. Old Ash spoke to him familiarly, and young captain called him Tray. He had come for no reason other than that he was mildly curious and friendly; and he stopped shyly behind young captain, fumbling with the stump of one finger at a little sliver of wood that served as the one button to his overcoat, silent, listless, gentle, grave. And there the three stood, the pillars of the old social structure that the war brought down—the slave, the poor white, the master of one and the lord of both. Between one and the other the chasm was still deep, but they would stand shoulder to shoulder in the hunt that night.

«Dat wind from de souf,» said old Ash, as we turned back to the house. «Git cloudy bime-by. We gwine to git Mister Coon dis night, shore.»

A horn sounded from the quarters soon after supper, and the baying of dogs began. Several halloos came through the front woods, and soon there was the stamping of horses' feet about the yard fence, and much jolly laughter. Girths were tightened, and a little later the loud slam of the pike gate announced that the hunt was begun.

III.

Br'er Coon he has a bushy tail;
Br'er Possum's tail am bar';
Br'er Rabbit's got no tail at all—
Jes a leetle bunch o' ha'r.

WHEN the yelp came, Tray's lips opened triumphantly:

«Bulger!»

«Rabbit,» said old Ash, contemptuously.

Bulger was a young dog, and only half broken; but every hunter knew that each old dog had stopped in his tracks and was listening. There was another yelp and another; and the old dogs harked to him. But the hunters sat still to give the dogs time to

trail, as hunters always do. Sometimes they will not move for half an hour unless the dogs are going out of hearing. Old Ash was humming calmly:

Coony in de tree;
Possum in de holler;
Purty gal at my house,
Fat as she kin waller.

It was Tray's dog, and old Ash could afford to be calm and scornful, for he was without faith. So over and over he sang it softly, while Tray's mouth was open, and his ear was eagerly cocked to every note of the trail. The air was very chilly and damp. The moon was no more than a silver blotch in a leaden sky, and barely visible here and there was a dim star. On every side the fields and dark patches of woodland rolled alike to the horizon, except straight ahead, where one black line traced the looping course of the river. That way the dogs were running, and the music was growing furious. It was too much for Tray, who suddenly let out the most remarkable yell I have ever heard from human lips. That was a signal to the crowd behind. A rumbling started; the crowd was striking the hard turnpike at a swift gallop, coming on. It was quick work for Bulger, and the melancholy of Tray's face passed from under the eager light in his eyes, and as suddenly came back like a shadow. The music had stopped short, and old Ash pulled in with a grunt of disgust.

«Rabbit, I tol' ye,» he said again, contemptuously; and Tray looked grieved. A dog with a strange mouth gave tongue across the dim fields.

«House cat,» said young captain. «That was a farm dog. The young dogs ran the cat home.» This was true, for just then two of the old dogs leaped the fence and crossed the road.

«They won't hark to him next time,» said young captain; «Bulger's a liar.» A coon-dog is never worthless, «no 'count»; he is simply a «liar.» Nine out of ten young dogs will run a rabbit or a house cat. The old dogs will trust a young one once or twice; but if he proves unworthy of confidence they will not go to him sometimes when he is really on a coon trail, and will have to be called by their masters after the coon is treed. As Bulger sprang into the road, old Ash objurgated him:

«What you mean, dawg?—you black liah, you!» The pain in Tray's face was pathetic.

«Bulger hain't no liar,» he said sturdily. «Bulger's jes young.»

Then we swept down the road another mile to another woodland, and this time I stayed with the crowd behind. Young captain had given Northcott his favorite saddle-horse and a fat saddle that belonged to his father; and Northcott, though a cross-country rider at home, was not happy. He was being gently rocked sidewise in a maddening little pace that made him look as ridiculous as he felt.

"You have n't ridden a Southern saddle-horse before, have you?" said Miriam.

"No; I never have."

"Then you won't mind a few instructions?"

"No, indeed," he said meekly.

"Well, press your hand at the base of his neck,—so,—and tighten your reins just a little—now."

The horse broke step into a "running walk," which was a new sensation to Northcott. We started up the pace a little.

"Now press behind your saddle on the right side, and tighten your rein a little more, and hold it steady,—so,—and he'll rack." The saddler struck a swift gait that was a revelation to the Northerner.

"Now, if you want him to trot, catch him by the mane or by the right ear."

The horse broke his step instantly.

"Beautiful!" said Northcott. "This is my gait."

"Now wave your hand—so." The animal struck an easy lope.

"Lovely!"

We swept on. A young countryman who was called Tom watched the instruction with provincial amusement.

I was riding young captain's buggy mare, and, trying her over a log, I learned that she could jump. So, later in the night, I changed horses with Northcott—for a purpose.

We could hear the dogs trailing around to the right now, and the still figures of Ash and Tray halted us in the road. Presently the yelps fused into a musical chorus, and then a long, penetrating howl came through the woods that was eloquent to the knowing.

"Dar's old Star," said Ash, kicking his mule in the side; "an' dar's a coon!"

We had a dash through the woods at a gallop then, and there was much dodging of low branches, and whisking around tree-trunks, and a great snapping of brush on the ground; and we swept out of the shadows of the woodland to a white patch of moonlight, in the center of which was a little walnut-tree. About this the dogs were sitting on their haunches, baying up at its leafless branches; and there, on the first low limb, scarcely ten feet from the ground and two

feet from the trunk, sat, not ring-tailed Br'er Coon, but a fat, round, gray possum, paying no attention at all to the hunters gathering under him, but keeping each of his beady black eyes moving with nervous quickness from one dog to another. Old Ash was laughing triumphantly in the rear. "Black Babe foun' dat possum. Dis nigger's got dawgs!" Northcott was called up, that he might see; and young captain rode under the little fellow, and reaching up, caught him by the tail, the possum making no effort at all to escape, so engrossed was he with the dogs. Old Ash, with a wide smile, dropped him into the mouth of his meal-sack.

"Won't he smother in there," asked Northcott, "or eat his way out?"

Old Ash grinned. "He'll be dar when we git home." Then he turned to Tray. "I gwine to let you have dis possum in de mornin', to train dat liah Bulger."

There is no better way to train a young dog than to let him worry a possum after he has found it; and this is not as cruel as it seems. Br'er Possum knows how to roll up in a ball and protect his vitals; and when you think he is about dead, he will unroll, but little hurt.

The clouds were breaking now; the moon showed full, the air had grown crisp, and the stars were thick and brilliant. For half an hour we sat on a hillside waiting, and, for some occult reason, the major was becoming voluble.

"Now, old Tray there thinks he's hunting the coon. So does old Ash. I reckon that we are all laboring under that painful delusion. Whereas the truth is that the object of this hunt is attained. I refer, sir, to that possum." He turned to Northcott. "You have never eaten possum? Well, sir, it is a very easy and dangerous habit to contract if the possum is properly prepared. I venture to say, sir, that nawth of Mason and Dixon's line the gastronomical possibilities of the possum are utterly unknown. How do I prepare him? Well, sir—"

The major was interrupted by a mighty yell from old Ash; and again there was a great rush through the low undergrowth, over the rocky hillside, and down a long, wooded hollow. This time the old negro's favorites, White Child and Black Babe, were in the lead; and old Ash flapped along like a windmill, with every tooth in sight.

"Go it, Black Babe! Go it, my White Chile! Gord! but dis nigger's got dawgs!"

Everybody caught his enthusiasm, and we could hear the crowd thundering behind us.

I was next Ash, and all of a sudden the old darky came to a quick stop, and caught at his nose with one hand. A powerful odor ran like an electric shock through the air, and a long howl from each dog told that each had started from some central point on his own responsibility. The major raised his voice. «Stop!» he shouted. «Keep the ladies back—keep 'em 'way back!»

«Gord!» said old Ash once more; and Tray lay down on his horse's neck, helpless with laughter.

The major was too disgusted for words. When we crossed the road, and paused again, he called in a loud voice for me to advance and see the dogs work. Then he directed me to call Northcott forward for the same purpose. Blackburn came too. A moment later I heard young captain shouting to the crowd, «Keep back, keep back!» and he too spurred around the bushes.

«Where are those dogs?» he asked with mock anxiety.

The neck of the major's horse was lengthened peacefully through the rails of a ten-foot fence, and at the question the veteran whisked a bottle of old Jordan from his hip.

«Here they are.»

Then followed an eloquent silence that turned the cold October air into the night-breath of June, that made the mists warm, the stars rock, and the moon smile. Once more we waited.

«How do I prepare him, sir?» said the major. «You skin the coon; but you singe off the hair of the possum in hot wood-ashes, because the skin is a delicacy, and must not be scalded. Then parbille him. This takes a certain strength away, and makes him more tender. Then put him in a pan, with a good deal of butter, pepper, and salt, and a little brown flour, leaving the head and tail on. Then cut little slips along the ribs and haunches, and fill them with red-pepper pods. Baste him with gravy while browning.»—the major's eyes brightened, and once at least his lips smacked distinctly,—«cook sweet potatoes around him, and then serve him smoking hot—though some, to be sure, prefer him cold, like roast pork. You must have dodgers, very brown and very crisp; and of course raw persimmons (persimmons are ripe in possum-time, and possums like persimmons—the two are inseparable); pickles, chow-chow, and tomato ketchup; and, lastly, pumpkin-pie and a second cup of coffee. Then, with a darky and a banjo, a mint-julep and a pipe, you may have a reasonable ex-

pectation of being, for a little while, happy. And speaking of julep—»

Just then two dim forms were moving out of sight behind some bushes below us, and the major shouted:

«Tawm!»

The two horsemen turned reluctantly, and when Tom was near enough the major asked a whispered question, and got an affirmative response.

«All right,» added the major, with satisfaction. «Shake hands with Mr. Northcott. I hereby promote you, sir, to the privilege of staying in front and watching the dogs work.»

Northcott's face was distinctly flushed after this promotion, and he confessed afterward to an insane desire to imitate the major's speech and Blackburn's stately manner. When we started off again, he posted along with careless content, and many sympathized with him.

«Oh, this is just what I like,» he said. «Everybody posts up North—even the ladies.»

«Dear me!» said several.

«I reckon that kind of a horse is rather better for an inexperienced rider,» said Tom, friendly, and Northcott smiled. Somebody tried a horse over a log a few minutes later, and the horse swerved to one side. Northcott wheeled, and started for a bigger log at a gallop; and the little mare rose, as if on wings, two feet higher than was necessary, while Northcott sat as if bound to his saddle.

Then he leaped recklessly into another field, and back again. Tom was speechless.

It was after midnight now, and the moon and stars were passing swiftly overhead; but the crowd started with undiminished enthusiasm when a long howl announced that some dog had treed. This time it was no mistake. At the edge of the woodland sat the old darky at the foot of the tree to keep the coon from coming down, while the young dogs were bouncing madly about him, and baying up into the tree. It was curious to watch old Star when he arrived. He would take no pup's word for the truth, but circled the tree to find out whether the coon had simply «marked» it; and, satisfied on that point, he settled down on his haunches, and, with uplifted muzzle, bayed with the rest.

«I knowed dis was coon,» said Ash, rising. «Possum circles; coon runs straight.»

Then the horses were tied, and everybody gathered twigs and branches and dead wood for a fire, which was built half-way between the trunk and the tips of the overhanging

branches; and old Ash took off his shoes, his coat, and his vest, for no matter how cold the night, the darky will climb in shirt, socks, and trousers. If he can reach around the tree, he will go up like a monkey; if he can't, he will go to the outer edge, and pull a bough down. In this case he could do neither, so young captain stood with his hands braced against the tree, while the old darky climbed up his back, and stamped in sock feet over his head and shoulders. Tray held the fence-rail alongside, and, with the aid of this, the two boosted Ash to the first limb. Then the men formed a circle around the tree at equal distances, each man squatting on the ground, and with a dog between his knees. The major held his terriers; and as everybody had seen the usual coon-fight, it was agreed that the terriers should have the first chance. Another darky took a lantern, and walked around the tree with the lantern held just behind one ear, "to shine the coon's eye." As the lantern is moved around, the coon's eye follows, and its greenish-yellow glow betrays his whereabouts.

"Dar he is!" shouted the negro with the lantern; "way up higher." And there he was, on the extremity of a long limb. Old Ash climbed slowly until he could stand on the branch below and seize with both hands the limb that the coon lay on.

"Look out dar, now; hyeh he comes!" Below, everybody kept perfectly quiet, so that the dogs could hear the coon strike the ground if he should sail over their heads and light in the darkness outside the circle of fire. Ash shook, the coon dropped straight, and the game little terriers leaped for him. Br'er Coon turned on his back, and it was slap, bite, scratch, and tear. One little terrier was caught in the nose and spun around like a top, howling; but he went at it again. For a few minutes there was an inextricable confusion of a brown body, snapping white teeth, and outshooting claws, with snarling, leaping little black-and-tan terriers, and much low, fierce snarling. The coon's wheezing snarl was curious: it had rage, whining terror, and perfect courage, all in one. Then came one scream, penetrating and piteous, and the fight was done.

"Git him?" yelled Ash from up in the tree.

"Yep."

"Well, dar 's anudder one up hyeh. Watch out, now!"

The branches rattled, but no coon dropped, and we could hear Ash muttering high in the air, "I bet ef I had a black-snake whip I'd lif' you."

Then came a pistol-shot. Ash had fired close to him to make him jump; but Br'er Coon lay close to the limb, motionless.

"I got to cut him off, I reckon," Ash called; and whack! whack! went the blows of his little ax. "Whoop!"

The branch crackled; a dark body, flattened, and with four feet outstretched, came sailing down, and struck the earth—thud! Every dog leaped for him, growling; every man yelled, and pressed close about the heap of writhing bodies; and there was pandemonium. A coon can fight eight dogs better than he can fight three, for the eight get in one another's way. Foot by foot the game little beast fought his way to the edge of the cliff, and the whole struggling, snarling, snapping mass rolled, with dislodged dirt and clattering stones, down to the edge of the river, with the yelling hunters slipping and sliding after them. A great splash followed, and then a sudden stillness. One dog followed the coon into the water, and after a sharp struggle, and a howl of pain, turned and made for the bank. It was Bulger—the last to give up the fight. Br'er Coon had escaped, and there was hardly a man who was not glad.

"Reckon Bulger can fight, ef he is a liar," said Tray—"which he ain't."

The stars were sinking fast, and we had been five hours in the saddle. Everybody was tired. Down in a ravine young captain called a halt when the dogs failed to strike another trail. The horses were tied, and an enormous fire was built, and everybody gathered in a great circle around it. Somebody started a song, and there was a jolly chorus. A little piccaninny was pushed into the light, bashful and hesitating.

"Shake yo' foot, boy," said old Ash, sternly; and the nimble feet were shaken to "Juba" and "My Baby Loves Shortenin'-bread." It was a scene worth remembering—the upshooting flames, the giant shadows leaping into the dark woods about, the circle of young girls with flushed faces and loosened hair, and strapping young fellows cracking jokes, singing songs, and telling stories.

It was all simple and genuine, and it pleased Northcott, who was one of the many Northerners to whom everything Southern appeals strongly—who had come South prepared to like everything Southern: darkies, darky songs; Southern girls, Southern songs, old-fashioned in tune and sentiment; Southern voices, Southern accent, Southern ways; the romance of the life and the people; the

pathos of the war and its ruins; the simple, kindly hospitality of the Southern home.

Nobody noticed that Tray was gone, and nobody but Tray had noticed that Bulger was the only one of the dogs that had not gathered in to the winding of old Ash's horn. A long howl high on the cliff made known the absence of both. It was Bulger; and again

an' you would n' come, so I climbed up an' shuk him out. When I got down the coon was dead. Bulger don't run polecats," he said with mild scorn, and turned on Ash: "I reckon you 'd better not call Bulger a liar no more." And the blood of the Anglo-Saxon told, for Ash made no answer.

It was toward morning now. Only one



«GO IT, BLACK BABE! GO IT, MY WHITE CHILE!»

came Tray's remarkable yell. Not an old dog moved. Again came the howl, and again the yell; and then Tray was silent, though the howls went on. Another song was started, and stopped by old Ash, who sprang to his feet. A terrific fight was going on up on the cliff. We could hear Bulger's growl, the unmistakable snarl of a coon, a series of cheering yells, and the crackling of branches, as though Tray were tumbling out of a tree. Every dog leaped from the fire, and all the darkies but old Ash leaped after them. There was a scramble up the cliff; and ten minutes later Tray came into the firelight with a coon in one hand, and poor Bulger limping after him, bleeding at the throat, and with a long, bloody scratch down his belly.

«Bulger treed him, an' I seed the coon 'twixt me an' the moon. I hollered fer you,

white star was hanging where the rest had gone down. There was a last chorus—«My Old Kentucky Home»:

We 'll hunt no more for the possum an' the coon.

And then, at a swift gallop, we thundered ten miles along the turnpike—home. The crowd fell away, and day broke as we neared young captain's roof. The crows were flying back from the cliffs to the blue-grass fields, and the first red light of the sun was shooting up the horizon. Northcott was lifting Miriam from her saddle as I rode into the woods; and when I reached the yard fence they were seated on the porch, as though they meant to wait for the sunrise. At the foot of the apple-tree were the Governor and Black Eye, playing together like kittens.





PHOTOGRAPHED BY MERILLE.
COMTE DE THUN DE HOHENSTEIN,
Commander of the Austro-Belgian forces.

HOW AN AUSTRIAN ARCHDUKE RULED AN AMERICAN EMPIRE.

A WOMAN'S REMINISCENCES OF MEXICO DURING THE FRENCH INTERVENTION, WITH GLIMPSES OF MAXIMILIAN, HIS ALLIES AND ENEMIES.

BY SARA Y. STEVENSON.

EXPERIMENTS.

THE details of Maximilian's court once settled, the new sovereign started forth upon a tour of the provinces, to present himself to the loyalty of his subjects. The Empress remained as regent, to govern under the guidance of the commander-in-chief. Ovations had everywhere been prepared, and a semblance of popularity, so dear to Maximilian's heart, was the result. But im-

mense sums were expended, and more precious time was wasted.

Upon his return, he began a number of administrative experiments. The French, after a long series of preliminary blunders, were just beginning to understand the country when the Emperor arrived and attempted independently to acquire the same lesson, at the expense of the nation, of his party, and of his allies.

It soon became obvious that the young

monarch was not equal to the task which he had undertaken, and a feeling of disappointment prevailed. Unendowed with the force and clearness of mind necessary in an organizer, he insisted upon all administrative work passing through his own imperial bureau. At the head of this bureau he placed an obscure personal favorite, a Belgian named Eloin, who had risen to favor through his social accomplishments. This man did not speak one word of Spanish, hated the French, despised the Mexicans, and was more ignorant than his master himself of American questions in general, and of Mexican affairs in particular.

While in office he used his power to repress much of the impulse given to enterprise by the French. His narrow views were responsible for a jealous policy which excluded all that he could not personally appreciate and manage. He and the Emperor undertook to decide questions upon which they were then hardly competent to give an intelligent opinion. The Mexican leaders were made to feel that they had no influence, the French that they had no rights. After doing much mischief, M. Eloin was sent abroad upon a mysterious mission. It was rumored that he had gone to watch over his master's personal interests abroad.

DISSENSIONS.

INDEED, the presence of the personal friends and countrymen of the sovereigns who had accompanied them in their voluntary exile caused a note of discord in the general harmony of the first days of the empire, indicative of the cacophony which was soon to follow.

It was natural that, so far away from their native land, these would-be Mexican rulers, stranded among a people with whose customs and mode of thought they had no sympathy, and of whose traditions they knew nothing, should cling to the little circle of trusted friends who had followed them in their adventure. It was natural also that the Mexicans, seduced by the vision of a monarchy in which *they* hoped to be the ruling force by virtue of their share in its inception and its establishment, should feel a keen disappointment upon finding foreigners, whom they themselves had been instrumental in placing at the head of affairs, not only overshadowing them, but usurping what they deemed their legitimate influence. It was likewise natural that the French, who had put up all the stakes for the game, and who had sacrificed lives, millions, and prestige in

the venture, should look to a preponderant weight in the councils of an empire which was entirely of their creating. All this was the inevitable consequence of such a combination as that attempted in Mexico; but apparently it was one which had entered into no one's calculations, and for which no provision had been made. The imperial dream of Napoleon III had been too shadowy to include such humanities.

The original «king-makers» soon became a troublesome element in Maximilian's administration. His policy naturally led him to seek supporters among the progressive Mexicans, and to devise the honorable retirement of his early allies from the active management of affairs.

GENERAL DE THUN.

In October, 1864, Comte de Thun de Hohenstein had been sent to Paris to negotiate for



COLONEL VAN DER SMISSEN.
Commander of the Belgian contingent.

the transportation of some four thousand Austrians for the army of Maximilian in Mexico. Belgians were also rapidly enlisting



PORFIRIO DIAZ.

A Mexican general and statesman, born in 1830. He served in the war against the United States in 1847, against Santa Anna in 1854. During the French invasion he was one of the leaders of the defense. He became President in 1877, and except from 1880 to 1884 he has been President ever since, the constitution having been amended so that he could succeed himself.

under Colonel Van der Smissen; and shortly afterward Austro-Belgian auxiliary troops, numbering, from first to last, some eight thousand men, were transferred to Mexico. These soon developed into an additional source of difficulty.

The officers of the Austrian contingent had not forgotten the yet recent encounters with the French army at Solferino and Magenta, and, no doubt at first unconsciously, an unconciliatory spirit was manifested in every difference which arose between the French and their present allies.

Comte de Thun, the commander of the

Austrian corps, felt more than restless under Marshal Bazaine's authority. Eventually, in 1865, Maximilian, whose confidence he enjoyed, further complicated the situation by establishing alongside of the War Department a military cabinet, through which the Austro-Belgian contingents were independently administered. This broke up all chance of uniform action in military matters. It placed the auxiliary troops beyond the jurisdiction of the French commander, who, under the terms of the treaty of Miramar, was to be regarded as the commander-in-chief.



FROM "MEXICO AND THE UNITED STATES," BY PERMISSION OF G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.

MATIAS ROMERO.

A Mexican diplomat and statesman, born in 1837. Now Minister to the United States.

The same lack of unity as existed between the imperial army and the French was also found to exist between the foreign mercenaries and the Mexican troops.

To the natives these foreigners, although countrymen of their sovereigns, were interlopers and rivals. Their very presence defeated the object of their Emperor's futile attempt at a show of Mexican patriotism. The position of the French was a well-defined one. They were there for a purpose, spent their money freely, fought their battles victoriously, and would some day go back to France. But the Mexicans hated these foreigners, and the confidential offices held by impecunious Belgians and Austrians in

the government and about the person of the executive added to the instinctive suspicion with which their permanent residence in the country was regarded.

Under the then existing conditions, where so many irreconcilable interests were in presence, it is not to be wondered at if little harmony prevailed amid the various conflicting elements gathered together by fate for the enactment of this fantastic scene.

EFFORTS TO CONCILIATE THE UNITED STATES.

ON April 4, 1864, the Senate and the House of Representatives at Washington had passed a unanimous resolution in opposition to the

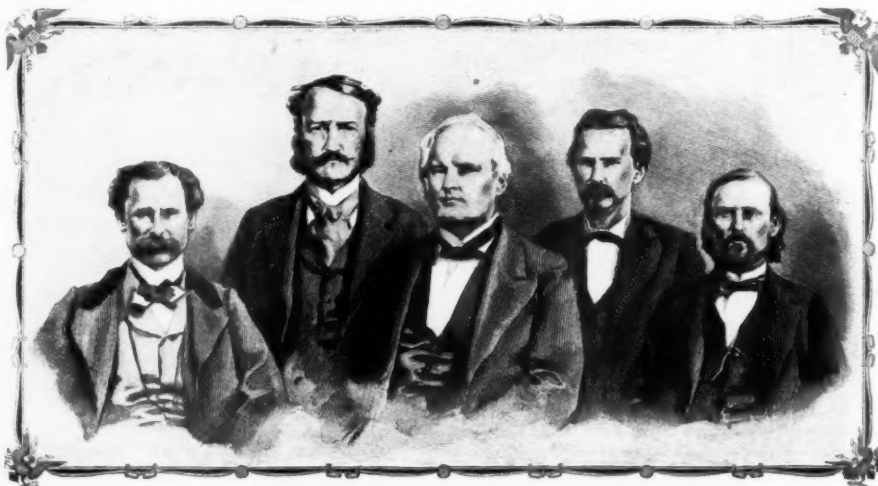
recognition of a monarchy in Mexico, as an expression of the sentiment of the people of the United States. Although Mr. Seward, in forwarding a copy of the resolution to Mr. Dayton, had stated that the President did not "at present" contemplate any change in the policy hitherto followed, the attitude of the United States toward the Emperor had been unmistakably emphasized, on May 3, 1864, by the departure of our minister, the Hon. Thomas Corwin, who left, ostensibly on leave of absence, as soon as the approach of the new sovereign was heralded. Notwithstanding the small encouragement which

the mission proved a failure, and only added one more to the many abortive attempts made during those four years to "solve the unsolvable problem."¹

GENERAL PORFIRIO DIAZ.

ON January 1, 1865, President Juarez issued from Chihuahua a proclamation in which he confessed defeat, but in dignified tones asserted the righteousness of the national cause, in which he put his trust, and appealed to the nobler ideals of his countrymen.

At that moment, to the superficial ob-



EX-CONFEDERATE GENERALS IN MEXICO.

Generals C. Wilcox, J. B. Magruder, S. Price, A. W. Terrell, T. C. Hindman.

such an attitude gave him, one of the earliest acts of Maximilian was to send Señor Arroyo to seek an interview with the head of the United States government, with a view to the recognition of the empire. Señor Arroyo was not even granted an audience. In July, 1865, another attempt was made by Maximilian to obtain the recognition of the United States government.

Among the chamberlains of the Emperor at that time was a son of General Degollado. He had lived in Washington, and had there married an American woman. The couple were put forward as likely to bring the undertaking to a favorable conclusion. But

¹ According to Prince Salm-Salm, yet another attempt was planned in the fall of 1866, in which he and his wife were intended to be the principal actors, and were to be sent to Washington armed with a fund of \$2,000,000 in gold. He states that the news of the Empress's illness, and the consequent failure of her mission abroad, prevented the carrying out of the scheme.

² He, however, boldly managed his escape a few

server, and in the capital, the empire seemed an accomplished fact.

The country at large, although by no means pacified, was nominally under imperial rule. Almost alone, in the south, General Porfirio Diaz held his own at Oajaca, and remained unsubdued.

General Courtois d'Hurbal, who had been sent against him, had so far been unable to deal with him. The commander-in-chief resolved once more to take the field in person. As a result, Oajaca shortly afterward was taken, and General Diaz, at last forced to surrender, was made prisoner, and transferred to Puebla for safe keeping.²

months later, and again took the field at the head of a band of fourteen men. These increased in number, snowball fashion, as other guerrillas gradually rallied around the distinguished chief; and, at the head of an army, he in time reappeared in Oajaca. After defeating the Austrians, in whose keeping the state had been left, he reentered the city in October, 1866.

In the course of these and other vicissitudes General

THE "BLACK DECREE."

FROM Mexico to the coast the country was quiet, and things were apparently beginning to thrive. But if to the residents of the capital the national government was a mere theoretical entity, in the interior of the country, and especially in the north, the small numbers of the French scattered over so vast an expanse of territory were obviously insufficient to hold it permanently. In order to please Maximilian, they traveled from place to place, receiving the allegiance of the various centers of population; their battalions multiplied their efforts, and did the work of regiments. But the predatory bands now fighting under the republican flag were, like birds of prey, ever hovering near, concealed in the Sierra, ready to pounce upon the hamlet or the town which the French must perforce leave unprotected, and wreaking terrible vengeance upon the inhabitants.

No wonder that the intervention grew in unpopularity. In certain parts of the country, as in Mazatlan, the French had to resort to force to constitute an imperial administration. It was made a penal offense to decline an office, and the reluctant Mexicans were compelled to serve against their will.

At the beginning of the year 1865 martial law was proclaimed. By this measure the marshal sought to check not only brigandage, but the military disorganization which the then prevailing state of things must inevitably create. In this effort he found but little support on the part of the imperial government. Indeed, Maximilian insisted upon all actions of the courts martial being submitted to him before being carried out. Much acrimony arose on both sides in consequence of this interference.

I remember once hearing the marshal refer to a controversy that was then going on between himself and the Emperor with regard to prisoners taken by him at Oajaca, and whom he felt should be exiled. Maxi-

Diaz conducted himself not only as a patriot, but as a soldier. It was generally to him that the French turned when called upon by circumstances to trust to a leader's word or to his humanity. Yet General Forey, in the Senate, March 18, 1866, declared him a brigand whose summary execution would be warranted, as indeed that of all the Mexican generals.



AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY D. H. ANDERSON. GEORGE S. COOK, SUCCESSOR.

MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY.

An American hydrographer and naval officer, born in 1806. At the beginning of the Civil War he entered the Confederate navy. At its close he went to Mexico and served under Maximilian. He was the first to give a complete description of the Gulf Stream, and to mark specific routes to be followed in crossing the Atlantic.

milian, unmindful of the prolonged effort which it had cost to subdue these men, insisted upon releasing them, and eventually did so. The marshal bitterly complained of his weakness, gave other instances of his untimely interference with the course of justice as administered by the military courts, and excitedly declared that he was tired of sacrificing French lives for the sole apparent use of giving an Austrian archduke the opportunity "to play at clemency" (*de faire de la clémence*). Such difficulties steadily widened the breach between the court and the French military headquarters.

In the autumn of 1865, the news having reached him that President Juarez had passed the border and left the country, Maximilian, elated by the event, and exaggerating its bearing upon the political and military situation, issued the famous decree of October 3, now known in Mexican history as the *bando negro* ("black decree"). In this fatal enactment he assumed that the war was at an end, and, while doing homage to President Juarez himself, attempted to brand all armed republicans as outlaws who, if taken in arms, must henceforth be summarily dealt with by the courts martial, or—when made prisoners

in battle—by the military leader, and shot within twenty-four hours.

This extraordinary decree was greeted with dismay in the United States. It outraged the Mexicans, and excited the vindictiveness of the Liberal party. At the time such men as General Riva-Palacio and Gen-

doubt that it embodied the policy of repression urged by the marshal, and that, if he cannot be held responsible for its form, in substance it was approved by him.² Whatever may have been its origin, when, shortly afterward (October 13, 1865), Generals Artega and Salazar, with others who, at the



FROM A STEEL-ENGRAVING BY A. B. WALTER FOR THE "DEMOCRATIC REVIEW."

DR. WILLIAM M. GWIN.

eral Diaz were still in the field, and some of Mexico's most illustrious patriots were thus placed under a ban by the foreign monarch.

It has been claimed that Marshal Bazaine entered an earnest protest against the measure, the harshness of which he regarded as impolitic; that he urged its inexpediency, and personally objected to it as likely to weaken the authority of the military courts; that he, moreover, observed that it opened an avenue to private revenge, and delivered up the prisoners of one faction into the hands of another, a course which could not fail to add renewed bitterness to the civil war now so nearly at an end.¹ But although the famous decree certainly was the spontaneous act of the Emperor, and of his minister, who signed it, there can be no

head of small detachments, were holding the country in the north against General Men-
dez, were taken by the latter, and shot under the decree of October 3, such a clamor of indignation was raised at home and abroad as must have demonstrated his mistake to the young Emperor. This mistake he was soon to expiate with his own blood.

SIGNS OF COMING TROUBLE.

On March 10, 1865, the Duc de Morny died. He had been the moving spirit in the Mexican imbroglio, and it would be difficult to believe that the withdrawal of the prompter did not have a weakening effect upon the performance. His death, by removing one of the strongest influences in favor of the inter-

¹ See M. de Kératry, p. 84, etc. See also debate in the Chamber of Deputies, *«Moniteur Universel»*, Paris, January 28, 1866.

² See *«L'Empire de Maximilien»*, by P. Gaulot; also

Prince Salm-Salm's *«My Diary in Mexico»*, etc., in which the author states that he was told by Maximilian that it was drafted and amended by Marshal Bazaine, who urged its enactment.

vention, not only in the Corps Législatif and at court, but in the financial world, was certainly one of the many untoward circumstances which helped to hasten the end.

The millions raised through the Mexican loans had been carelessly administered and lavishly spent. What with the expenses of the court, extensive alterations in the imperial residences, especially in Chapultepec, and the outlay incidental to the pageants and ovations of the Emperor's journeys in the provinces, the relief brought by the loans had been brief.

Confidence was waning. The incapacity of Maximilian was becoming generally recognized, and the difficulties inherent in the situation were everywhere becoming clear.

The fact was that the party through which the French and Maximilian had been called to Mexico was the unpopular retroactive party; that, in order to exist, Maximilian had been obliged to recognize the measures enacted against his own partizans by the national party; that in so doing he had alienated Rome, whose censure he had drawn upon himself, and had aroused the political resentment of the priests; that in setting aside the leaders of the party to whom he owed his crown he had estranged his strongest adherents; and all this without winning over any important adhesions from the Liberals, or making any serious headway with his antagonists, who would have no emperor, no monarchy, no foreigner.

The success of the intervention was now clearly seen to depend upon a war systematically conducted against an enemy who represented a national sentiment.

THE UNITED STATES IN MEXICAN AFFAIRS.

AND now a serious danger was threatening the empire in the North. On April 9, 1865, General Lee surrendered to the Federal army. The Civil War in the United States was at an end, and the French were beginning to understand that the Northern republic, whose unbroken unity stood strengthened, could no longer remain a passive spectator of the struggle taking place at its frontier.

The scene of military interest suddenly shifted to the Rio Grande, and the incidents happening on the border deserved more attention than Maximilian seemed at first inclined to bestow.

The interests of the national party were represented in Washington by Señor Romero, who, with consummate tact and ability, made the most of every opportunity. The service

rendered by him to the cause of republicanism and of Mexican independence was second to none in importance. No detail seemed too trifling to be turned to account in his effort to strengthen the Mexican cause with our government.

A rumor reached us that President Juárez had succeeded in raising a loan in the United States. The ranks of the Liberal army were receiving important reinforcements from the officers and men of General Banks's command, who passed the border in large numbers to take part in the attack of General Cortinas at Matamoros. Already, in January, 1865, the impulse given to the republican party in the North vibrated throughout the land. Soon resistance everywhere appeared in arms once more. Both General Mejia and Admiral Cloué, then in command of the French Gulf Squadron, complained that the United States army afforded protection to the Juarists.

Recruiting-offices had been opened in New York, which, although not countenanced by the government, must furnish valuable auxiliaries to the Liberals. Alarming rumors reached France and Mexico with regard to the extent of the movement.

On the other hand, the negotiations then being carried on between Napoleon and Maximilian, with a view to securing the Mexican debt to France by a lien upon the mines of Sonora, was giving umbrage to the United States, and gave rise to considerable diplomatic correspondence.

It required no wizard to foretell the issue. After the surrender of General Lee, the Confederate army corps, twenty-five thousand strong, under the command of General Slaughter had opened negotiations with Marshal Bazaine, with a view to passing the border and settling in northern Mexico, provided suitable terms were granted by the Mexican government to the new colonists. It was then becoming clear to many that the half-way policy hitherto followed had led to nothing, and must result in a useless sacrifice of life and millions unless a larger force were maintained by the French in Mexico, or some barrier set up against the naturally dominant position taken by the United States with regard to Mexican affairs.

CONFEDERATE OFFICERS IN MEXICO.

IN June, 1865, Generals Kirby Smith, Magruder, Shelby, Slaughter, Walker, A. W. Terrell of Texas, Governor Price of Missouri, Wilcox of Tennessee, Commodore Maury of

Virginia, General Hindman of Arkansas, Governor Reynolds of Georgia, Judge Perkins, Colonel Denis, and Mr. Pierre Soule of Louisiana, Major Mordecai of North Carolina, and others, had come to Mexico. With them had passed over the frontier horses, artillery, everything that could be transported, including large and small bands of Confederate soldiers, and some two thousand citizens who left the United States with the intention of colonizing Sonora.

Confederate officers now flocked to Mexico with a view to making new homes for themselves. Many of them were interested in special schemes by which the agricultural wealth of the land might be made to yield its treasure to the ruined but experienced Southern planters.

My mother being a Southern woman, and knowing some of their leaders, our house soon became a center where they gathered in the evening and freely discussed their hopes. Thus was added a new element to the already motley assemblage which collected about us at that time. Truly a most heterogeneous set! Confederate officers, members of the diplomatic corps, newly fledged chamberlains and officials of the palace, the marshal's officers,—Frenchmen, Austrians, Belgians, and a few Mexicans,—would drop in, each group bringing its own interests, and, alas! its animosities.

Laws against foreigners having been passed, no property could henceforth be held by them unless they became naturalized. Some of the Confederate refugees therefore became Mexican citizens, and took service under the Mexican government. Governor Price, for instance, received authorization to recruit the imperial army in the Confederacy. He and Governor Harris of Tennessee and Judge Perkins of Louisiana were appointed agents of colonization, and immediately set to work upon the survey of the region lying between Mexico and Vera Cruz, with a view to furthering this purpose. General Magruder, the ex-commander-in-chief of the Confederate forces in Texas, having also become naturalized, was placed in charge of the survey of the lands set aside for colonization as chief of the Colonization Land Office. The government sold such land to colonists for the nominal consideration of one dollar an acre, and allowed every head of a family to purchase six hundred and forty acres upon a credit of five years. A single man was allowed three hundred and twenty acres.

Not only the government, but large land-

owners, proposed such free grants, and offered every inducement to settlers, if they would come and develop the agricultural resources of the country. The first Confederate settlement was established near Cordova in the autumn of 1865.

Commodore Maury, now a naturalized Mexican citizen, had in September been appointed imperial commissioner of immigration and counselor of state. He opened an office in the Calle San Juan de Latran, and was authorized to establish agencies in the Southern States.¹

General Charles P. Stone had come to Mexico with a colonization scheme of his own. He had, in 1859, made a survey of Sonora under the Jecker contract. He now was on his way to look after some of the Jecker claims when accident threw him on board of the steamer with Dr. William M. Gwin, ex-senator for California. The two men at once came to an understanding and joined forces.

In 1856 (December 19), two years after the filibustering expedition of Count Raousset de Boulbon, the house of Jecker had obtained from the Mexican government the right to survey the territories of Sonora and southern California. The conditions were that one third of the unclaimed land should become the property of the house of Jecker.

In 1859 the Liberal government had rescinded the grant, and this had added one more grievance to those which the Swiss banker had brought up against the administration of Juarez. No sooner had Sonora sent in its adhesion to the empire than Jecker proposed to the French government to make over to it his rights against a payment of two million dollars.

The plan was then to colonize Sonora and Lower California, establishing, on behalf of France, a right to exploit the mines. The climate was healthy, the land rich, the adventure tempting; but it had the great drawback of running foul of the most acute Mexican susceptibilities. Not only did such pretensions at that time excite the suspicions of the Mexicans with regard to the disinterestedness of the French alliance, but they were calculated to give umbrage to the United States government.

As early as 1863, Napoleon III had discussed the possibility of establishing in Sonora² a colony which should develop the

¹ See decrees signed by Maximilian and the minister of the interior, Luis Robles Pezuela, on September 24 and 27.

² Chihuahua, Durango y Sinaloa eventually were also included in the scheme.

mining and agricultural wealth of the state. In exchange for a grant of unclaimed national lands, these colonists were to pay a percentage of their proceeds to France, as well as a tax to the Mexican government.

A colony of armed Confederates, inimical to the Federal government of the United States, established between its dominions and the heart of the Mexican empire, and backed by France, Austria, and Belgium, must form a formidable bulwark in case of trouble between Mexico and its Northern neighbor. There is small doubt that some such plan had formed a part of the original "deal" proposed by Jecker to the French leaders.

In the spring of 1864 unauthorized attempts had been made by Californian immigrants to land at Guaymas and settle upon certain lands granted them by President Juarez. The marshal had sent French troops to protect the province from such inroads, treating these intruders as squatters. This had furnished a reason for the military occupation of Sonora; thus was the first step taken in the realization of the project.

Such was, in rough outline, the position of the Sonora colonization question when Dr. Gwin entered upon the scene. Upon his arrival in Mexico, he applied at headquarters for an audience. The marshal, although in full sympathy with the project, realized the danger of its open discussion at that time. Maximilian and his advisers were opposed to it. Much tact and secrecy seemed, therefore, necessary in the conduct of negotiations having for their object the furtherance of so unpopular a scheme. Dr. Gwin was too conspicuous a figure to pass unnoticed the portals of the French headquarters. An informal interview was therefore arranged.

AN INTERESTING INTERVIEW.

WE then lived at Tacubaya, a suburb of Mexico reached by the Paseo, where the marshal rode every day for exercise. Our house was built at the foot of a long hill, at the top of which stood a large old mansion, the yellow coloring of which had won for it the name of the Casa Amarilla. It had been rented by Colonel Talcott of Virginia, who lived there with his family. Dr. Gwin was their guest; and it was arranged that the marshal, when taking his usual afternoon ride with his aide-de-camp, should call upon us one day, and leaving the horses in our patio with his orderlies, should join us in a walk up the hill, casually dropping in *en passant* at the Casa Amarilla.

The plan had the double advantage of being a simple one and of providing the marshal, who did not speak English, with suitable interpreters. The interview was a long one. The marshal listened to what the American had to say. Indeed, there was little to be said on his own side, as the Mexican ministry was absolutely opposed to the project, and any change of policy must depend upon a change in the imperial cabinet.

His Excellency, however, seemed in high good humor. As we came out, he merrily challenged us to run down hill, much to the astonishment of the few *leperos* whom we happened to meet. The Mexican Indian is a sober, rather somber creature, not given to levity; his amusements are of a dignified, almost sad nature. He may be sentimental, bigoted, vicious, cruel, but he is never vulgar, and is seldom foolish. Indeed, well might they stare at us then, for it was no common sight in the lanes of Tacubaya to see a commander-in-chief tearing down hill, amid peals of laughter, with a party of young people, in utter disregard of age, corpulence, and cumbersome military accoutrements!

The personality of Dr. Gwin was a strong one. A tall, broad, squarely built man, with rough features which seemed hewn out of a block with an ax, ruddy skin, and a wealth of white hair brushed back from his brow—all combined to make him by far the most striking figure among the group of Southern leaders then assembled in Mexico.

His own faith in the almightiness of his will influenced others, and in this case brought him very near to success. He talked willingly and fluently of his plans. Notwithstanding the decided opposition met with on the part of the Mexican government, he then confidently expected to be installed in the new colony by the opening of the year, and invited his friends to eat their Christmas dinner with him there. He was generous in sharing his prospects with them. We all were to be taken in and made wealthy: every dollar invested was to return thousands; every thousand, millions!

It was entertaining to hear him narrate his interviews at the Tuileries with Napoleon III and the other great men of the day. His tone was that of a potentate treating with his peers. He spoke of "my policy," "my colony," "my army," etc.

In 1865 Dr. Gwin again went to France to confer with its ruler. Upon his return to Mexico, he was regarded as the unofficial agent of the French government. The Emperor had promised him every facility and

assistance. All that was now needed to make his dreams a brilliant reality was the signature of Maximilian. He was full of glowing anticipations. But Maximilian was then none too friendly to his allies, and he stood firm. However much the French might urge it, the national feeling was already strongly arrayed against any plan involving the possible alienation of any part of the Mexican territory. Moreover, it was becoming obvious, from the various complications occurring upon the Rio Grande, that the befriending of the Confederate refugees must henceforth seriously add to the difficulty of obtaining the recognition of the Mexican empire by the United States—an end which Maximilian had greatly at heart, and one which, strangely enough, he never lost the hope of accomplishing, so little did he, even after two years' residence in Mexico, understand American conditions.

A NEW AGREEMENT WITH FRANCE.

GENERAL ALMONTE had been sent to France on a mission, the object of which was to influence Napoleon to continue his support. The only result of his errand was a communication addressed to Maximilian, dated May 31, 1866. In this Napoleon stated the situation with a frankness the brutality of which aroused the indignation of the court of Mexico. An onerous agreement was nevertheless arrived at, to which necessity compelled Maximilian to subscribe (July 30). By this agreement, half of the revenue derived from the customs of Tampico and Vera Cruz was to be assigned to the French in payment of the debt until the entire outlay made on behalf of the Mexican empire had been repaid. The French, in return, promised to continue their support until November 1, 1867, and to withdraw their army in three detachments, the last of which would embark on that date. The imperial government was thereby deprived of half of its reliable revenue at a time when, in order to maintain its existence under the present stress, large additional resources should have been at its command.

In 1866 Napoleon had formally instructed the marshal to advance no more funds, and to pay only the auxiliary troops. The Mexican army might dissolve. The French, on withdrawing, would leave the Austro-Belgian corps and the foreign legion,—i. e., some fifteen thousand men,—upon which the empire must depend. Under the new arrangement the Austro-Belgian soldiers were to receive

the same pay as the French—that is, about one half the amount formerly paid them, and were once more placed under French control.¹

Dissatisfaction prevailed, and the very worst spirit was manifested on all sides. After continued ill feeling, in August, 1866, Comte de Thun sent in his resignation, and returned to Europe, leaving Colonel Kodolitch in command.

The Belgian corps mutinied, and the ring-leaders having been discharged, the disbanded men were incorporated into new mixed regiments.²

Meantime the Liberals were everywhere assuming an aggressive attitude. Guadalajara had fallen into the hands of General Uruga. In July, 1866, Matamoros, Tampico, and Monterey were also lost to the Imperialists. The revenue from the duties from the port of Tampico thereby ceased altogether, and went to strengthen the national party. This event caused a painful shock.

THE KNELL OF THE MEXICAN EMPIRE.

To us in Mexico there was no concealing the fact that the knell of the Mexican empire had struck. Maximilian must fall. How? was the only question.

When, in the course of the winter, the treasury being empty, he had appealed to the French for relief, he had threatened to resign the throne unless they would advance to his administration the funds necessary for its support. The marshal had then, against the formal orders of his own government, supplied the necessary millions to tide over successive crises as they presented themselves; for it was clear that unless funds were immediately forthcoming the empire must collapse.

The French government, however, had censured the marshal's conduct. His situation was fast becoming an impossible one, and in order to obtain security he ordered the seizure of the custom-house of Vera Cruz. Maximilian was furious, and a rumor spread that he was seriously considering his abdication. The Empress, who strongly opposed this, suggested going abroad herself to see what could be done to save the crown. All confidence was at an end between the young monarchs and the marshal whom they held

¹ Maximilian's proclamation announcing to the auxiliary troops that they should henceforth form one and the same division « with their companions in arms » was dated May 19, 1866.

² Order given through General Neigre, July 8, 1866.

responsible for Napoleon's altered attitude. It seemed idle to trust to written appeals the force of which must be counteracted by his representations. A personal interview might, however, accomplish much. The situation was reaching an acute crisis. Much bitter recrimination had followed upon the disasters to the imperial forces in the North. Nothing could be worse than the animus on both sides. Altogether, imperial Mexico had become a seething caldron, in which the scum stood a fair chance of rising to the top.

Each side accused the other of duplicity with regard to the United States. The Imperialists openly charged the French with delivering up the empire to the republicans, while the French suspected the existence of snares and intrigues set afoot for the purpose of bringing about such complications as might force France to retain an interest in Mexican affairs.

Had Maximilian's grasp of the situation been stronger, he must have seen that by firmly taking his stand upon his original agreement with France, by refusing to consider the onerous terms substituted for those of the treaty of Miramar by Napoleon in his communication of May 31, 1866, and by making then and there a public renunciation of his throne, based upon the non-fulfilment of the terms of the convention, he must throw the full responsibility of the *dénouement* upon the Emperor of the French.

He had then his one chance to retire with dignity and honor from the lamentable situation into which his youthful ambition and inexperience had led him, at the same time revenging himself upon his disloyal ally by exposing to the full light of day, and before the whole world, the wretched conditions under which the empire had been erected.

By compromising and signing away half the revenues of his ports,¹ by retaining the scepter upon terms that made the empire impossible, that forced him down to the level of a mere leader of faction, and placed him in contradiction to his own declared principles, he descended from his imperial state, and forfeited, if not his crown, at least his right to it, if judged by his own standard. He, moreover, lost his one chance of seriously embarrassing his allies. At that time the army was scattered in small detachments over the Mexican territory; terms had not yet been made with the Liberal leaders; the sudden collapse of the empire must have created dangers to the French, the exist-

ence of which would give him a certain hold over them.

But he was a weak man; the Empress clung to her crown; the great state officials were interested in retaining their offices; he was surrounded by evil or interested counselors; and instead of standing up firmly in his false ally's path, he allowed him to brush past and to disregard him.

In ancient Mexico, when, fortune having deserted a warrior, he fell into the hands of his enemies, a victim doomed to sacrifice, a chance was, under certain conditions, given him for his life. He was tied by one foot, naked, to the gladiatorial stone, armed with a wooden sword, and six warriors were, one after another, entered against him. If extraordinarily skilful, strong, and brave, he might hold his own and save his life; at least he might destroy some of his foes, and, falling like a warrior, avoid being laid alive upon the sacrificial stone, where his heart, torn out of his breast, must be held up, a bleeding sacrifice to the fierce god of battles.

Maximilian was not strong enough for the unequal struggle at this supreme moment, and he was laid upon the sacrificial stone.

SECRETARY SEWARD.

MEANWHILE the cloud "no bigger than a man's hand," which wise men had from the first anxiously watched as it loomed upon the northern horizon, had grown with alarming rapidity, and was now spreading black and threatening over the whole sky.

Secretary Seward was prepared to enter upon the scene. Nothing could be finer than the conduct of the American statesman throughout these difficult transactions. Alone among the foreign leaders who had a share in them, he followed a consistent policy from beginning to end, and his diplomatic notes form a logical sequence. Quietly, steadily, he played his part, to the greater credit and higher dignity of the nation whose interests and honor were in his keeping.

The burden of the Civil War had for several years weighed him down; but despite every effort of European diplomacy, the ship of state, steered by a firm hand, was kept upon its course, avoiding every shoal, while saving its strength for home defense. He never yielded a serious point, never wavered in his adherence to the traditional American policy; and stood by the legal republican government of Mexico even when, reduced

¹ Convention of Mexico, signed July 30, 1866, by M. Dano and Don Luis de Arroyo.

to the persons of the President and his minister, Lerdo de Tejada, it was compelled to seek refuge at Paso del Norte. But when the surrender of Lee's army left the Federal government free to act, sixty thousand men were massed upon the frontier, and the American statesman at once grew threatening.¹

In vain did Napoleon III plead for delay; in vain did he assure Mr. Bigelow that a date had been fixed for the final recall of the army. From Washington came the uncompromising words: No delay can be tolerated; the intervention and the empire must come to an end *at once*.²

RATS LEAVE THE SINKING SHIP.

SINCE accepting Napoleon's ultimatum, by the terms of which all French assistance was to be withdrawn by November 1, 1867, Maximilian had made no attempt to disguise his hostility to his allies.

The French government having formally declined to do more than pay the auxiliary troops and the foreign legion, the distress was great, and the Imperialists, on the verge of starvation, were frequently supplied in the field by the French commissariat. Demoralization set in throughout the imperial army. Whole garrisons, receiving no pay, left their posts, and turned highwaymen, even in the neighborhood of the capital.

Indeed, the desertions were now so frequent that the Liberals were able to form a «foreign legion» with the deserters of various nationalities who sought service under their flag.³ Rats were leaving the sinking ship.

In January, 1866, the imperial army, including the Austro-Belgian legion, numbered 43,500 men. In October of the same year only 28,000 remained under arms. Many, of course, had fallen in the field, but desertion was principally accountable for this shriveling of the Mexican forces.

Permission had originally been granted French officers to take service under the imperial flag. Various army corps had been formed, which were officered by Frenchmen as well as by Austrians and Belgians.

Theoretically, a year and a half was time enough to organize the new foreign legion then well under way; but recruiting for the Mexican army was now found to be, like all other experiments successively brought to bear upon the problem, virtually impossible. Under the circumstances it seemed folly for foreign officers to enlist in the newly organized imperial regiments.

The marshal took it upon himself to withdraw the permission given some time before to French officers to pass into the Mexican service. He has been blamed for this, and accused of having deliberately hindered the organizing of Mexican forces, thus hastening the ruin of the empire. But no one not on the spot toward the close of the year 1866 can well realize the atmosphere of general *saute qui peut* that prevailed in Mexico and affected all classes of society. To all who had anything to lose, the only course that seemed perfectly clear was to get out of the country, leaving behind as little of their belongings as possible. Indeed, M. de Hoorickx, who remained as *chargé d'affaires* after the departure of the Belgian minister, M. de Blondel, told me that he also was doing all in his power to prevent his countrymen from embarking upon such stormy seas.

Sober-minded Austrians, on their side, used their influence over their more adventurous comrades to prevent their remaining under the altered conditions.

And now the only hope of the empire rested upon the power of Empress Charlotte to induce the courts of Austria, Belgium, Rome, and especially the court of France, to grant a reprieve to the tottering empire by lending it further support.

To defray the expenses of her journey, thirty thousand dollars were taken from an emergency fund held as sacred for the repairs of the dikes which defend Mexico against the ever-threatening floods from the lakes, the level of which is higher than that of the city.

It soon was whispered among us that upon her arrival in Paris the Empress had not spared the marshal, and that in her interview with Napoleon III she not only had denounced him, but had asked his recall.

¹ See peremptory note of Secretary Seward to Mr. Bigelow, November 23, 1866 («Diplomatic Correspondence», 1866, Vol. I, p. 366). See also letter to the Marquis de Montholon, April 25, 1866.

² On December 16, 1866, Mr. Seward officially expressed his opinion that the traditional friendship with France would be brought into «imminent jeopardy, unless France could deem it consistent with her interest and honor to desist from the prosecution of armed

intervention in Mexico» (letter of Seward to Bigelow, «Diplomatic Correspondence», 1866, Vol. III, p. 429); and he declined the condition made by the Emperor that the United States recognize the empire of Mexico as a *de facto* power. See proclamation of President Johnson, August 18, 1866, declaring the blockade of Matamoros issued by Maximilian null and void («Diplomatic Correspondence», August 17, 1866, Part I, p. 339).

³ See «L'Ére Nouvelle», September 25, 1866.

A LAST RESORT.

ON September 16, 1866, the anniversary of the national independence was celebrated with unusual state by the Emperor. The *Te Deum* was sung in the cathedral, and a formal reception was held at the palace, where, for the last time, a large crowd assembled. After this a meeting of the council of state was held to discuss the situation.

The Liberals and Moderates had failed to strengthen the empire. As a last resort, the Emperor turned once more to the reactionary party for help. The Liberal ministers withdrew, and a new cabinet, composed of the ultra-clerical party, was formed.

Thus, at the last hour, when, without funds and abandoned by his allies, all was crumbling about him, Maximilian cast his lot with the men whom, when rich in money, armies, and allies, and the future promised success, he had discarded as impossible to carry. In accepting their help he was pledging himself to factional warfare, and was virtually going back upon every declared principle which had formed the basis of his acceptance of the crown.

But in fairness it may be said that the unfortunate prince was at this time hardly responsible for his actions. The situation was desperate. He had neither the strength nor the coolness of judgment to face the issue. His vacillating nature had been still further weakened by intermittent fever, as well as by the events of this year, so fatal to his house. The climate of Mexico did not suit him. What with malarial fever and dysentery, as well as with distracting responsibilities and cares, he was a physical wreck. Not only had he month after month felt his hopes grow faint and his throne crumble under him; not only had he every cause to lose faith in his star as well as in his own judgment: but the cannon of Lissa must have vibrated with painful distinctness through the innermost fibers of the Austrian admiral's heart, and his personal interest in Austrian affairs must have caused him to dwell with poignant regret upon his renunciation of his birthright, and his absence from the larger stage upon which, but for his wild errand, he might then have been playing a leading rôle.¹

The new clerical cabinet, as usual, promised to pacify the country, and to find the funds

indispensable for the purpose. This was the last card of the reactionary party. Of all those involved in the issue, the clerical leaders alone had everything to lose by the downfall of the empire. Their personal interest in its prolongation was clear. With them it was a matter, if not of life and death, at least of comparative dignity and prosperity at home, or of exile and beggary abroad.

To place his fate in such hands was the last mistake of the Emperor. Such interested advisers must endeavor to cut off his retreat, when to remain must cost him his life.

The mission of the Empress abroad had, if anything, aggravated the situation. It is said that, no doubt under the influence of the cerebral disturbance that soon afterward manifested itself, her recriminations were so violent as to arouse a feeling of personal resentment which destroyed all sympathy in Napoleon's heart. Already weary of an undertaking which from beginning to end must reflect upon his statesmanship, and which was fast becoming a reproach to the French nation, he was even then negotiating with the United States for the removal of his troops, and for the restoration of the republic.

Regardless of the onerous agreement which Maximilian only four months before had been compelled to sign, the new minister of foreign affairs, the Marquis de Moustier, on the occasion of his first reception to the Diplomatic Corps, on October 11, told Mr. Bigelow that the Emperor would recall the army shortly.² The minister of war had already signed a contract with Péreire, the head of the Compagnie Transatlantique, for the home passage of the last instalment of the army during the month of March.

Of these fateful negotiations we in Mexico were then ignorant. We were under the impression that strict compliance with the terms of the recent agreement was the worst that could befall the empire. That these terms would be strictly adhered to even seemed incredible to many. There were optimists among us who thought that Napoleon's action was intended to call forth docility on the part of Maximilian and of his Mexican cabinet, and to bring them to terms. Thus it was that, although the *débâcle* was in reality hard upon us, it yet seemed sufficiently far off not materially to affect our daily life. We therefore lightly skipped over the thin ice of our present security, astonishingly unmindful of what the immediate future had in store for us.

¹ See M. de Kératry, «L'Empereur Maximilien», p. 220.

² See letter of Mr. Bigelow to Mr. Seward, October 12 («Diplomatic Correspondence», 1866, Part I, p. 360).

August 1745
George Washington

Geometry

One of the Dearest Sciences and a very useful and necessary Branch of the Mathematics, whose Subject is greatness. For as Number is the Subject of Arithmetick, so that of Geometry is Magnitude which hath its beginning from a Point, that is a Thing supposed to be indivisible, and the Original of all Dimensions. By it is explained the Nature, End and Property of continued Magnitude that is a Line, Superficies and a Solid, of which in their proper Order

Geometrical Definitions

1. A Point is void of Length Breadth and Depth as the Point A.
2. A Line is made by the moving of a Point and has length only as A B, which is the first kind of Magnitude.
3. A Superficies is made by the moving of a line and has length and breadth as A B C D which is the second kind of Magnitude.



THE FIRST AND LAST WRITINGS OF WASHINGTON.

BY S. M. HAMILTON.

It will be the duty of the Historian and the Sage in all ages to omit no occasion of commemorating this illustrious man; and until time shall be no more will a test of the progress which our race has made in wisdom and in virtue be derived from the veneration paid the immortal name of Washington.—LORD BROUGHAM.

TO-DAY historical precedent is an acknowledged and potent factor in our national life. Security in action based on that authority can be obtained by research in original sources only.

To all those other attributes of a well-balanced intellect George Washington added wise forethought in the appreciation of the value to posterity of authentic records of the days in which the foundations of our nation were laid. By that method of perfect order and system, developed in the days of his boyhood, and continued throughout his well-occupied life, he gathered and preserved the most complete and accurate manuscript and documentary testimony of the thoughts and deeds of the men of his times; and in his own correspondence, diaries, notes, and observations, as well as in the rich collection of letters addressed to him, he has placed the man of public affairs, as well as the student and scholar, under an unpayable debt of gratitude.

By the terms of Washington's will his nephew, Bushrod, inherited these treasures. It was from Bushrod's heir, George Corbin Washington, that the National Government bought the "Washington Papers," as the entire collection, now preserved in the national archives in Washington, is familiarly known. They were sold in two separate lots: the first, in the year 1834, under an act of Congress appropriating \$25,000; the second, in 1849, for a further sum of \$20,000. Thus the people secured a property to which it is not possible to affix a commercial value at the present day, and which, as time goes on, will increase to one beyond all calculation.

It is beyond the limit of these notes to attempt to describe the varied character and great extent of the manuscript papers and record-books of American history left by General Washington, or to do more than refer to the essential part that they form.

The two interesting examples that are given in this number of *THE CENTURY* convey some idea of their wide range. A moment's thought will give some conception of the varied character of the enormous mass of historical material existing between the date of the school copy-book of the lad of fourteen and the little diary closed the night before December 14, 1799,—Washington's last day on earth,—the latter being probably the most valuable Washington manuscript in existence.

Not only are these valuable papers and historic relics well cared for, but, what is of equal value, they are being made accessible to historical students. Not many years ago the manuscripts were bound and stitched together in a manner that would have been a miserable way to keep even newspaper clippings. This, however, has been changed; and at the present time nothing but the highest praise can be bestowed on the manner in which they are preserved, under the direction of the Bureau of Rolls and Library in the Department of State. In the examples before us, for instance, each sheet has been carefully fortified and restored, and set in on old-style cartridge-paper; the pages are bound in full levant, the cover inside finished in full gilt and watered silk in shades of blue and gray, the waste paper or fly-leaf being also faced with silk. They are then finally boxed in book form, which effectually excludes dust and protects the manuscripts from handling. The school copy-book has for title-page: "Washington's School Copy-Book, 1745."

An enumeration of its contents gives us an insight into the course of his education and the inclination of his mind. As seen by the facsimile, the first subject is geometry, which is followed by examples in geometrical definitions, geometrical problems, surveying, solid measure, mensuration of solids, gauging, mensuration of plain superficies, such as plank, wainscot, painting, glass, etc.; a

December 1799

8. Morning perfectly clear, calm and pleasant; but about 9 o'clock the wind came from the N. W. and blew fresh. Mer 38 in the morning. - as at Night
9. Morning clear & pleasant with a light wind from N. W. Mer at 33. - pleasant all day - afternoon Calm Mer 39 at Night - M^r Herk Lewis & wife set off on their return home after breakfast - and M^r Law Lewis and daughter's sister on a journey to N. York.
10. Morning clear & calm - Mer at 31 afternoon covering - Mer at 32 and wind brisk from the Southward - A very large hoar frost this morn?
11. But little wind and Rain in p. - Mer 34 in the morning and 38. at Night. - About 9 o'clock the wind shifted to N. W. & it ceased raining but cold & Cloudy. - Gen Fairfax his son Tho^s and daughter - M^r Warner Washington & son Whiting - and M^r Dr. Herbert dined here & returned after dinner.
12. Morning Cloudy - Wind at N. E. & Mer 33. - a large circle round the Moon last Night - about 1 o'clock clear & moon - soon after 1 o'clock and then turned to a fellid cold Rain - Mer 32 at Night.
13. Morning Snowing & ab. 3 Inches deep - Mer at N. E. & Mer at 30. & Snowing till 1 o'clock and ab. & it became perfectly clear - wind in the same place but not hard - Mer 28 at Night.

description of the leap-year, dominical letter, golden number, cycle of the sun, Roman indication, epact, etc.; memorial verses, the description and use of the globes, geographical definitions, and geographical problems. Such were the practical and useful lines of study of the boy Washington, and his early proficiency is shown by this, the earliest of his school-books, preserved from the time he was fourteen years old.

The diary is lettered: «Meteorological Record, 1799,» and has this simple inscription on the title-page: «This Diary probably contains the last words that General Washington committed to writing. On the night of the 13th he was attacked by the disorder of which he died.»

The diary is mainly devoted to recording the state of the weather, but other items of a more personal interest occur. The following are extracts:

«February 11. A little lowering in the Morning wind Southerly and Mer. at 27. Went up to Alexandria to the celebration of my birthday. Many manœuvres were performed by the Uniform Corps—and an elegant Ball & Supper at Night.»

Under date of February 22:

«Morning Raining—Mer. at 30—Wind a little more to the northward—Afterwards very strong from the N^w and turning clear & cold. The Rev. Mr. Davis & M^r Geo: Calvert came to dinner & Miss Custis was married at Candle light to Mr. Laurence Lewis.»

FLOWERS IN THE PAVE.

BY CHARLES M. SKINNER,

Author of «Nature in a City Yard,» etc.



PEAKING of inheritances, would n't it be surprising if we could know just how much of our thinking and doing were thought and done for us centuries ago? We see England in America every day, not

merely in the fad of Anglomania, but in law and manner. It is exhibited in the country whenever a man puts up on waste ground a sign that cries, «This part of God's earth is mine—all mine! Therefore, all common and unlanded persons keep off from it.» It is found in the courts whenever a man is set free after beating his wife or put into jail for trapping a rabbit. It endures in our love of theaters and books, in our harshness to animals, in our honesty, strength, and courage. Puritan ancestry asserts itself whenever we meet a man who lives for pleasure. He is repellent to us, and we cannot understand his satisfaction with himself. The busy man who is taking recreation may be a delightful fellow; generally he is, because there is in his case a glad rebound from the sordid and practical to the sanitary, the genial, the humorous, the ideal.

The man who lives for pleasure deserves none, and has n't any. He looks it. How and why is it that the average society person, so called, has such a faint personality? Is it because of even—therefore slight—development? Compared with the usual woman whose

picture is printed in the society columns of the newspapers,—startling taste that puts it there!—the shop-girl, the actress, the woman who writes, or who thinks without writing, the good mother, has a distinction that is eminent. Society lives to enjoy. To enjoy solely by consuming, without continuing or creating, is hard. In its upper grades, society smiles and talks softly. The lower grades laugh and yell, especially when they can attract attention in a theater box. What a frightful fate would be a «jolly» life to him who is still, in constitution and brain, a Puritan! One understands natural gaiety, high spirits, fine animal condition, and all that; but the make or state of mind that turns everything to a laugh, while it has its use of refreshment, would be intolerable if it lasted. The humor that smiles rather than the joke that roars, the deeps of healthful calm, the joys of mind and spirit that are almost told in sadness,—as the joy of autumn and the joy of love,—these are normal, and to have them for a year is worth a life of jollity. Yet, spite of its jolly ideals, I like the human race pretty well. It has proved that it can get more out of the air and the earth than any other creature can, though we do not know what the oyster will do after he has been through college.

Another tribal trait of ours is the habit of putting other people under discipline for not thinking as we do, or being so lucky. What

a grist of laws is ground in every State in every year—laws intended to make us as good as the men who passed them! How we are watched and ordered and mandamus'd and enjoined in our eating and drinking, our staying up o' nights, our looking at pictures, our dancing, our Sunday purchases and pursuits! Oh, what patient creatures we are! And when we do good to others, how patient they must be! If you want to make a present to me,—mind, I don't ask you to, and if it bids for any favor on my part I don't want you to,—please not to give me a loaf of bread, or a bushel of coal, or a flannel shirt. There is too much of charity, and too little kindness. A man has to be pretty low in body and mind and spirit to accept charity; but, granted that he must, how can he endure to receive bread, coal, and flannel shirts all the time? Is it not enough to crush the life out of him? The donors would sometimes do better to give a picture, or a Turkish rug, or a pot of flowers, or an etching, or a microscope, to a man, before they go at him with bread and flannel. He might like a book, or a magazine, or a day in the country. Gifts with beauty, gifts that teach, gifts that stimulate, make it worth a man's while to earn his own bread and coal and shirts. They make a horizon for his life, so that he can look up once in a while, when he is earning, and refresh himself, and feel that there is something on this earth, after all, besides bread and coal and flannel.

I don't know when I was better pleased than with the conduct of a couple of paupers in a Connecticut city, after their neighbors had got together and made a purse for them. They were well-bred paupers, mind you, and had asked no favors; but having been ill for a time, and lost work, they properly came within helping range of their fellow-creatures. And the good souls said, «Now Mr. and Mrs. B. will be able to buy some flannels and a barrel of flour, and they really must get a necktie and a bonnet to come to church in.» But what a cackling, what a holding up of hands and rolling of eyes! The first thing those paupers did with their money was to buy two tickets to hear Charles Dickens read!

Dickens! A man who wrote stories that were not true! It never occurred to the deacons that a soul could be starved as well as a body. These two people had minds; their minds were hungry, and they had a treat that blessed them as long as they lived: but the givers of the fund were angry because all of the money was not spent for bread and coal and flannel. I have known people to refuse

aid to a man because he had certain comforts—books, pictures, and a pipe. If he wanted aid, he was first to take these things to the auction-room or the pawnshop, and get rid of them for a tenth of their value, and buy three meals. Then, having nothing left to live for or with, he was to have bread. As if the poor devil did n't live in his books and pictures more than in his bread! Motley was right: «Give me the luxuries, and you can have the necessities.» How I could enjoy the flowers that I hope will be sent to my funeral!

Funerals! The city kills many men every year—kills with a yearning for hills and moving waters. And many die in the country for lack of a crowd. Often we grieve with city sickness, and lay it to heavy suppers, late hours, heat, press of business, sewer-gas, want of ventilation—this, that, and the other; but go into the country, even look into some wild solitude at sunset, and all comes right again. It was the mind that was cramped; the body was suffering vicariously. Nearest privilege to these escapes is to walk the streets at night, look at the sky, and hear music. All other arts are imitative. Music alone is inventive and human—or heavenly. It voices the great soul of nature; it takes one out of this ignorant present.

The music is not all from pianos, either. The night-hawks arrived in the year of this writing on May 26. I saw two flying low above the elevated railroad, and they were crying harshly to each other, or frightening their prey into sight. Later I saw a little flock of half a dozen or more. We ought to have crows. Their song is the most restfully rural that I know.

And it is after dark that the street is most tolerable. At other times it is a strife. It arouses aggressions. It keeps us tense. I marvel not that truckmen and bicyclers swear at each other so much, but so little. Grass growing on a patch of undisturbed pave, or darkness resting on it, is a blanket of peace. Still, strife is right sometimes, and war is a tonic—a national tonic, because individually not all need it, not all endure it. It is like iron in other medicinal forms than shells and bayonets. But while it makes a people brave and tough, it is crushing to mind and fancy. War never could have made an Emerson, brave as he was, nor a Hawthorne, nor a sculptor, painter, poet, musician, nor any kind of genius. It could easily have crushed him. You can't raise violets and roses in the ash-heap or the slaughter-house. And the willingness that some of the Grub-street celebrities had to be in town, even taking it as

recreation to go through the Strand, shows that they had as much the making of fighters as of writers.

Even here Nature proclaims her largeness once in a while, and triumphs over the shop-windows. In 1884 we had the red sunsets and sunrises, continuing night after night and day after day for months; for in the year before the world had blown open at Krakatau, and an island had tumbled into the hole, taking with it towns and men and beasts. Lava, and the heat of it, belching from a dozen throats of rock, had thrown into the air clouds of dust, that drifted around the world, too fine to settle for a long time. Did the dust rise higher than our atmosphere, or is that envelop deeper than we think? I ask because I saw the shadow of the earth on it at evening. A government official, to whom I wrote of this phenomenon, made no reply. He may have thought me a falsifier or a dreamer; and as he was an astronomer, he never looked at the heavens, but spent his evenings figuring by gas-light whether an observer had made an error of a thousandth of a second in the inclination of Mercury's axis to its orbit. As Rip Van Winkle says, on seeing his wife at the wash-tubs, "Well, somebody's got to do it, I suppose"; but I am surprised at the man, and sorry for him, who sees in nature only quantities, never masses and qualities. I met a professor once who said that the visible universe was composed of lines; color he did not notice; light, song, beauty, were sentimental affectations. Your average astronomer is not what his vocation ought to make him—a poet, scientist, or philosopher: he is an arithmetician.

For myself, I am more interested in a man than in knowing how long it takes him to ride to his office, and his hour for getting there. So this disclosure of mine was of no account to the astronomers. None the less, I saw the edge of this goodly earth shadowed, round, vast, spectral, on the dust in the eastern sky, spreading over it in an arch full 25° in height, yet, as I recall it, seeming higher than exact opposition to the sun would make it. To appear round at all, this shadow must have been thrown on something immensely far away. We guess the world's atmosphere to be one hundred miles thick; but either that or the outlying ether holds dust farther from the surface of this globe.

It is not always that you can see the stars well from the streets; for not only is the air above a city fouled and thickened with smoke, steam, dust, and gas,—which you may see from

afar as a veritable cloud lowering over the place where you know the town to be,—but the glare of light from a thousand electric-lamps and gas-jets so dazzles the eye that the calmer, softer lamps of heaven are half lost. Only on sharp, clear nights, or in vacant lots, does the Milky Way appear, or the fourth-magnitude stars, or the aurora; yet that subtlest of celestial phenomena, the zodiacal light, I have several times seen from pavements, roofs, and ferry-boats. And I have been able to trace far into the glowing sky the bars of radiance sometimes shot up by the sun half an hour after it has set. These bars of light and compensating shadow may be seen, occasionally, reaching quite across the heavens, and converging in perspective in the east, thereby proving their immense reach. One writer relates this phosphorescent after-glow to the zodiacal light, which really appears later in the evening, and is different in that, instead of raying out, it sends up a triangle toward the zenith.

Twice in city streets I have seen the northern lights ascend the sky until they lay across it in a band from east to west, squarely overhead, then passed a little to the southward, perhaps reaching latitude 40°, though the prosperity of that guess would depend on how high these lights were above the earth. When folks hear them rustle and snap, they must be near. I never heard them, though I have been close by them in Alberta, Canada, and on Lake Superior. In town the steam-trolley, and cable-cars, the ding-dong of bells, the screech of whistles, the rattle of wagons, the pounding of feet, the hum of factories, the yelping of dogs, the clatter of human tongues, make that kind of observation hard.

Some wonderful skies are to be seen from our windows and sidewalks—light and deep, clear and clouded, gray and glowing, lovely and threatening, boiling with rain and thunder, heavy with August haze, blazing flame-like in October sunsets. The clouds may brush the steeples, or hang, far and white, in thousands of pendants, like the groined roof of Henry VII's chapel in Westminster Abbey; or they may recede farther, until, almost lost in the blue, they swim twice as high as the Himalayas in a summer cold of 90° below zero. And on rainy days, what witch-like haste and darkness of the low-flying vapors! what freaks of falling water! Is it an optical effect that what are palpable drops as high as the third floor are dispersed into spray before touching ground, like some of our Western waterfalls in a high wind? We often see distant rain- and snow-curtains,

that swing over the earth, never seeming to trail even their fringes on the ground.

And there are the meteors, that usually fail to shoot on the advertised nights, and that occur in those awe-inspiring showers just after everybody has stopped looking for them and gone to bed. In boyhood I was startled by the dropping of an *aërolite* into a field beside me one night when I was trudging over a country road in Vermont; and, some years later, while crossing City Hall Square in New York, I glanced up at the Tribune clock, and caught the plunge of a great meteor in the eastern sky. The dust from these visitors is always falling; it settles on our window-ledges. The planets may also be seen while the sun is shining; at least, Venus, Mercury, and Mars are visible when nearest to us. On a summer evening in 1896 a meteor started in the west, and moved southward, curving through a quarter of the horizon, and breaking in its flight. Its apparent slowness told of distance, and its endurance told of size. Most of the flashes we see in the sky are made by chunks of iron no larger than walnuts.

Among other *aërial* fantasies is the mirage, and that we see in town as much as in the country; for in the former place it is largely an effect of warm air rising from the earth,

and the stones of the city are more quickly heated than the fields. We get no such shifting pictures in New York as we see along the lower St. Lawrence, where the hills are in momentary change, dividing, rising, flattening, breaking into islands and trees, crossing gaps with bridge-like extensions of themselves, while this freakish spirit is at work among them. Yet one of the most striking exhibitions of the reflecting power of mere air is to be seen on any warm day on the Brooklyn Bridge. Walk along the promenade as far as the stair, and ascend this slowly until the eye is level with the higher portion; then pause and note. The boards are almost invisible; in place of them is what appears to be a river; and people ahead are wading in it, their legs being reflected in its faintly agitated surface. Two or three steps higher, and the river is gone. It was made of warm air. Not so very warm, either; for on January 25, 1897, with the thermometer at 13°, and the wind blowing twenty-five to thirty miles an hour, this queer effect was faintly visible. The sun was shining in a clear sky that afternoon. To see these things,—at least, to find them,—it needs that the eye be clear of prejudice, that it be innocent and receptive; otherwise you see many things that are not there.

THE TWO QUICK DEVILS OF TOTSUKA.

BY CHESTER BAILEY FERNALD,

Author of "The Cat and the Cherub," etc.



HE moon had risen out of the sea at ten o'clock, and had topped the mountains of the Kazusa-Boshu peninsula, and was looking over the Bay of Tokio and aslant the trees and roofs of the bluff at Yokohama, when it cast a beam through the semi-darkness upon three little Japanese gendarmes, with three little caps, and three little jackets, and three big swords. The sky was not so indigo as one can stain a lantern-slide, but it was very blue; and there was a bloom and luxury of growing things which softened to a charm the crudely finished "foreign" dwellings among which lay their road; and there was many a changing vista down to the city lights, and the glistening waters, and the ships from the wide ports of

the world. But there was also the dignity of a gendarme; and the three kept step, and stared ten paces forward, till they came to a house with a fence of high bamboos.

"I beg pardon!" said the sergeant to the dark door, in a loud voice; and, within, a native serving-woman sighed, and unscreened the hall lamp, and ran with slapping sandals to the stairs, calling:

"O Bobbo-san! O Helno-san! He come! To-day I tell you he come. Why you not run?"

"I beg pardon!" came the voice of the sergeant. The door opened, and Mitsuo dropped on hands and knees.

"Renowned captain of the peace!" she said in an inflection of pleased surprise, smiling, and keeping her eyes on a crack in the floor.

"As for this evening," replied the sergeant, bending so low that his short jacket rode over his shoulder-blades, "honorable health is augustly perfect?"

"Miserable self is happily whole," replied Mitsu; and they both politely giggled, and bowed, and sucked their breath as if they were drinking at a spigot.

Then the sergeant asked about the health of a short list of her nearest relatives, and they snickered, and ducked, and sucked a spigot separately for each one. And Mitsu started with the honorable sergeant's bodily state, and they snickered and ducked and spigoted at his reply, and then separately for all his parents and grandparents, and brothers and sisters, and uncles and aunts and cousins to so many removes that the sergeant's chin-strap swung out into space, and his cap got bugged from its official lodgment, and the American clock ticked impatiently. Two persons who came of a land of less formality were sliding silently down the back balusters.

"Admirable Mitsu," said the sergeant, "herein two Americans honorably reside: a boy of seventeen or less,—foreign youths grow so honorably tall that I cannot tell,—and a maiden of perhaps sixteen. To-day, during the imperial progress, these two young beings, disregarding dignified requests, and honorably disdainful of courteous warning, have committed most distinguished crimes. Augustly appearing at a certain window extraordinarily unprovided with shutters, they, with unseemly boisterous smiles *looked down upon the sacred person of the Mikado!* And they aimed a picture-box at him, now doubtless possessing his counterfeit presentment, to the scandal of the world. Deign to invite entrance. For I must withdraw from here the honorable bodies of these two young persons, and they must rest augustly pent in jail till worthy punishments are meted by his Excellency, the Kanagawa Ken."

The sergeant re-spigoted all the breath he had expended in this speech; and Mitsu declared that she was the Mikado's infinitesimal worm. But could not honorable delay be granted? The highly influential parents of these two young persons had gone to Shanghai on the honorable steamship; and their uncle, who was their protector for the while, had gone augustly inland for a day and a night. Distinguished procrastination, replied the sergeant, putting down his boot within a hair's-breadth of her fingers, was graciously impossible.

"O Bobbo-san! O Helno-san!" called Mitsu.

"O-mawari say must go with him. I cannot make stop. Why you are not run?"

The house sounded empty. The sergeant and his two men hastened up-stairs, restraining an impulse to leave their boots at the threshold; and in a few minutes they came down the stairs again.

"Honorable young persons have fled," said the sergeant, with a grin. "They must be honorably caught. Permit us to inspect the delectable back garden."

A gate that gave upon a lane hung ajar. Some one had just seen two foreigners—one in petticoats, he said, and one with legs—engage three 'rikshas; and in the third 'riksha they had lifted two indescribable things like—but the gendarmes did not care about that detail. The fugitives had gone on the road that leads down to the bund.

"To the railroad-station!" exclaimed the subordinates, jumping into a 'riksha.

"To the railroad-station!" commanded the sergeant, jumping in after them just in time; and with one *kuruma* to pull, and two *kuruma* to push, they bowled toward the bund, the sergeant, by virtue of his rank, sitting on the knees of the other gendarmes, and leaning against their chests to lessen their chatter and make himself heard. The three *kuruma* disputed over the matter as they ran, and every one giggled honorably, and the six made a lively party flying down Camp Hill, with the sergeant's appearance of dignity preserved mainly by his narrow fringe of whiskers, which ran down under his jaw like a second chin-strap. Men at the bridge had seen the three fleeing 'rikshas, each with a pusher, going at a tremendous gait through the Settlement; and the contents of the third 'riksha were a strange framework of black rods and shiny radiating—but the sergeant and the two subordinates and the three *kuruma* all bowed, and rattled away toward the honorable railroad-station, politely stopping now and then to make sure of their trail. When they arrived at the ticket-office and made their inquiries, they all laughed aloud, the sergeant, by virtue of his rank, striving to laugh a little the loudest; for no one in the last two hours had seen any foreigners, young or old.

"To the Tokio road!" commanded the sergeant. "They have fled to Tokio."

"No," said the two subordinates and the three *kuruma*; "to the Hodogaya road. They have fled toward Hodogaya."

"To the Tokio road, I say!" commanded the sergeant. And away whirled the 'riksha; and the sergeant grinned augustly, for the

'riksha was headed for Hodogaya, and he was in it. As they went one way around the hill of Noge, six kuruma, drawing three empty 'rikshas, were returning by another way, all wrangling as to what the strange things were which the foreigner in petticoats and the foreigner with legs had preferred to carry off on their shoulders until they had gotten out of sight around a curve toward Hodogaya.

Now the moon had risen well over the village of Hodogaya, and all the little snub-nosed Japanese dogs had gone to bed. Some dogs of foreign parentage barked; but of people there were few who had not rolled themselves in their quilts, if they had any, and gone to sleep with their napes on hard pine pillows, with wooden shutters closed against thieves. At the end of the string-like village was a lonely abode where a great shadow rose upon a paper wall, cast by an aged, pious little scholar, one who studied so early and late and hard that he rivaled the ancient Daruma—the one who sat for nine years with knees akimbo, pondering on a knotty holy problem, till his legs fell off. To-night this after-type of Daruma had gazed for hours at his toes, in ecstatic meditation about the gods; and now more than ever he felt himself near them and worthy of their grace. At length, as if compelled by some lofty power, he looked out into the night, and impassively he beheld a vision—two supernatural beings who did not touch the earth, but who skimmed near it with equal steps, and in a flash were past and gone without a sound. The gods had given him a token! His sixty saintly years were not in vain! The sage sat on his threshold and approved the moon; for to-morrow he would be the most honored man in all his province.

Farther away, there staggered toward the village a strong young maker of clogs, who had tarried with waters stronger than he. And in the dim distance he saw two twinkling lights approaching; not paper lanterns, but eyes!—eyes of horrid dark and spidery things, coming through space like shooting-stars. And, none too soon, he pitched head-long into a ditch.

«It was the evil drink,» he strove to say, with the roots of his hair all frozen. «I have seen double before when there was one; but now, since there was none and I saw two, I must have seen quadruple. Whee!» Then he fell again, and cut his head, and dreamed horribly.

White clouds traversed the moon. Farther on, great pines, relics of the ancient glory of

the highway, brandished scraggly arms; and an honorable dog, of valor often tried, fled with a yell to an oozy rice-field. No length of thought, with his wet legs shivering, could explain the uncanny things that had hunted him—creatures with length and height, but without thickness, and with fearful speed. Many dogs in narrow hamlets scurried with ignominious tails that night, and wondered in the shadow of a cart.

A fever-stricken potter of Totsuka lay with his head beyond his shutters, staring at the whirling road; and he snorted aghast, and jumped up, lurching against his fragile walls. «Devils! devils!» heard his folk, as the shutters fell with a crash; and they fled to the road in their quilts, as from an earthquake. «Two devils—of wondrous speed!» cried the potter, in the distance; and people looked out, and called that he was mad. But he had left the town behind, and was running on the road between the hills and rice-fields, where his shouts echoed among shrines and graves.

«Have you seen the two devils?» he called to the fat stone image of Binzuru. But the little god sat arrayed in a new red-cotton bib and yellow-worsted hood and mittens, and was too content to care. «*Abunayo!* Look out for the devils!» shouted the potter, dashing into the gloom of the pine-shaded highway.

What were the specters a woman of a farther village saw as she went through the midnight to get her sick child water? There, in the cold moon, glittering, skeleton-like things, that rolled through the air, bearing bodies with stiffened arms and moving legs. Demons they were, dashing on dragons! It was a deadly omen for an ailing child. She hastened across their trail to the temple, reckless of what might blight her, and passed between the grimacing Ni-o, the terrific gods that frighten evil spirits by their looks. «Mercy, Kwannon!» she prayed for a long time, when she had pulled the rope of the bell that bespeaks the goddess's attention. In the distance drew nearer one crying through the night: «Have you seen the two devils?—two devils with fiery eyes; and their feet were round and rolling, and their legs went up and down!» The village was roused, and people began to collect in the temple.

«Nonsense!» growled the priest of the night, disturbed from beloved slumber, and listening to the story of the woman and the ravings of the man from Totsuka. «Some one must have trundled a Shanghai wheelbarrow through the town; and you, in your ignorance—bah! What evil spirit dares this

sanctuary?» cried the priest, striking an attitude behind a great ebony table. «If any, let it approach at its peril!»

But the potter had hurried on, asking everywhere, in a loud voice: «Have you seen the two devils flying in the air?» Men came out of doors, and hailed him. «Two flying devils have been seen near Totsuka!» was passed from house to house. «And it is said they flew this way—with feet that rolled, and they cut the air like swords.» The man from Totsuka broke away from those who would detain him, crying hoarsely: «Let us follow the two devils, and drag them from their dragons!» Whereupon he ran off, chased by gathering numbers, toward Kamakura, where there are so many gods and goddesses that it is a marvel if an ogre shows his head; and many of the fleet of foot began to vie with the others in speed and courage in the blind pursuit, though no one dared to pass more than a safe distance ahead of the rest. But the vanguard had soon outraced the man from Totsuka, who came behind with many stragglers. And the two devils, or whatever they were, were being gained on; for they had had to alight from their dragons, or whatever they were, and push them up a long hill, and then walk with them down the other side of it, which is so full of ruts that even a dragon is not sure of foot there. Half a mile on, one demon had to dismount again, and pump air into the fore foot of the other demon's dragon; so that they heard quite plainly behind them, cried in Japanese: «Has any one seen the two devils sliding on the wind? Who will chase them?»

«Oh, Bobby,» said the second demon, shuddering, «it's the policemen! How could they get here so soon?»

«Jump on!» said the first demon, trying to live up to her belief in his bravery. «We won't stop to find out.»

Then away they sped down through an avenue of stately pines toward the Bay of Sagami; and the throng behind them had turned to a hilarious mob, rushing down past a great lotus-pond, and past the temple of Hachiman, where the god of war lay yet to sleep for several years, old men and young joining in the cry of, «Have you seen the two quick devils of Totsuka?» with the glee of little children at a game. For none of them really believed that there had been an apparition; and every man calculated upon dodging behind some other man if the demons should really appear; but every man thought that all the others thought that he was very doughty, and altogether every one

was exceedingly pleased. «To Hase!» some one cried; and every one repeated it, and they all galloped by a short cut over the rice-fields, so that they made another gain on the demons, who went by the main road. For, since the mob gathered new members from every household or two,—in a land where clothing can wait until you come home and put it on,—there were always fresh ones, anxious to outdo the others, and show how little fear there was in them. Their noise beat on the ears of the mighty bronze Buddha, which is nine times as high as a man, and ten times as old as he usually lives to be; and it beat on the ears of the two demons, toiling and pushing up another long hill, through a deep cut lined with images of Jizo, who is the patron of travelers, but not of those who travel by supernatural means.

«Oh, Bobby» cried the second demon, «there's a hundred of them!»

«A hundred!» said the first demon. «The whole population of Japan is out of bed because we looked down on the Emperor. Come on!»

One pursuer reached the summit alone. The specters were true! He saw them—whizzing down a grade of stones and ruts that were hazardous even for demons. A thief who had cut a hole through a paper wall, and was drawing forth booty from under a snoring nose, heard cries, and ran into the road with his garments stuffed full, then fell on his face, and begged mercy from the lightning things that passed him like a gust of wind.

«Have you seen the two devils?» cried the vanguard, rushing down the hill in a compact body.

«Yes,» said the thief, with chattering teeth. «They waked me out of a sound sleep—as I was saying my prayers. But they were not devils; they were gods, on cart-wheels.»

«It was two devils on dragon-back!» yelled the mob, paying no attention to him; and they stampeded for Katase, while the moon looked down upon a line of hamlets aflame over the most uncanny visitation known to the memory of the oldest truthful inhabitant; and the demons scuttled away before the mob.

«Abunayo!» shouted the first demon to a solitary figure with a staff. In answer the figure blew three sad notes on a bamboo whistle; he was blind, and had been following his trade of *massageur* in Koshigoe. And at the same instant the second demon struck a stone, and wobbled, and shot past, tearing a rag from the many that clothed the blind man.

«Help!» screamed the sightless, poking his staff into the earth; and turning round and round, not knowing where to flee. «There are devils in the air! They have singed me with sulphur! Help!»

«Devils?» came the echo of voices like his own. «Who has seen the two devils on dragon-back?»

«I! I saw them!» cried the blind man, earnestly.

The two dragons had whipped over a hard sand road as fast as demons could urge them, widening a space between themselves and their pursuers, and rounding a curve toward Katase. The vast cone of Fujiyama rose against the distance; but they saw only the near circular heights of Enoshima, rising thick-clad from the brine like a Japanese head, and moored to the main by a narrow neck of sand. The first demon dismounted.

«Don't tremble so, Helen,» he whispered. «Blow out your lamp. Put your bell in your handkerchief. Come on. Please don't shiver so!»

A long cloud went floating across the moon. The swelling of voices came like a rising wind behind them. The two demons turned at a sharp angle from the Katase road, and down a steep bank to where the beach runs off to Koshigoe and to Enoshima, and where then the waters lapped the hurrying feet of an anxious demon with legs, shouldering two dragons, followed by a scared demon in petticoats, past the silent sampans of the fishermen, which lay like things in a picture.

BACK in the ditch on the road to Totsuka lay the maker of clogs, seeing fiery fiends astride of poles; and they circled round him, ever nearer, whipping him with snakes. In the temple on the way to Kamakura, the woman and the priest of the night were arguing still as to whether she had seen a devil or was possessed of one; and they would be now, but the woman has died. Beyond Kamakura, the potter of Totsuka was trying to say, «Have you seen the two devils?» with lips like baked clay; but no one noticed him, prostrate in the rice. The blind masseur was hurrying toward Katase, proudly sure that he led the horde. But he was a straggler in the rear; for already Katase was in an up-roar, and many underclad people from Kamakura and Hase and Katase, and the hamlets in between, now saw more of each other than they had for years, or would have if they had not been so excited. All the

priests were in their robes in all the temples; and all the highway from Totsuka to Katase was in such an inflammation, so to speak, as history has not seen it for a hundred years—such that the only properly dressed and decently contained person in all that way was little Binzuru, in his yellow-worsted hood and mittens, and his red-cotton bib.

Like a nest in a tree sits the little inn of Nishimura among the trees of Enoshima. The wind plays on the needles of the pines, and the surf does away with the sound of the outer world. Up to the balcony of the inn looked two tired, unenthusiastic demons, one in petticoats, and one with legs.

«Rode down here in three hours—on those things?» said Uncle Ben, very portly in his kimono. «Wonder you did n't break your necks. Got 'em on to-day's steamer—ran away, and scared the people, eh? Helen, here's a maid to show you a room. Tumble into bed with you. Scat! Bob, I'm glad you took such pains to bring that negative. You'll go to Tokio to-morrow, and you'll give the negative to the chamberlain, and you'll kotow, and whistle through your teeth, and promise never to do it again. Lucky you're not in the Yokohama jail. Safeties, eh? Well, I'm behind the times. Scat!»

Back on the road to Hodogaya slowly returned three tandem kuruma, then a riksha with three little men in uniform, and behind the riksha an aged sage with a cord around his neck, drawn by three hands stretched from the back of the riksha.

«I—who have had a token from the gods!» expostulated the sage. «I—who have been devout these fifty years! It was not I who looked down at the Tenshi. I was peacefully sitting under my cherry-tree, yearning to the moon—and you snatched me innocent from my threshold, like a babe. O most honorable, mighty men, release me for my gray hairs!»

«Well, let him go,» commanded the sergeant. «I can't think what to accuse him of.»

«No,» said the two subordinates and the three kuruma. «Does he think we came so far for nothing?» And the sergeant grinned.

Later, the moon, at the horizon, saw a file of three honorable little policemen, with three little jackets, and three little caps, and three big swords, all augustly marching up Camp Hill; and their faces wore an expression as from duty nobly done. But they did n't see the expression on the face of the moon, for it hid hurriedly below the sky-line.

CURRENCY REFORM.

BY ROBERT S. TAYLOR,

A Member of the Monetary Commission.



HE course of events is rapidly bringing the money question in the United States to a decisive stage. For many years the controversy was carried on within the two leading political parties instead of

between them, which would have been better for the country. Many men will temporize with wrong tendencies in their own party which they would fight bravely as errors of the other party. Democrats and Republicans alike dallied with the cheap-money delusion until it came dangerously near to acquiring control of both organizations, and finally succeeded as to one of them, driving the other to the opposite side. The new alignment which followed showed a startling closeness in the vote. So far from deciding the question, the first set party battle over it has simply defined the issue. It is, on the one side, the gold standard, with the forms of money, scale of prices, and methods of business which belong with that standard; and on the other, the silver standard, with the money, prices, and methods which belong with it.

The vague hope entertained by many, that escape from the bitter struggle which the fighting out of the issue means might be found through international bimetallism, has faded from the horizon. There was a time when such a solution was apparently possible, though of debatable wisdom. It is no longer even possible; and this not only because that concert of action among nations which alone could ever have rendered it possible is now out of the question, but because silver and gold have set a space between themselves which the whole world cannot bridge at any such ratio as 15½ or 16 to 1, which alone would satisfy our free-silverists. The effect of this elimination of international bimetallism from the possibilities is to define the alternative all the more sharply between gold and silver. There is no middle ground between them.

Our present monetary system, though open to grave inherent objections, would be bearable if it were not for the silver agitation. If there were no shadow of question in any

quarter about the standard; if ample and secure provision were made for payment of the government's demand obligations; if there existed such a state of public enlightenment on the subject that greenback inflation could no longer threaten, and confidence could be maintained in the perpetuity of these conditions, the money would be good, and successful business and general prosperity would be possible. But no single element of this situation is present. The standard is in controversy; no adequate and certain provision exists for payment of the demand obligations; four years hence they may be collectable only in silver; and in place of that general enlightenment on the subject which is the best security of a popular government against dangers of all sorts, we have a vastness of ignorance and prejudice which is appalling to contemplate. And so all things which pertain to business—money, contracts, values—hang suspended between gold and silver, like Mohammed's coffin in mid-air. And while, with an optimism that is amazing, we are making contracts, investing money, and hurrying out to meet prosperity half-way, it is impossible for any thoughtful man to conceal the fact from himself that he is building upon a foundation which may shortly prove to be but sand.

It was a deep and wide-spread sense of the gravity of the situation thus confronting the country that called together the remarkable gathering at Indianapolis on January 12, 1897. It was a convention of accredited delegates from chambers of commerce, boards of trade, and similar commercial bodies, in all parts of the United States. Its three hundred members had a single, definite object in view, which was the promotion of such measures as would remedy the evils and remove the dangers now existing in the currency system of the country. After mature deliberation they adopted the following brief declaration of principles:

This convention declares that it has become absolutely necessary that a consistent, straightforward and deliberately planned monetary system shall be inaugurated, the fundamental basis of which should be:

First. That the present gold standard should be maintained.

Second. That steps should be taken to insure the ultimate retirement of all classes of United States notes by a gradual and steady process, and so as to avoid injurious contraction of the currency, or disturbance of the business interests of the country, and that until such retirement provision should be made for a separation of the revenue and note issue departments of the treasury.

Third. That a banking system should be provided which should furnish credit facilities to every portion of the country and a safe and elastic circulation, and especially with a view of securing such a distribution of the loanable capital of the country as will tend to equalize the rates of interest in all parts thereof.

The convention appointed an executive committee of fifteen members,¹ who were directed, first, to use their efforts to secure the passage of a law by Congress authorizing the appointment of a commission by the President to formulate a definite plan for the reformation of the currency; and, failing in that, to appoint such a commission themselves. That committee laid the subject before the President and Congress at Washington. The suggestion was favorably received; but, under the policy adopted by the Republicans at the opening of the special session, to postpone all other legislation until the passage of a tariff bill, no action was possible until that had been accomplished. When that had been done a bill providing for the appointment of a commission was introduced in the House, and its passage recommended by the President in a special message. It passed the House, but was not acted on by the Senate. The executive committee of the Indianapolis convention, in obedience to the directions under which it was proceeding, then appointed an unofficial commission of eleven members,² non-partizan in its complexion, chosen from ten different States of the Union, and representing a variety of occupations and business relationships. That commission has been holding sessions at Washington, with occasional intermissions, since September 22, and will complete and publish its work by the time this number of THE CENTURY reaches its readers. It will report its recommendations, not to the President or to Congress, but to the com-

mittee by whom it was created. Its deliverance will be without pretense of authority, and will be entitled to no consideration except that which may be due to the reasonableness and practical wisdom of its suggestions.

It would be premature at this time to speak specifically of a plan as yet incomplete in the hands of its framers. It may be assumed that it will be consistent with the principles adopted by the Indianapolis convention. And it may be said further, without impropriety, that it will be complete in the sense that it will provide for the gradual and progressive elimination of the recognized evils of our present system, and the development and growth of a better system, by processes which, once set in motion, will go on without further legislation. At the same time it will deal with different phases of the problem in such manner that its recommendations can be carried into effect, if approved, as to some of them, by one act of legislation, and as to others, by other and subsequent acts. For example, the great issue—the issue which by its very existence is the chief element of weakness in our system,—the open question as to the standard,—can be settled, so far as anything can be settled by law in a free country, by a few lines of statute independently of any other legislation on the subject. The part which the government is to play in the maintenance of that standard by the performance of its own obligations, which is by far the most important part of the whole, can be prescribed and provided for in another act, independently of all other legislation. The necessity of some modification of our national banking law, in order to preserve even its present usefulness as a source of currency supply, has long been recognized by thoughtful observers. If the judgment of the country shall be that the evils attendant upon the use of government notes as money are so serious and inherent as to justify the retirement and disuse of that form of money, a very large extension of bank-note circulation will become necessary; and the system must be reorganized in such manner as to give it a capacity of growth to whatever extent may be required by the interests of the country. It is entirely

¹ H. H. Hanna, Chairman, Indianapolis, Ind.; M. L. Crawford, Texas; W. B. Dean, Minnesota; J. W. Fries, North Carolina; J. F. Hanson, Georgia; C. C. Harrison, Pennsylvania; Rowland Hazard, Rhode Island; John P. Irish, California; H. H. Kohlsaat, Illinois; John J. Mitchell, Illinois; Alexander E. Orr, New York; Geo. Foster Peabody, New York; T. C. Fowler, Montana; E. O. Stanard, Missouri; Augustus E. Willson, Kentucky.

² George F. Edmunds, Vermont, Chairman; George E. Leighton, Missouri, Vice-Chairman; T. G. Bush, Alabama; W. B. Dean, Minnesota; Charles S. Fairchild, New York; Stuyvesant Fish, New York; J. W. Fries, North Carolina; Louis A. Garnett, California; J. Laurence Laughlin, Illinois; C. Stuart Patterson, Pennsylvania; Robert S. Taylor, Indiana.

possible to accomplish this by amendments of our present law which shall preserve its tested and valuable features in the highest possible degree, and yet render it capable of the expansion which commercial conditions may require, whether that be little or much, or take place soon or through a long course of years. And this can be accomplished by an act which can have its operation independently of any other proposed laws. The recommendations of the commission, therefore, will be of such sort that they can be approved and adopted in whole or in part, and at once or from time to time hereafter. They will be submitted to the criticism of the press and the public, and come to the attention of Congress in such manner as the gentlemen representing the movement which brought them into existence shall deem best.

It would be unjust to all those who have been concerned in this movement to misconstrue the spirit and intent of these recommendations. There will not be in them or about them the least assumption of wisdom, or right to advise or direct. The function of the Monetary Commission is to prepare a memorial to Congress, on behalf of a great body of patriotic citizens who are profoundly impressed with the belief that grave perils threaten the country which can be averted only by timely legislation. The subject is one not of extreme difficulty, but one in respect to which there is such extreme diversity of opinion, and such an infinite number of suggested remedies for supposed evils, that the friends of currency reform are embarrassed in their efforts for want of some definite rallying-ground. They are looking for this in the report of the Monetary Commission. Its scheme may be far from perfect; but unless it shall fail entirely in its purpose, it will present an intelligible and consistent plan which can be stated, understood, discussed, and improved upon, and so enable the movement for currency reform to assume a tangibility and concreteness of expression which have been hitherto wanting, and which are necessary in order to make it effective in the highest degree. This is what is hoped for. This is the end toward which the labors of the committee and the commission have been directed.

The movement for currency reform which found expression in the Indianapolis convention, and in the proceedings which have followed and are yet to follow from it, is frequently spoken of as a business men's movement—a phrase which has provoked criticism in some quarters, as though that movement

were one in the interest of a limited class of citizens, and not of the whole body of the people. In a broad sense, all useful labor is business, and all who perform it are business men. But there is a distinction between occupations which these words mark better than any others which could be used. On one side are those occupations which consist in the making, buying, selling, transporting, or handling of goods, wares, money, or securities; on the other, direct culture of the soil, and the rendition of personal services for wages, fees, or salaries. The relations of these occupations to money are not exactly the same. In the former there are continual buyings and sellings, investments for profit, use of credits, and dealings involving money; in the latter money enters in not as a subject of dealing, but rather as the final fruit of labor performed. In the former the attention of men is directed constantly, by the nature of their daily occupations, to monetary conditions, changes, and prospects, all of which affect their interests in a direct and vital sense. In the latter there is less immediate occasion for thought about such things. There is reason, therefore, why men of the former class should be, as a rule, more alert, more interested, and better informed on money questions than men of the latter class, and so good reason why they should lead when questions of that kind press for decision. Indeed, to do so is a duty which they owe to their countrymen, and which they cannot shirk without fault. It is in no invidious sense, therefore, but for true and convenient distinction, that we speak of the business men's movement for money reform. It is not a movement in their interest more than in the interest of every other citizen. The goodness or badness of the monetary system affects all men alike in its final results. But business men, in the sense of the word just stated, feel the effects of monetary conditions more quickly than others, and in a way which excites their interest and concern more intently and immediately, and so stimulates them to earlier and more energetic action.

It would have been quite superfluous to say so much as this merely to repel a captious criticism. The observations offered are pertinent to a more important phase of the matter. It is the belief of the writer that we are in the presence of an issue more vital and acute than is generally realized by the people. Shall we maintain our gold standard, or abandon it for silver? That is the question, and it will have an answer soon. We

have gone too far to evade it or to put it off long. To go to silver appears to such men as constituted the Indianapolis convention to be an act of madness. There have been debasements of coin, little by little, in ages gone by, by royal robbers of ignorant and defenseless people; there have been progressive inflations of paper currency by deluded people, ending at last in total collapse;¹ but history has no record of any such sudden, blind, wild, suicidal plunge as a slump from the gold standard to the silver standard would be today. Men who look at it from that view stand aghast at the thought of the disasters which would attend such a catastrophe. And yet it is not only possible, but probable, unless it shall be averted by the union and coöperation of all the forces that can be mustered against it. The question is a political one, to be settled at the polls and by votes. The main organization of the Democratic party is for the silver standard. The gold wing of that party is not strong enough to control elections. The gold standard will go down unless it is carried to victory by the Republican party and its sound-money allies.

William McKinley was nominated because he was beloved of Republicans, and represented in his person the principle of protection. The same elements of strength contributed to his election. Many thousands of Republicans voted for him who would not have supported the financial plank of the St. Louis convention as an independent proposition. It is not certain that all of these will vote the Republican ticket next time. Protection will not be an active issue, and the financial issue will not be exactly the same as that of last year. On the part of Republicans it was then the mere defense of the existing system. Next time it will be an issue between standards, naked and undisguised. The pendulum-like alternation of party victories for twenty-five years past has its ominous suggestiveness.

The fate of the country is in the hands of its Republican leaders and its business men. The former are in control of a great organization in which individual conviction has the powerful support of party discipline. To these the latter can add not only their number in votes, but the strength which resides in in-

tellectual activity and personal influence. This is the situation which clear-headed business men see, and, seeing which, some of them organized the movement which took form at Indianapolis. Their plan of operations contemplates, first, the formulation of a simple, consistent, workable scheme of currency reform resting on sound-money principles, which the voters of the United States ought to understand and approve if suitably presented to them; and, second, the institution of a campaign of education, to begin forthwith, and to go on until the money question is settled on a permanent basis. There is a world of hope in such a movement. It is an evidence of political vitality fit to cheer the hearts of those who are ready to despair of the republic.

One thing more, however, is indispensably wanting. It is the prompt and hearty support of the movement by the Republican party leaders and organs. Temporizing and hesitation on their part will be fatal. With lapse of time, without renewed disaster, the lesson of recent years will fade from men's minds. With continued prosperity the apparent need of reform will grow less. With renewed disaster the difficulty of accomplishing it will grow greater. The sure basis of permanent and useful reform can be found only in an intelligent popular understanding of the subject. It is not a case of sentiment; it is a matter of business. Men's feelings can be moved quickly; to educate them is a slow process. If the Republican leaders desire to put their party permanently in the right on the money question by force of intelligent conviction in the minds of its members, and secure its enduring ascendancy in the administration of the government by making it the means of securing the enduring prosperity of the people, they have no time to lose in beginning that great work.

Another consideration remains, of no less weight. The high and noble enthusiasm of a great body of men animated by sincere and patriotic purposes is the most precious of all the forces that work in society. Taken at its flood, it may bear a nation onward into a new epoch of progress; once spent in vain, it may never revive. The Republican leaders will be blind to the signs of the times if they fail to see that the business men's movement for currency reform is their opportunity.

¹ See « Cheap Money in Past and Present Times. » The Century Co.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

With Regard to Age.

THE incoming of the new year, about the time when this is written, would seem to make the subject of age a timely Topic. Perhaps it is natural that the less age a person has, the less vitally interested he is in the subject. And yet, on the other hand, the more age a person has, and the more interested he is in the subject, the less agreeable its contemplation and discussion seem to be. The young, as a rule, can talk about age, even old age, without any sense of unpleasantness, because the young, while they expect to live forever, do not expect ever to be old. To the young the state of old age is unthinkable. Young people like to play with the idea of old age. Young poets are apt to write verses about it; but the interest on their part is a matter of sentimentalism rather than of true sentiment.

After writing thus far there comes to memory a story printed in this magazine for March, 1876. Mr. Edward Bellamy, in the days before he was transformed from an imaginative artist into an earnest propagandist,—when he was writing those delightful and original stories which we dare say he now regards as comparatively a waste of powers, save as they gave him his training for the ingenious works which carry his «message» to such an immense number of readers,—in those old days Mr. Bellamy wrote a little story in which he shows the usual attitude of youth toward the idea of old age, and also the disturbing effect of that idea when circumstances have brought it home to young minds in a novel and pressing way. A group of young people belonging to the social club of a New England village resolve to have an «old folks' party.» The plan was to dress so as to resemble what they expected to look like fifty years hence. They were to study up their demeanor to correspond with what they expected to be and feel like at that time. As Henry, the originator of the happy thought, put it, they would just call on Mary next Wednesday evening to talk over old times, and recall what they could, if anything, of their vanished youth, and the days when they belonged to the social club at C——. It was to be a sort of ghost party—«ghosts of the future, instead of ghosts of the past.» There is a touch, by the way, of the coming Bellamy in the remark of one of the characters: «Ghosts of the future are the only sort worth heeding. Apparitions of things past are a very impractical sort of demonology, in my opinion, compared with apparitions of things to come.»

There was great amusement at the old folk's party. The boys and girls entered into the idea with heartiness and ingenuity. But their parts had been so well studied, and were so well played, that after the thing had gone on awhile «the pathos and melancholy of the retrospections in which they were indulging became real.» All felt that if it was acting now, it was but the rehearsal of a coming reality. So when, finally, Mary went to the

piano and sang, to an air in a minor key, «The days that are no more,» the girls found themselves crying. Suddenly Henry sprang to his feet, tore off his wig, letting the brown hair fall over his forehead, and cried: «Thank God, thank God, it is only a dream.» Instantly the transformation was effected, and the boys and girls were waltzing in the «maddest round that ever was danced.» After an exhausted pause, they noticed that the one real grandmother at the party was smiling through tears. About her they gathered with affectionate caresses, weeping again because they could not take the old lady back with them into youth.

But would the old lady have wished to go back—unless they could have revived for her the companions of her own young days? To this same old lady they had come for costumes, and to ask her to go with them to the party and, as a matter of fact, also to observe the peculiarities of old age; and she had said to one of them, as if she «saw right through» her: «I suppose, my child, you think being old a sort of misfortune, like being hunchbacked or blind, and are afraid of hurting my feelings; but you need n't be. The good Lord has made it so that at whichever end of life we are the other end looks pretty uninteresting; and if it won't hurt your feelings to have somebody in the party who has got through all the troubles you have yet before you I should be glad to come.» Was it bravado on the old lady's part? Was it the habit of an unselfish lifetime, to make the girls cheerful by pretending that she herself was cheerful? Or was she content? Who knows, except the old women and the old men themselves?

Notwithstanding Charles Dudley Warner's contention that fiction, or at least some fiction, is stranger than truth, there is enough strangeness in truth to account for the familiar proverb. Something has just come to our notice that has an inverted resemblance to Mr. Bellamy's story. (We wish Mr. Bellamy would put it in his note-book.) A «veteran» of the Army of the Potomac, one of the youngest officers in that army, by the way—dropped in the other day, and told us that his friends were about to celebrate his eighteenth birthday. It seems that, just before the exact date of that birthday, a Confederate projectile plowed a hole along the top of his head,—you can lay your finger in the furrow now,—and left him in no condition for festivity. He was for a long time more dead than alive, and funeral honors would have been more appropriate at the time than any other ceremonies. It was the only birthday of his fifty odd which had passed without celebration, and his friends thought that it was a pity that his heroism should stand in the way of a proper birthday feast, even if this should have been unavoidably delayed a third of a century. We do not know just how the «occasion» is to be «improved.» We hope the veteran will remember to forget everything that has come to pass since he recovered consciousness in the very stress and agony of the

great war. As it happens, his hair is still dark, and he can look the part to singular perfection. We can see the fire and determination in his eye as he addresses the assembled company; we can see him as he urges «the boys» to stand by the flag, and «honest old Abe,» and the imperiled Union. And these grizzle-beards about him, do they partake of the illusion? Though, most of them, so much older, is it not as easy for them as for him to throw off, in their minds, the accidents of age, and again, with breathless frenzy, «up and at them» through storm of whistling bullets and howling shells?

Of one thing we may be sure: that most people who are called old feel younger, and therefore may be said to be younger, than they are called. And one reason why most people feel younger in their middle and old age than others regard them is that the first impression is the deepest, and our first impression of ourselves is that we are young. Not that every one does not have at various times a strong sense of age; but this sense may come upon one with as great force in youth as in advanced years. A friend, not young, once told us that he had never had the realization of advancing age thrust upon him with more powerful effect than when, over thirty years before, he entered a barber-shop, and with fear and shame offered his virgin mustache to the remorseless blade. It seemed as if «youth, the dream,» had indeed departed. The same self-observant psychologist remembered another sobering and disillusioning plunge into something like old age. His salary had been raised; he was no longer to be the struggling, and therefore perhaps somewhat interesting, young economist that he had believed himself destined always to be. Our friend said that it was singular, in this case, how soon the melancholy of accomplishment and of age-in-youth disappeared under the growing conviction that his unexpectedly large income was in reality not half large enough to meet his absolutely necessary expenses.

The attitude of Mr. Bellamy's young people toward the old is well-nigh universal in the Occidental world, whatever may be the feeling in the Orient; and perhaps we do not fully understand the psychology of the Orient. It is impossible for an old person to argue away the feeling of a young person toward an old person. It is an attitude of affection, of respect, of awe, of all sorts of sentiments, according to individuality; but in relation to the one quality of age, the younger gives «the look from above downward,» just as the grandmother in Mr. Bellamy's story suspected. The young person may not be fully aware of this attitude on his own part; and the older person may be philosophical about it, and think little of it, as he should; but, as a rule, it is there.

What good would it do for the old person to say: «My young friend, you take a very unphilosophical position with regard to my age. I am merely myself, which includes all that youth which you now have, and a good deal more besides. I simply have succeeded in keeping alive. You know what Tennyson says about «the glory of going on, and still to be.» Well, unless you are deprived of this glory, you will soon have passed through that brief experience of youth with which every life begins. And, besides, I may be a good deal younger than you suppose. For age is relative. Men and women nominally of the same age are by no means truly so. Every life is a clock, wound up to go so many hours, and

then to stop, so far as this world is concerned. One human machine is wound up to run, barring accident, say fifty years; another seventy years; another ninety or a hundred years. Suppose that three men were born on the same day, and you asked each of them, forty years after birth, how old he was; would forty years old be the correct answer in each case? Of course not; and it is the injustice of such calculations that makes most women and many men sensitive on the subject of their age. Popular arithmetic is deficient in this particular. You need not smile. Go and ask some biologist if I am not right. It is the amount of initial vitality that counts. You think you are twenty years younger than I am, and you look down upon me from your altitude of youth. As a matter of scientific fact—in the strict measurement of vitalities—you may be six months older than I am. There is enough that is tragic about age without complicating the subject with conventional inaccuracies. Yes; perhaps I am hovering about the seventies. There is nothing in that to frighten any but the plenary inspirationist and strict constructionist; for sanitary science, medicine, and surgery long ago antiquated the psalmist's baleful (threescore years and ten.) Any actuary can tell you that human longevity is increasing. And, besides, as the commander said to his troops in the thick of the battle, does a man want «to live forever?»

One of the «Heroes who Fight Fire.»

THE mention by Mr. Riis, in his article on «Heroes who Fight Fire,» of the heroic death of Battalion Chief Bresnan, in December of 1894, brings to mind the career of a typical New York fireman of our day. In the days before the establishment of the new Fire Department there were «heroes who fought fire»; but these heroes had a singular tendency not only to fight fire, but to fight anything in sight. Those were the days when a fire was dreaded by the community, not merely for the destruction of property by fire and water, but on account of the lively rivalry sometimes engendered. In fact, it is said that the fire sometimes had to wait for proper attention while the companies were giving their minds and fists to the decision of the more important question of precedence.

The old volunteer system became as unbearable as it was exciting and interesting, and the paid and disciplined department took its place. There were good and capable men in the old department, for all its faults. In the new department arose to authority men like the present able Chief Hugh Bonner, like Battalion Chief Ahearn, mentioned by Mr. Riis, and like the late Battalion Chief John J. Bresnan. It has long been, as a whole, a department of which our city is right to be proud. It has often been studied and imitated by other cities, though the recent experience of London seems to show that all it is capable of teaching as to organization, management, and methods has not been taken sufficiently to heart there.

Bresnan had two characteristics in his profession: he was scientific and minute in his interest in and knowledge of detail, and he was a quick and utterly fearless leader when it came to a direct attack upon the fire enemy. He knew all about all parts of the apparatus for fire-extinguishment—he had, indeed, made several useful inventions of details in this line. He knew a fire as a botanist knows a flower—seed and

stalk, bud and blossom. And when it came to putting his knowledge into practice he was almost reckless in his courage.

The laws on fire-proof construction, and the other laws for the prevention of fires in tenements, which the Tenement-House Commission of 1894 were instrumental in placing upon the statute-book, were partly the result of his suggestions, both privately and publicly made; and on his tragic death, the Commission passed resolutions heartily acknowledging his services.

So much for his position as an expert. A few words about him as a man. Brennan was born in Ireland, and was brought to New York when two years of age. He had little school education, but a head full of learning not taught in schools. He knew his city better than most people in any walk of life, and the city's recent history. His language was racy, with a phraseology strange to scholastic ears, but full of pith and marrow. All heroes are not modest. Brennan added to heroism the charm of modesty. You might have known him for years without learning from him that he had saved a single life; yet he had saved many. As Father van Rensselaer, his close friend, said at his funeral: «He never made mention of himself in his report when he did a brave deed. He was always in the background when his own praise was concerned, but always in front when discharging his duty.» The priest eulogized him, too, for his tender-heartedness, and declared that he was «not only one of the finest and bravest firemen in the city, but also a noble man.»

Along with all this he had great personal attraction. He was a fine fellow in every way, quiet, kindly, forcible. One felt that one had been in «good society» after an hour with Brennan. There are no men in the service in New York just like him; but there are firemen here, and in all our cities, equally brave, and equally unpretentious in their bravery—men with whom heroic deeds come naturally and without self-applause, sometimes without notice from any source, «all in the day's work.»

Letters or Business.

It was recently stated in the gossip of the press that a certain son of a millionaire had abandoned his chosen career in the «field of letters,» after the publication of a single book of travels, and was about to enter his father's business firm.

Upon this change of purpose the gratified parent is reported to have made the following comment: «A million men can write books, but few have the opportunity my son enjoys to become great in the business world. A book is read by few. A large commercial or manufacturing enterprise, well conducted, is a blessing to the world at large.»

Whether accurately repeated or not, these words are charged with a wisdom worthy of the founder of a large and useful mercantile business. Anybody of average mental capacity may cumber the shelves of book-stores with printed and bound paper arranged to look like books. Anybody, as well, with an orderly mind and a habit of industry, may live a useful life in the walks of commerce. But it is only the heirs of ruling princes, and of great merchants of independent fortune, who are given a great part to play in human affairs for the mere taking. To accept such a rôle is more a matter of duty than of inclination, and especially in the boundless field of business; for, as the sagacious father justly says, a well-conducted commercial enterprise «is a blessing to the world at large.»

No doubt a great book is in equal, if not wider measure, a blessing to mankind, but great books are not the outcome of a deliberate purpose to pursue the «career of letters.» Literary genius, in various conditions and walks of life, has exhibited a sporadic or continuous activity which in the final estimate may be loosely described as a «career»; but in the deliberate practice of writing for publication we have merely the pursuit of a profession, in which the rewards are distinctive or commonplace, under the same conditions as in the so-called learned professions. In these various walks the parent who has gained distinction in them is able to pass along only a very intangible professional «good will» to his son, and the literary father none at all. He who enters the field of literary competition does so as an orphan without heritage. Let the man with a worthy business career born to him pause before he throws it away for the hollow honors of average literary success.

Among the men and women who have achieved literary fame are a goodly number of sons and daughters of great and wealthy merchants. They were writers from necessity just as truly as the literary geniuses who have written in poverty when the pursuit of a practical career might have given them a comfortable living. But in general only harm comes to letters from the amateurish efforts of young men who have inherited, or are to inherit, wealth acquired in commerce, and who desert the splendid opportunity for usefulness built up by a lifetime of parental toil. Some of them seek the notoriety, excitement, or power that is supposed to come from the control of periodicals, monthly, weekly, or daily, and, with their wealth for a backing, have been known to force the methods of the press in ways distinctly not resulting in «a blessing to the world at large»; and others among them look to the affectation of letters as a graceful excuse for a life of ease, forgetting that, like all the other walks of artistic effort, the «career of letters» entails unending drudgery and devotion, and yields intangible and uncertain rewards.

OPEN LETTERS

The Way to Solve the Servant Question.

TRAIN THE MISTRESSES!

WE hear nowadays a great deal about the trials of housekeeping and the inefficiency of our servants, but nothing about the inefficiency of our housekeepers. Is it not just there that the root of all the trouble lies? Can a woman expect to have a well-ordered household and capable servants, when she, their head and director, is all but ignorant of the first principles of household economy?

Of course the average housekeeper does not acknowledge that she is ignorant; nor does the average mother think any training is necessary to fit her daughter to rule over a household. «My daughter is intelligent,» I have heard mothers say. «She will easily learn by herself what it is natural for all women to know.» Some girls do, but, alas! through bitter experience, with endless discomfort to themselves and others, needless waste of time and money, and often with exhausted strength and shattered nerves. Others never learn. Did one but know the secret history of many a shipwrecked marriage, one would doubtless find that household discomforts and worries, and ignorance in money matters, were the beginning of more serious troubles.

This important part of a girl's education is all but neglected in this country. No matter what our strong-minded «woman's rights» sisters may say to the contrary, woman's real sphere is, and always will be, matrimony and maternity; and household duties fall to the lot of almost every woman, whether she be married or single. What preparation for these inevitable duties do our girls receive?

We do not think of sending our boys out into the world without fitting them for their life's work; yet a daughter is expected to manage a household and bring up a family without the slightest preparation or experience. Totally ignorant, she is placed in a position which requires knowledge, tact, and system, and an executive ability quite as great as is needed for the management of many a business or profession. Our boys work their way gradually into positions of responsibility and trust; but our girls are forced to assume them without any preliminary training. A few lessons in cooking, after a girl's education is supposed to be finished, do not make her an efficient housekeeper. Systematic instruction in sweeping and dusting, washing dishes and cleaning silver, in the mending, washing, and ironing of linen, and the making of fires, as well as in the handling of money and the keeping of accounts,—in fact, the working and the needs of each and every department of a household,—should form part of a girl's education from the time she begins to learn her A B C's. In after life she may never need to put her hand to any of these things; but the knowledge thus gained will be of ines-

timable value in enabling her rightly to judge and intelligently to direct the work of those in her employ. She must be taught that this is as important and necessary a part of her education as her French and music—that it is preparing her for her life's work. Any one who has watched a little girl sweep up the nursery with a toy broom, and witnessed her delight in caring for a doll's house, will realize that the housewifely instinct is natural, and needs only to be judiciously fostered and trained.

As long ago as 1848, Miss Beecher wrote a little book urging mothers and teachers to instruct young girls in the principles and practice of domestic economy; but her words seem to have fallen upon stony places. Physical culture, the neglect of which Miss Beecher also deplored, has made wonderful strides; and women's colleges have sprung up all over the land, testifying to a love of study and a desire for higher education among our women. But are they better versed in household lore than they were fifty years ago?

We have fortunately ceased to think that a rudimentary education and superficial accomplishments suffice for our daughters, and that fancy-work should satisfy their souls; but with this striving for a higher education, a wider sphere, and a more active life, are we not in danger of neglecting duties which lie close at hand? What our women need to learn is that domestic duties are not beneath them; indeed, as Lady Mary Wortley Montagu said, «The most minute details of household economy become elegant and refined when they are ennobled by sentiment. . . . To order dinner is not merely arranging a meal with my cook; it is preparing refreshment for him whom I love.»

A woman should regard her household cares as dignified, important, and difficult duties which require her best and most intelligent efforts; not as troublesome, petty annoyances which take her away from more important or more amusing occupations, and which might be avoided if only her servants were better. It is too true that the majority of our servants are ignorant and incapable; but it is not altogether their fault. They cannot learn in their homes what we demand of them; but many an ignorant girl could be made a good servant with a better mistress. When our daughters are thoroughly taught housekeeping and the management of their households, then, and not till then, shall we have capable servants. Efficient service will then be intelligently demanded, and it will be forthcoming; but we cannot hope for it as long as the mistress is more ignorant than her humblest hiring.

A foreign woman now living in this country once told me that she could not understand the ceaseless complaints she heard on all sides of the inefficiency of servants; that, although she came here a stranger to the

language and ways, she had never had the slightest trouble; and she attributed this fact to her thorough domestic training in early life, and her knowledge of what she should demand from her servants. She expressed surprise at the ignorance of the average mistress in this country, and her desire to be rid of all responsibility and care.

It is no wonder that our women take little pleasure in what they do so badly, and grow weary and disheartened when wrestling daily with a problem they cannot solve. But let them once take a more serious view of their household duties, and be better trained for them, and housekeeping will cease to be the trial and bugbear it now is. They will find an interest and pleasure in their work such as they had never known before. As a man laboring for the maintenance of his family has certain hours in the day when nothing is allowed to interfere with his work, so should the wife, his partner, be equally conscientious and systematic in doing her share toward providing for the comfort and welfare of the family. And much could be done to aid and encourage her in these labors if men were more ready to acknowledge her difficulties and appreciate the value of her services. A man works for tangible results, pecuniary or professional, and these act as an incentive. A woman's work in her household savors of the treadmill. A kindly word of appreciation is the only reward she can hope for; and how often does she get it? Comforts are taken for granted, her best efforts are ignored, and too often the only comment upon all her labors is a complaint that the bills are too high. If a woman had the handling of all necessary moneys, the bills would doubtless not be so high. A man requires a certain capital to carry on his business, and would be annoyed beyond endurance were it controlled by another; but the average woman has little or no money she can call her own, and consequently rarely knows how to control her expenditures. With a definite sum at her disposal, a woman will learn to adapt her expenses to her income; and only by seeing the result of small economies, and reaping the benefit of them, can she be taught thrift and the value of money. The habit of charging to her husband everything she purchases robs her of the responsibility of paying, and leads to carelessness and extravagance. A man is placing a woman in an undignified position, to say the least, when he will not trust her with some of his "worldly goods" after "endowing" her so freely with them all.

I do not wish to maintain that our women should become domestic drudges; but they ought to exercise an enlightened and systematic oversight of their households, and realize the importance and dignity of their position. If they could be brought to understand that it is in their own interest to become good housekeepers, perhaps women would give the matter more serious attention. Besides being aware of efficiently fulfilling their destinies, they would be free, in a well-ordered household, from the petty annoyances caused by the shortcomings of ill-trained servants, the countless worries and complications which beset them would be lessened, and they would have more strength and more time for other occupations.

Really competent housekeepers have the most leisure at their command. The training which has taught them

to manage their homes with precision has made them capable of doing good outside work. One woman I have in mind, who was thus trained by a New England mother, takes an interest and pleasure in the humblest details of housekeeping; yet she has found time to assist her boys in preparing for college, has done good literary work, and takes a prominent and efficient part in both charitable and municipal undertakings. Another, not less well versed in the domestic arts, has mastered a difficult branch of science, and her work meets with praise and recognition from those highest in the profession. Competent housekeepers are free from the petty tyranny of the servant who knows she is indispensable—knows that her mistress cannot do the work. How many of our women could, in an emergency, prove their ability to rise above such tyranny, as I heard of a foreign-bred woman once doing? Her husband, a diplomat of high rank, was giving a large official dinner, and just as she was dressing to receive the guests, word came from below stairs that my lady of the kitchen had departed. In those days—some thirty years ago—our caterers were not so many or so efficient as they are to-day, and assistance from outside was not to be thought of; so, hastily summoning her young daughter to take her place and make her excuses, she went to the kitchen, and served her guests with a dinner perfect in every detail. Not until they returned to the drawing-room and found her waiting to receive them did they realize that the "sudden indisposition" had been a ruse, and that the diplomat's wife was a good cook as well as a gracious hostess.

But it is not only the women who have servants and money at their command who need to take a higher view of domestic work. It is the women of all classes and conditions. There is a growing tendency among them all to despise housework, and among the younger generation an alarming ignorance of its first principles. I say alarming, for the evil effects will be serious and far-reaching; and the greatest service our women of leisure could render their sisters of the working-classes would be to make housework fashionable. There are hard-working mothers all over the country who foolishly think that they are bringing up their daughters to be ladies by not allowing them to do any housework. A most pernicious influence in this direction is our daily press. It would be difficult to calculate the wide-spread evil our newspapers work in chronicling the doings of a small set of people, and in giving a senseless and undue prominence to their wealth and amusements. The longing for such a life, all "beer and skittles," and the desire to copy the women who apparently have no duties and no responsibilities, have destroyed the happiness of many a home. The idea that housework is beneath them, and the home sphere too limited, has also flooded the country with art students who will never paint good pictures, and would-be musicians who will never rise beyond teaching unwilling children badly. How many among them—among the countless women working for a living—are fit to marry and care for a family? They almost all look forward to matrimony; and, indeed, this very fact is often used as an argument against employing women instead of men; but what degree of comfort can their husbands hope for, and how can their children become useful men and women?

It is well that women should be self-supporting, and not unnatural that the activity of a professional or business life should attract them; but they can never entirely escape domestic duties, and would not their lives be easier and happier if they were taught in childhood how to meet them?

Another result of this distaste for household occupations is the wide-spread custom of boarding—an American custom which astonishes the foreigner who visits us, and is the ruin of family life. Women of means, incapable of conducting a household, take refuge in hotels and apartment-houses to be rid of the «worry of servants.» Some plead economy as a reason; but if they were willing to give more personal attention to their housekeeping, and would not attempt to emulate their richer neighbors, they might have the comforts and advantages of homes of their own, and still find time for intellectual and social pleasures. Many women with limited means and only a couple of servants expect to run their households on a scale which demands twice that number—to use as much silver and have all the leisure of their richer friends; and they grow disheartened when they fail. One often hears them praise the ease of life abroad; but in foreign countries they are willing to live far more simply, and are not tempted to compete with their neighbors. The benefit to her children in being removed from the baneful influence of hotel and boarding-house life ought to recompense a mother for any extra efforts. If her daughters were obliged to assume some of her duties, they would lessen her cares, and would also gain the experience they so badly need.

The false estimate placed upon housework has likewise lowered the standing of domestic servants in this country. Our native-born men do not hesitate to marry shop-girls or factory-hands; but they consider a girl who has been out at service not their equal socially. Our servants are better paid than any other women, well housed and fed, and sheltered from many of the temptations which surround the working-girl; they are nursed when ill, and not immediately thrown out of employment; and often in old age or prolonged illness are tenderly cared for by their former employers. Yet many a girl will struggle to keep body and soul together on starvation wages rather than incur the stigma of having been a servant. It is doubtless true that girls prefer the greater freedom of shop and factory; and they also have no means of fitting themselves for domestic service.

The majority of our servants are foreign born and bred, and have had their training in their native countries, either as under-servants in large establishments where a professional housekeeper rules, or in modest households where the mistress, often a woman of title and position, is willing to give personal attention to her housekeeping, and is capable of training her servants. The wages they receive are necessarily small, but they look upon the board and lodging they get as sufficient compensation until they are fit to assume more responsible positions.

In our country the housekeepers always demand skilled labor, and in their eagerness to secure it are willing to pay any price. Thus wages have been forced up far beyond the value of the services rendered, and

all but the rich are debarred from having an adequate staff of servants. The supply does not meet the demand, so even the badly trained can secure such prices that the standard of efficiency remains low. Our women of the leisure class, who are singularly devoted to their efforts to aid the suffering and the needy, and to bring some brightness into their lives, can in no way so well further the well-being and happiness of the whole race as in teaching women and girls to take a different view of housework. Well-cooked food and cleanly homes are the best weapons with which to fight the attractions of the saloon, and habits of order and thrift will do more to raise the material welfare of the poor than almsgiving.

Much is being done, but not nearly enough, and not altogether in the right direction. It is the educated, the well-to-do, who must take a different view of household economy. Good mistresses are needed far more than good servants. Let us secure the former, and we shall soon have the latter. But my readers will say: «How can we make our daughters good housekeepers? There is no time for it. The school demands so much that they have all they can do, with their music and dancing and foreign languages besides.»

The real trouble is that household economy is not recognized as a fundamental part of a girl's education. But even in existing circumstances much may be done. In the first place, there are the long summer holidays, when it would be far better if the time were not given up entirely to idleness, and when sewing-classes and cooking-classes might easily be made a source of amusement. Or, in the winter, could not the dancing-class be omitted for a season? and the music-lessons, which are often mere drudgery, and lead to nothing? Then, after school hours, some small task that need not take many minutes should be obligatory each day; and on Saturday mornings, why not teach them to trim lamps, or to clean silver, or to mend the linen and to dust the drawing-room?

Young girls usually like this sort of occupation; and if they do not, the same authority which keeps them unwilling captives at their books and piano could easily insist upon it, if the necessity were once recognized. And let them be taught to look after their own belongings, and not to depend entirely upon a maid.

By the time a girl is fifteen she will thus have learned all the manual part of the workings of a household. Then give her the responsible charge of one and another department. Let it be her duty to see that the drawing-room is properly cared for, or the lamps correctly trimmed. Give her by turns the keys to the wine-cellar, the care of the linen-closet, or the sorting of the week's wash with the supervision of the mending. Later the dining-room can come under her care, and, with a fixed sum at her disposal, let her provide the candles, the fruit, and the bonbons for the table. And then, as she grows older and is emancipated from the school-room, teach her to do the marketing and catering. She will like the authority, if she is not burdened with too much at a time, and is not hampered by too much criticism and interference. The responsibility of having a definite task to perform, with the consciousness that others are dependent upon her, will be great factors in forming her character. She will learn habits of thrift and the

value of money if she is given an allowance and taught to keep accounts. Let it be for small things at first, and gradually be increased to cover the more important items, until she learns to pay for everything she buys. With such a training she will be thoroughly equipped to assume the management of her own household; she will not be forced to submit to the tyranny of inefficient servants, nor made nervous and miserable by cares that are too much for her. How much easier and happier will her life be than that of the average young housekeeper! Cannot mothers see the wisdom of such a course, and realize that this is the way to solve the servant question?

Louise Griswold.

Relics of Lee's Surrender.

MISS ALICE BARBARA STAHL, of Galena, Illinois, states, in behalf of the family of Major Wilmer McLean of Appomattox, that Major McLean did not voluntarily part with the table and other relics of the surrender of General Lee mentioned in General Porter's concluding article in the *OCTOBER CENTURY*. It is said that he threw down the ten-dollar bill offered by General Sheridan for the table on which General Grant wrote the terms of surrender, and that the table was subsequently removed by the soldiers, after which Mrs. McLean picked up the bill.

Editor.



A Graphical Solution.

JUSTIN STURGIS was «shy» a column on Wednesday night, and copy had to be in on Thursday morning, for the «Weekly Whirl» went to press at four o'clock. The «Whirl» was a better paper than any one except the editor and Justin Sturgis knew. It ran good half-tone work, and it not only had the best literary quality of all the papers on the coast, but it would have felt at home in London, so the editor said. It did n't matter much to the editor what news was in the paper, as long as it was briskly written, for he took the «Savoy» and the «Yellow Book» and the «Revue Blanche», and he went in for the «precious» methods in literature. If there was an actress to be written up (and there 's «business» in that very often, what with selling half-tone blocks and extra copies), he hated to have Sturgis go to see her, for fear he would n't get enough sprightly imagination into it; he much preferred to have it done in the office, for Sturgis could turn out «good stuff» if he had to.

The consequence was that Justin got into the way of putting everything off till the last moment, and then working under high pressure. This week the photographs of the «Military Sports at the Presidio» had n't come out well enough to run, and the editor came into Sturgis's room, and told him he'd have to do about a thousand words to fill space. «Can't you do a good «guy» article?» said the editor. Sturgis had done a stinging skit on «Charity War-Horses» three weeks before, that had set all the society women talking, and the editor had been after Sturgis ever since to write another. «But we must have something by nine o'clock, sure,» he said.

«How about the «American Caricaturists?»» suggested Sturgis.

«Oh, we're not down to that yet,» said the editor, with a grin, as he went out.

The «American Caricaturists» was a sore point with Justin Sturgis. He had written the article with a great deal of care some six months ago, and had looked up

all the illustrations himself, and had had them well reproduced. The whole thing was in type, and had lain in a galley on the stone table up-stairs for almost half a year; but the editor, for some reason, would never run it. «Oh, that 'll wait all right,» the editor would say. «We'll get in a hole some day, and run her in. It is n't «timely» enough.» So the «American Caricaturists» had become the joke of the composing-room, and it lay on the stone, marked «live matter,» outliving galley after galley of «standing ad's.» Several times the foreman had seen the chief pull a proof of the article with his own hands, and trim it with the long shears, and try to patch it into the dummy, and Justin Sturgis and the foreman would nudge each other, and wait with anxiety. But every time it was «crowded out» by the timely arrival of some dog-show article or other that had been delayed by the «narrow-measure» linotypes.

So Justin Sturgis was «at home» to ideas that evening. But the ideas persisted in staying away. He had sat up all night with himself and a dose of strychnia,—a one-sixtieth-of-a-grain tablet, it was, that was to be an immoral accessory before the fact of his originality.

He thought of all the most romantic things he had ever been interested in: of the fourth dimension; of the impossibility of defining the absolute difference between the right and the left hand; of preëxistence; of the theory that parallel lines *may*, perhaps, meet this side of infinity; of the analogy between atomic motions and the orbits of star systems; of the significance of the lines on the soles of one's feet and the capillary markings on one's thumbs; of conventional moralities, and how they would be affected by a sojourn on an uninhabited island; of the final disposition of mislaid pins; of the effect, if any, of a mucilage cocktail; of pictures painted by blind artists; of the number of bricks in one's house, compared with the number of hairs in one's head; of the absurdity of minus quantities; of the phenomena of semi-nudity in dream; of the euphonious naming of infants; of the geographical center of the United States and the County of San Francisco; of the amount of bird-shot one could swallow without ill effect; and of

why buttons are sewn on a man's coat-sleeve. All these things passed through his brain, but they were thoughts rather than ideas, which, according to the dictionary, are strictly the «objects or results of thinking.»

At length an idea came to him at about 3:12 A. M. The idea was this—that it is possible to devise literary plots by more or less mechanical methods. Now the way in which he achieved the idea was this:

That day he had happened to meet Milford on Market street—much to his surprise, for he had thought Milford had gone East. Milford had, in fact, stayed till this day, detained by an accident, and he was on his way to the ferry when Justin met him. There was nothing so remarkable about the encounter, for such things happen every day; and yet, as Justin Sturgis thought it over now, it seemed to him a strange thing that he should *happen* to be on Market street at the precise moment that Milford was there. He realized the fact that such coincidences were essential to our life; for, after all, this one circumstance was not a stranger fact than that he had met a hundred other persons, too, on Market street, not to speak of the thousands elsewhere. The interesting part of it was that while Milford had entered his life for a moment, without much apparent meaning, he, Justin Sturgis, had in the same way crossed Milford's path, with as little reason to be seen for it. But there was no doubt in his mind that there *was* some meaning in it, if one could get at it, and that in some way Milford's appearance was as necessary to the plot of the story of Justin Sturgis's life as Sturgis's coming in on time was necessary to the action of Milford's life.

Here, then, were two life-dramas being enacted, the principal in the one coming as a mere supernumerary into the other. It was all very cleverly arranged and intertwined, he thought; but when he reflected that the same complication had connected him, in a more or less significant way, with every person he had met or talked to that day, his wonder at the mysterious and infinite involution of human lives almost frightened him.

It was, after all, the economy of material that most struck him; for every supernumerary on one stage played the title rôle on some other. «It would be fun to try and manage that, in no matter how small a way,» he said to himself. «It would be a regular circus with three rings—a simultaneous performance in, say, three

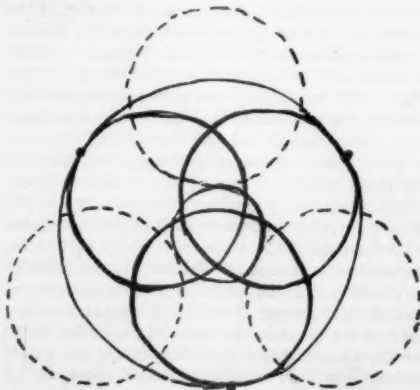
theaters. Jove! I'd like to give a show like that,» he went on. «That would be the newest thing yet. We'd have three stages built in the pavilion, and the audience would move around after each act, and the players would exit as minor characters off Stage No. 1, to enter as leading men and women on No. 2, in the same costume. Let's see; it would have to be like this;» and he drew on a sheet of yellow copy-paper three interlaced circles. «Of course this diagram is merely a sort of a symbol of the interweaving plots, not a working-plan,» he mused. «The three plays would have to be written so as to bring each character into the others exactly on time. It would be a bully *tour de force*, if anybody ever got on to how hard it was to do. The Magic Square is n't a circumstance to it. Of course, in real life these three circles, each representing a drama, are each intersected by other circles *ad infinitum*,»—and he drew three more,—«but the first three would be all that an audience could watch. Here's the audience, moving around in a circular orbit,»—and he circumscribed the three original circles,—«and the actors would progress around the little circle, like this;» and he drew another ring within the last.

He took up the diagram, and looked at it curiously.

«Who would think,» he said reflectively, «that this drawing represents a concrete, dramatic possibility? that it is the abstract symbol of a definite, logical—what shall I call it?—*plot*! That's just what it is. It's a graphical solution, same as we used to figure bridge-strains with—eureka! I have it! This is the long-lost secret of the mechanical combination of details to suggest a story. Of course they never could do it, because there was nothing ever used to represent the unifying principle. But look here; this is a *design*. Once you have the key to the thing, and you can read the whole business, the same as a musician can hear a piece of music in his mind just by looking at the notes. By Jove! I believe you could apply the same theory to melody too! Suppose you punch a whole lot of little holes haphazard into a long roll of paper, and run it through an organette: you might strike a good idea for a tune. Say! this is a great thing, and I'm going to push it right along. All I have to do is to reverse this process, and draw a lot of abstract geometrical designs,—that's dead easy; I used to do 'em by the basketful in primary school,—and then I have to attach a certain concrete significance to their elements, and there you are! Of course they're likely to be a little bizarre, and they'll need pruning; but if I can't whack out a half-dozen stories by to-morrow morning, I don't see why!»

Justin Sturgis's head was buzzing like a sawmill by this time, and it was past five o'clock in the morning; but he realized neither fact. He was drawing squares and triangles, involutes, catenaries, cusps and nodes, filling sheet after sheet of copy-paper. When he looked up from his task at last, and took the wet towel from his head, he saw, to his stupefaction, that it was eight o'clock. «Well, that stuff *does* keep you awake with a vengeance,» he said. «I don't see as it stimulates your brain so very much, though. I've reasoned this whole thing out on a perfectly logical system. Strychnia does everlastingly stay with you, though,» he said, as he washed his face.

Sturgis was down to the «Whirl» office promptly on



time, and went right up to the editor's room. He fumbled a little at the latch, and he rocked a little on his legs; but he was radiant.

«Here you are,» he said to the editor. «I've got a corking good thing here—up all night working it out. It's great stuff! The «Charity War-Horses» are n't in it for the discussion it will make. See here; you want to «process» these drawings in a hurry, and run a column of the cuts, and caption it «Stories Without Words.» My scheme is to offer a prize—say a year's subscription I'll do—for the one that sends in the best yarns. Ain't that a great fake?» And Justin sank down on the exchange table, and dozed off.

«See here!» said the editor, angrily; «the lees you monkey with that strychnia the better. It would be a darned sight better for you to fall asleep and dream something worth while!» Then he wearily took up the rubber speaking-tube that connected with the composing-room.

«Oh, Harry! See if you can get that «American Caricaturists» article all in on the second form,» he said.

Gelett Burgess.

A Literary Conversation.

It was at a summer hotel—a combination of piazzas and cheap bedroom sets attached to a very ordinary restaurant. Dinner—at one o'clock—was over, and Miss Catherine Harlem came out upon the piazza.

Finding an available rocking-chair near her friend of two days' sitting, Miss Arabella Morris, Miss Harlem occupied it, and in a few moments was able to make her chair keep time to the swinging of Miss Morris's. Then they talked.

«Is n't this a delightful day?»

«Simply perfect.»

«I think you said you were here last year?»

«Yes; not long, though. The man who kept it then was horrid—simply horrid.»

«Mr. Albyn seems nice; don't you think so?»

«Just as nice as he can be. He has such good ideas. But then, he is educated, you know; he graduated from—some college.»

«That makes a difference, does n't it? He seems to know what people like.»

«Yes. That is such a good idea of his—getting those books up here.»

«Books? How do you mean?»

«Why, have n't you heard? He has a lot of new books sent up every few weeks—or days, maybe. Anyway, I know you can get them from the clerk.»

«Oh, is n't that splendid! I just dote on books. Don't you like to read?»

«Read? Why, mama says I don't do anything else! When I get a new book I just devour it!»

«And so do I. Why, I sat up all night, nearly, to finish «Tribby.» And how I cried when she died!»

«And was n't it awful about that poor Little Billee? A perfect genius—and all for nothing.»

«Do you like historical novels?»

«I like Miss Yonge ever so much.»

«I don't mean that kind. I mean those new foreign books—like «Quo Vadis?» for instance.»

«Oh, yes. You mean by Henryk Sienkiewicz—if that's

his name. I never feel quite sure of those foreign names. It was the longest time before I could get Paderewski's name right.»

«Dear Paddy!—was n't he just divine!»

«Was n't he! Why, I know girls who kept his photograph just wreathed in fresh flowers every day.»

«So do I. But one never cares so much about authors as about musicians. I wonder why?»

«Well, it's different. Now, this Sienkiewicz—what does he look like?»

«Why, he's the image of my Uncle Charlie. But—there!—you don't know Uncle Charlie, do you? No matter; he is very dashing, you know—sort of military.»

«It is wonderful how men can think of such things. Just imagine all that about Nero, and the lions, and the martyrs, and the early Christians, and catacombs, and things—why, it makes my head ache to think of a man's knowing so much. How do you suppose they do it?»

«I suppose it is their business—the same as anything else. Then there are great libraries; there are tons of books about things in them—miles of shelves full.»

«Yes; but how can Sienkiewicz know just when to make them say the things they do say?»

«I'm sure I don't know. And yet he seems to bring it all before you so, just as if you saw it. Those scenes in the arena must have been blood-curdling.»

«Exciting, too. That chariot-race in «Ben Hur,» they say, was as real as if you were there.»

«I don't think there has been anything better than that.»

«Not even in «Quo Vadis?»»

«I don't know, really. Of course that is a translation, you know, and a translation can't be the same as the original.»

«No; I notice that in all the French books; and it must be harder to translate from such a tongue as the German.»

«Why from the German?»

«How do you mean?»

«I mean, such a book as «Quo Vadis?»»

«But «Quo Vadis?» is n't a translation from the German.»

«What is it, then?—Norwegian?»

«No, my dear; it is from the Polish.»

«Are you sure?»

«Or Hungarian. Anyway, it is in some of the languages nobody knows. I don't remember for certain. Maybe it is Austrian. But I *know* it was n't German.»

«Well, I don't exactly remember—for I have n't read it.»

«Have n't you? Why, I thought from the way you spoke that you knew all about it. You quite scared me with your knowledge.»

«Scared you? Why—have n't you read it, either?»

«Not yet.»

«I MUST go up and get my embroidery, or I'll never finish those doilies.»

«I just love embroidery. Will you let me see them?»

«Why, of course I will.»

And the chairs were left vacant. They swung to and fro thoughtfully for a few moments, creaking in a chuckling way, and then were still.

Tudor Jenks.

If I Might Choose.

I've sometimes wished to be a saint
And lead a holy life,
Beyond regret, above complaint,
Unvexed by worldly strife;

With ne'er a taint of jealousy
Nor touch of Cupid's bond—
To live for others, and to die
And win reward beyond;

From tender vanities to flee—
Yet, if the choice were mine,
Of all the saints, I'd like to be,
I think, Saint Valentine.

Albert Bigelow Paine.

Outlines.

A MAN who had suffered ill through the laws of the king came to the king to plead for justice. «Remember, O king,» said the man, «that, lowly as I am, I am thy brother.» Then the man's dog, whom he, too, had ill-treated, said to him: «Remember, O master, that I also am thy brother.»

We array our men on the board, our king and our queen, our bishops and our knights and our rooks. We plan a bold and a sure campaign. Bravely we charge down the open lanes. We pride ourselves on our skill in the game, and we plume ourselves for victory. Then silently comes Fate,—a pawn we had held in contempt,—moves but one place on the board, and calls, «Checkmate!»

A MAN said to his friend, «Tell me what is the most dreadful thing that ever happened.» His friend answered, «A man loved a woman who loved him; but afterward she ceased to love him.» Then the man said, «I have known of many, many things to happen to people more dreadful than that.» Said his friend, «But this happened to me.»

Berry Benson.

A Dream.

I SLEEP and dream (ah, vision bright!)
That I am she in whom unite
Concatenations of delight,
And such diversity of plight
(All printed out in black and white),
As never fell to king, or knight,
Or queen, or belted earl.
A dream of fame—where were its bliss?
Of fortune—what were that to this?
Of moonlight and a lover's kiss?
All fade to her who dreams she is
The Advertisement Girl.

Through many a page I, scorching, take
My course by boulevard, bush, and brake,
Upon my wheel that «takes the cake»;
My wheel that cannot shake or break;
My wheel no rivals can o'take;
My wheel of every human make,
And evermore «the best»!
When tired I turn the page, and I
On medicated pillows lie,
A sweet dream in each conscious eye;
Or, in a hammock swung anigh
(The only make you ought to buy!),
I picturesquely rest.

And oh, the things I have to eat!
Baked beans, canned pie, and pickled meat,
Egg substitutes that «can't be beat,»
Et cetera,—salt, sour, and sweet.
Then my perennial candy treat!
At home, in shirt-waist starched and neat,
Behind two trotters on the street,
Or in the rowboat's hinder seat,
I offer it to all I meet,

With such a candied smile!
My hair grows past belief or hope;
My pearly teeth how wide I ope!
And my complexion, by the Pope—
(Good morning! have you used my soap?)—
Must stir my rival's bile.

Just turn the leaves, and you will stare
To see the things I have to wear
(Donned with my most engaging air,
And promptly photographed with care),
Of silk, fur, feathers, wool, and hair
(Which suit, though I be dark or fair);
Skirts of the regulation «flare,»
With bindings which nor rip nor tear
(All imitations you 'll beware!);
Lace, hats, capes, corsets, underwear
(Which fit, if I am stout or spare);
Shoes, collars, shirt-waists—I declare,

They cause my brain to whirl!
But turn again, and follow me,
Assuaged by diverse melody
From box, or string, or pipe, or key.
In gay boudoir you next shall see
Me sweetly sip bouillon or tea
(All other brands are heresy!).
From your dull world, ah, let me flee,
And ever, only, always be
The Advertisement Girl!

Dorothea Dimond.

Two St. Valentine Days.

SHE was ten and I was twelve
And her beau;
And I well recall a line,
«I am thine and thou art mine,»
In her childish valentine,
Long ago.
She was ten, the winsome elf—
She was ten and I was twelve.

She was ten and I was twelve:
Back there sped
To her tiny loving heart,
My reply, a work of art,
«We shall never, never part»—
Thus it read.

She was ten, the winsome elf—
She was ten and I was twelve.

She was ten and I was twelve:
Time the jade—
Time has made me old and gray;
She is gray and old, they say.
Round us children play to-day,
As we played.
She has ten, my old-time elf—
She has ten and I have twelve!

Earle Hooker Eaton.

GENERAL LIBRARY,
UNIV. OF MICH.
1 MAR 1893



SEE "OPEN LETTERS."

BY PERMISSION OF BOUSSOD, VALADON & CO.

BOLDINI'S PORTRAIT OF VERDI, PAINTED IN 1886.